JANUARY, 1903.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

The Editorial Crisis Ended.

The editorial crisis in the office of THE BOOKMAN is at an end; and so to speak, *l'ordre règne à Varsovie.* It all came about in this way. Things had gone steadily from bad to worse. All conversation in the office was strictly confined to matters of business—a most unusual state of things. Long intervals of oppressive silence prevailed. Both editors felt uncomfortable, yet each had too much pride to do anything that would relax the tension. Then it came to pass that our confidence in Miss Carolyn Wells was marvellously justified. And please note how much more profound was her psychology than ours. We had supposed, in our simple-minded masculine way, that she would send in a clever and convincing solution of the problem about Watson's wedding present from Sherlock Holmes. Then the Senior Editor would have triumphed over the Junior Editor, which would have been pleasing, but which would have left a lingering heritage of chagrin behind it. Not so, however, does Miss Wells do things. She dropped into the office one day, and in the course of conversation remarked in a casual sort of fashion that she had been making for years a collection of detective stories, which had now finally grown to some two hundred volumes; and that as the Editors were so much interested in this sort of literature, she was going to present her whole collection to THE BOOKMAN. Presently she went out again, and at once there was perceptible a distinct change in the atmosphere of the office. Each Editor was very much excited over the prospect of revelling in the literature of detection; yet each Editor knew perfectly well that his enjoyment would be dreadfully curtailed unless he could discuss these topics with the other Editor. Something evidently had to be done. It is only fair to state that it was the Junior Editor who at this moment showed a very fine and delicate tact. He got up, and after whistling around the office for a few minutes, picked up his golf-sticks with an absent-minded air and carried them down into the cellar. When he came back, the Senior Editor's countenance had relaxed into an expression of great geniality. Then the Junior Editor carelessly observed: "Don't you think that Lecoq made a mistake in watching May through a hole

MARK LEE LUTHER.
Whose political novel *The Henchman* is reviewed elsewhere in this number.

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A DICKENS WINDOW.

in the ceiling when he was expecting to have the bread-pellet thrown in with a cipher message inside? Now if he had only watched in the prison yard, he might have got hold of the accomplice." The Senior Editor rose at this. He had still another theory of his own. The argument became complicated and intensely absorbing. Both Editors went back to the beginning and raked over the whole case from the time when Lecoq burst into the hovel of the Veuve Chupin. One question led to another; the *enquête* before Segmuller was discussed with animation; and when one o'clock arrived, both Editors went out to luncheon to continue the controversy. The afternoon sped on; and the sun had sunk below the Flatiron Building, and the myriad electric lights of the Waldorf-Astoria had burst out in the gathering darkness before the symposium ended. This is the way in which peace was at last restored. But the question about Dr. Watson's wedding present will probably never receive a satisfactory solution.

Dickens in France.

It is in taking impertinent liberties with the original text, in the reckless suppression of entire incidents and in the arrogant footnotes that translators of important works of fiction are most to blame. In the matter of titles they may not be so severely criticised. One may be able to get around idioms in the body of a novel when one has a whole paragraph in which to do so. When the title of a book is in any way idiomatic, that is another matter. For instance, what translator of Guy de Maupassant could find the exact English equivalent for *Bel-Ami?* How could Zola's *Pot-Bouille* be rendered intelligibly into our language? Some of the French titles for Kipling's books which we gave a few months ago provoked a smile. Some of the titles under which Dickens's novels have been known to French readers are equally amusing. For instance, *Hard Times* becomes *Les Temps Difficiles;* but what can one suggest? The *Christmas Carol* is

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Le Cantique de Noël, which is not bad. *Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy* as *L'Héritage de Mme. Lirriper* is not so successful. Then there are *Nobody's Luggage* as *Le Bagage de Personne; Little Dorrit* as *La Petite Dorrit;* and *The Pickwick Papers* as *Le Pickwick Club.*

Longfellow the Man.

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson's biography of Longfellow in the American Man of Letters Series tells us nothing new about Longfellow the writer, but it gives some very interesting glimpses of Longfellow the man. Longfellow the man has always had a peculiar attraction for us because he was a social and temperamental anomaly. Bred up in the New England of the early nineteenth century, educated at a small academy and at a provincial college, and having been surrounded only by stiffening social influences which made for a sort of mental rigidity and narrowness, he was, nevertheless, from the very first intellectually plastic, endowed with a natural urbanity, and remarkable for his *savoir faire.* When he went to Harvard in 1836, he merely exchanged the provincialism of Maine for the still more intense and aggressive provincialism of Boston and Cambridge. Yet Longfellow was never other than an accomplished man of the world, of exceptional tact and taste, and with an innate feeling for the right thing at the right time. No better evidence of this can be found than is afforded by the various letters of his included in this book and written as far back as 1837, 1839 and 1842. They might all have been composed the day before yesterday by a cultivated gentleman of the present time, and there is in them not even a trace of the crudity which was so rampant in the Boston of Longfellow's youth. Contrast his letters concerning a leave of absence from Harvard with the replies made by old Josiah Quincy, representing the Harvard Corporation. Longfellow's letters are easy, courteous, natural and well bred; old Josiah Quincy's letters have all the combined pomposity and stodginess of a retired cheesemonger. Never was a complete antithesis more plainly manifested than this, between the man who was born cosmopolitan and the other man who was born parochial.

M. FUNCK-BRENTANO.

Whose studies among the archives of Paris have resulted in several widely discussed books, among them *Legends of the Bastille* and the recently published *The Queen's Necklace.*

JOHN LUTHER LONG.

The author of *Madame Butterfly* and *The Darling of the Gods,* one of the dramatic successes of the season.

So few individuals to-day ever read Longfellow's prose works that Colonel Higginson does well to devote some especial attention to the two novels *Hyperion* and *Kavanagh.* It cannot be said

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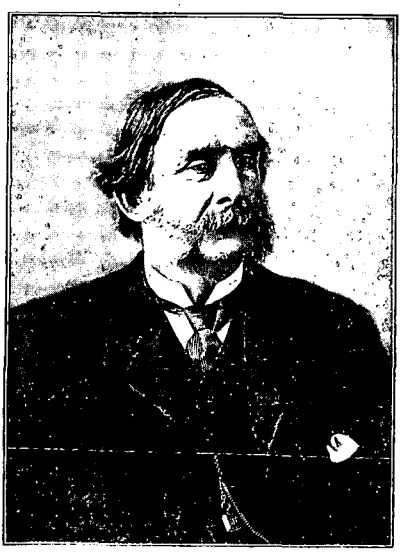
that the public has been unjust to these two books in neglecting them; yet occasionally there occur in them things which represent the Longfellow of daily life—the Longfellow whose table-talk was really worth recording, and who was criticised by people at Cambridge for wearing coats, waistcoats and neckties with a dash of colour in them. It was the memory of these criticisms, probably, which led Longfellow to make one of the characters say in *Hyperion:* "The ladies already begin to call you 'Wilhelm Meister,' and they say that your gloves are a shade too light for a strictly virtuous man." Some of Longfellow's prose epigrams deserve to be resurrected as they have been by Colonel Higginson. The



THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

first one in the list given below is somewhat Sherlockian:

When looking for anything lost, begin by looking where you think it is not.

Silence is a great peacemaker.

In youth, all doors open outward; in old age, they all open inward.

Amusements are like specie payments. We do not much care for them if we know that we can have them; but we like to know that they may be had.

How often it happens that after we know a man personally we cease to read his writings! Is it that we exhaust him by a look? Is it that his personality gives us all of him that we desire?

This last, as Colonel Higginson rightly says, is really quite profound; and Longfellow has here given a clue to the two explanations of the fact which he states. For it is true that a personal acquaintance with some authors reveals them as so shallow that we care nothing thereafter for what they write; while in the case of others, they are themselves so much more interesting than their writings that we prefer them to their books, which only dimly shadow forth their writers' suggestiveness and charm.

Colonel Higginson gives us one very delightful reminiscence of Longfellow in his professorial capacity; for the Colonel was one of his students at Harvard. The passage is worth quoting in full as bearing upon our general estimate of his personality—though we regret to see Colonel Higginson using the Retained Object:

He was assigned, for some reason, a room in University Hall, which was also employed for faculty meetings, and was therefore a little less dreary than the ordinary classroom of those days. It seemed most appropriate that an instructor of Longfellow's well-bred aspect and ever-courteous manners should simply sit at the head of the table with his scholars, as if they were guests, instead of putting between him and them the restrictive demarcation of a teacher's desk. We read with him, I remember, first the little book he edited, *Proverbes Dramatiques,* and afterward something of Racine and Molière, in which his faculty of finding equivalent phrases was an admirable example for us. When afterward, during an abortive rebellion in the college yard, the students who had refused to listen to others yielded to the demand of their ringleader, "Let us hear Professor Longfellow; he always treats us like gentlemen," the youthful rebel unconsciously recognised a step forward in academical discipline. Longfellow did not cultivate us much personally, or ask us to his house, but he remembered us and acknowledged our salutations. He was, I think, the first Harvard instructor who addressed the individual student with the prefix "Mr." I recall the clearness of his questions, the simplicity of his explanations, the well-bred and skilful propriety with which he led us past certain indiscreet phrases in our French authors, as for instance in Balzac's *Peau de Chagrin.* Most of all

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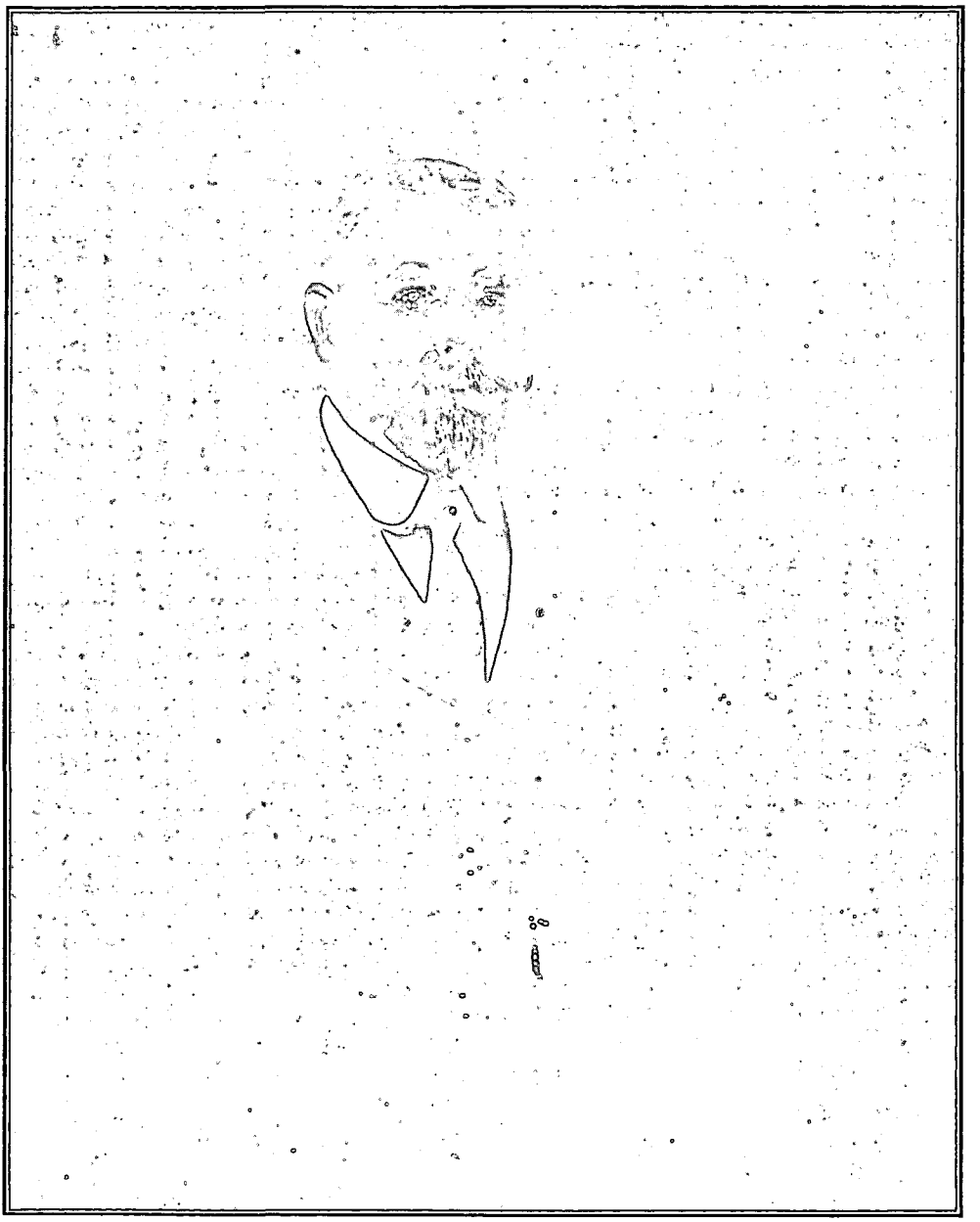
comes back to memory the sense of triumph with which we saw the proof-sheets of *Voices of the Night* brought in by the printer's devil and laid at his elbow. We felt that we also had lived in literary society, little dreaming, in our youthful innocence, how large a part of such society would prove far below the standard of courtesy that prevailed in Professor Longfellow's recitation room.

James L. Ford and "the Cultureen."

Although the most obvious reason for writing about Mr. James L. Ford at the present time would seem to be that the collection of verse called *Every Day in the Year,* upon which he and Mary K. Ford have long been engaged, has just been published, it would be impossible to discuss Mr. Ford



MR. JAMES L. FORD.

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from any point whatever without harking back to *The Literary Shop*. For Mr. Ford is *The Literary Shop;* his personality is in every line of the book, and when you read the book you are listening to the man himself talking. As we have said before, we say again that *The Literary Shop* is one of the few books of genuine satire of the last twenty-five years. It is a book which every one with an interest in American literary conditions should have read, not only because it is very, very funny, but because underlying the spirit of burlesque there is a great deal of sound truth and keen criticism. We rather think that, as a matter of popular success, *The Literary Shop* appeared a few years too soon. When it was first published it was supposed that it would appeal only to those who had some personal knowledge of the conditions of New York publishing and magazine offices. Back in 1894 the general reading public had not that curiosity about the inside workings of the literary shop which it has to-day.

MR. RICHARD V. RISLEY.

Mr. Risley is the gentleman who, as we have said, settled the sex question some time ago. This picture must effectually discredit those cynics who profess to believe that the literary life is other than a strenuous one.

Somehow or other, Mr. Ford seems to have changed his opinions, or at least his point of attack, since the time when he wrote *The Literary Shop*. Nowadays it is not Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, "the one dominant figure in American literature," or Mr. Edward Bok, "the Crown Prince of American literature," or the *Ledger* school of poets and prose writers, that seriously disturbs him. The person he is after now is what he calls "the Cultureen." We don't know exactly what a "Cultureen" is, but we can surmise. "It may," says Mr. Ford, "be of either sex." In its masculine form it wears its hair long and adorns itself strangely. Its occupation in life seems to be to meet with other "Cultureens," to sip tea or to gulp bad red wine, and to give vent to little gasps of ecstatic admiration. When two "Cultureens" meet, still according to Mr. Ford, they grasp each other effusively by the coat lapels and ask in voices of a deep yearning: "Do you do your creative work in the morning or in the evening?" In fact, the talk of the "Cultureen" is always about "my creative work" and "my Art," with a very large A. The conversation of the female "Cultureen" is said to be much the same as that of the male. The female "Cultureen" was usually not born a "Cultureen." Once upon a time some one told her that she had "a mauve soul," and although she did not know just what that meant (neither do we), she evidently thought that the only way to live up to a "mauve soul" was straightway to become a "Cultureen." So she became one. At least, that is the way that Mr. Ford would have us look at the matter.

James B. Connolly.

Rudyard Kipling is one of those enviable authors who seldom fail to have ample justice done them. But one book which did not receive quite the recognition which it deserved at the time of its appearance was *Captains Courageous*. Now and again one hears it spoken of as the book containing that remarkable chapter of old Cheyne's record-breaking trip across the continent in his special train,

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his private car "humming like a giant bee" as it clicked off mile after mile through the torrid heat of sun-baked prairie. But of the earlier part of the book, with its mingled odours of brine and ozone and salted fish, its strong, clean atmosphere of the open sea, one seldom hears a word—excepting now and then from some author who is himself a writer of sea stories, a qualified judge like Morgan Robertson, for instance, who confesses that he rereads the volume at frequent intervals, and cites with especial admiration that picturesque passage describing an old tramp fishing-vessel as it passed a trim, freshly painted modern sloop, as looking "for all the world like a blowsy, frowsy, bad old woman sneering at a decent girl."

Another writer who is doing equally strong work in the same field is James B. Connolly, author of *Out of Gloucester.* That Mr. Connolly has a faculty for striking similes and Kiplingesque phrases is shown here and there in a brief passage. But for the most part he deliberately handicaps himself by putting his narrative into the mouth of some bluff old sailor, and getting his effects with the simplest of material, the blunt, homely language of seafaring folk, the obvious metaphors of the forecastle. There are a number of stories of varied length in *Out of Gloucester,* and all are readable. But there is one in particular which is so full of the rush of waves and the tingle of salt spray on one's faith—"Tommy Ohlsen's Westward Passage." It is just

JAMES B. CONNOLLY.

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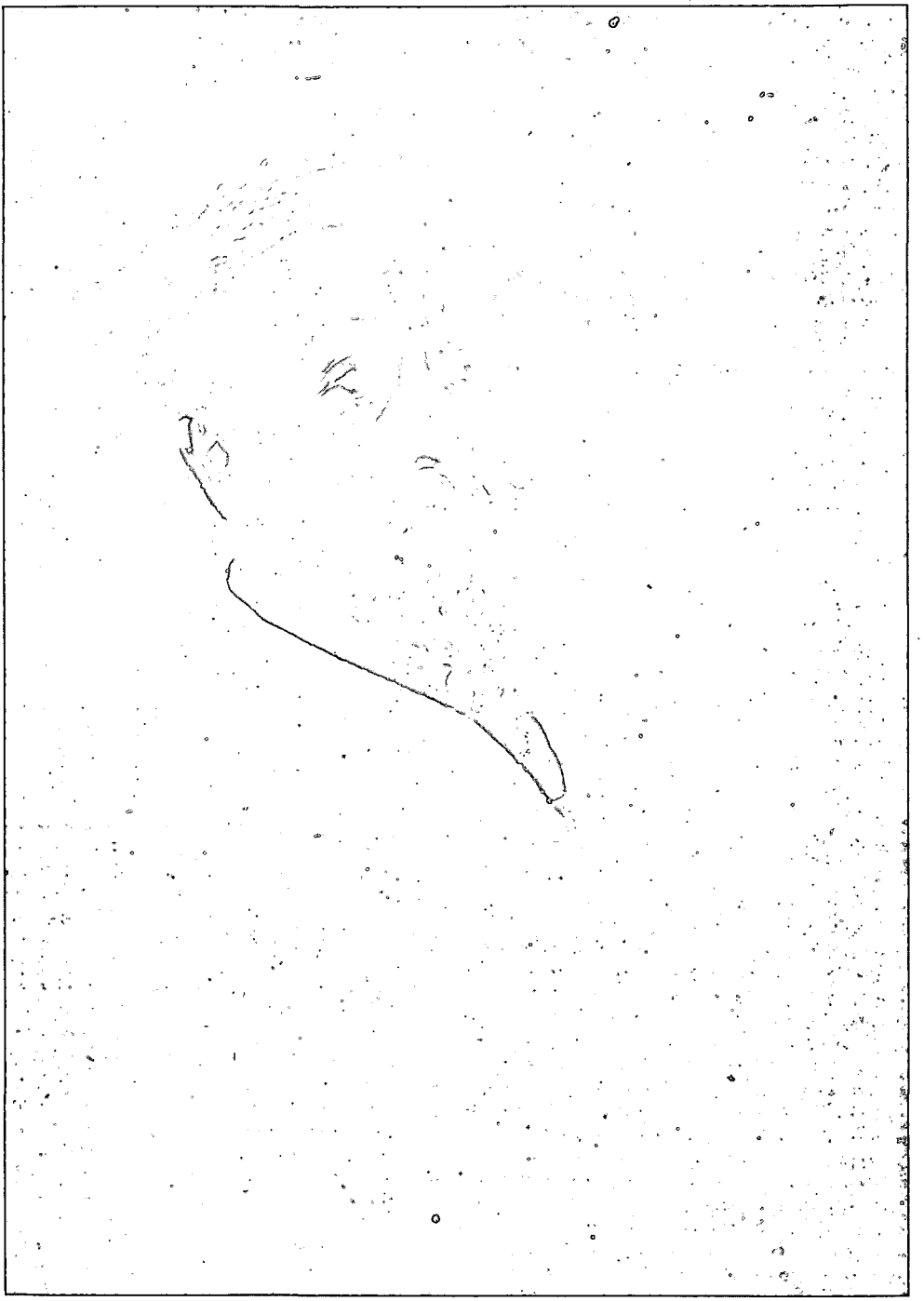

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE THOMAS NAST. BY MISS BEN-YUSUF.

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a sailor's account of a race against time across the Atlantic. Tommy Ohlsen is the proud owner of a trim little boat, the *Nannie O.,* of marvellous sailing qualities, and one day, when in some remote Norwegian harbour, he makes a bet with the millionaire owner of a steam yacht that his *Nannie O.,* starting from Norway with a handicap of a thousand miles, would reach Gloucester before the *Valkyrie,* leaving England at the same time, could make New York. As a matter of fact, Tommy forgets the existence of the English yacht from the minute that he gets his letters from home. He has a better reason for haste, the resolve to be with his wife in her hour of peril; and for that he drives her namesake, the *Nannie O.,* as she was never driven before. The story is simply the chronicle of that trip home—it is full of the rush of wind and wave, the rip and tear of shattered sail-cloth, the blinding drift of rain-like spray. And it is all the more effective because told in the simple wording of an illiterate seaman. As it turns out, Tommy breaks the record and arrives in time, the English yacht is not heard from until a week later, and there is a christening in Tommy's family about the same time.

The Late Thomas Nast.

For a more comprehensive sketch of the life and work of the late Thomas Nast, who died of yellow fever at his consular post at Guayaquil, Ecuador, Sunday, December 7th, we refer our readers to an article in THE BOOKMAN for March of last year, an article to which the cartoonist lent his active collaboration. Although there is a general impression that he left his home light-heartedly and even gaily last sum-

MR. NAST'S HAPPY MANNER OF ACKNOWLEDGING THE RECEIPT OF A FRIEND'S BOOK. THIS SKETCH IS PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

THE TAMMANY TIGER IN THE ARENA.

One of Mr. Nast's strongest cartoons. It was reprinted in THE BOOKMAN for March, 1902.

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mer for the post to which he had been appointed by President Roosevelt, that is not so. Only he was first of all a cartoonist, and it was his nature to sketch his despondency from the humorous point of view. Not so much from his powers as an artist, but from his originality, his swiftness, the instinctive knowledge which enabled him unerringly to "flick on the raw" his own and the public's foe, Nast belonged to the race of great cartoonists. "Can't you stop his pictures?" said Tweed. "I don't care what they write about me, but those terrible pictures hurt." A *Life* of Thomas Nast by Albert Bigelow Paine is in course of preparation. Before his departure for Ecuador, Mr. Nast put at Mr. Paine's disposal all the material for the work.

The Novels of 1902.

We need hardly say that in looking over the fiction of the past twelve months we find nothing that obliges us to throw up our hands in rapturous wonder. In bulk the novels of 1902 appear to be of about as much value as those of 1901 or of 1900. There have been some very clever and even important contributions to fiction, but of course nothing that is to give the year a distinctive place in the history of letters. But, then, the purpose of these paragraphs is not to discuss literature, but to talk amiably upon the subject of the year's popular fiction, and in that way we can find much that is pleasant to say. Those writers to whom we are in the habit of looking year after year for amusement seem to have been particularly industrious. Mr. Kipling did not publish another *Kim,* but his *Just-So Stories* will by no means be ignored. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle brought Sherlock Holmes into being again for the purpose of solving the mystery of *The Hound of the Baskervilles,* and we promise you that no reader of THE BOOKMAN is going to forget that very soon. Anthony Hope did well with *The Intrusions of Peggy.* Mr. Arthur Morrison and Mr. W. W. Jacobs each contributes a volume or two. As for Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Marie Corelli—well, there is no use burdening the reader with superfluous information. Mr. F. Marion Crawford we have had with us, as usual; but Mr. James Lane Allen has published nothing, and it begins to seem a very long time since the appearance of *The Reign of Law.* We expect to hear from Mr. Winston Churchill only once in two years, so his silence in 1902 has been in no way surprising. From Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith we are very glad indeed to hear again, especially when it is in the shape of a book so good as *The Fortunes of Oliver Horn,* and the same is to be said for Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who after what seemed a long retirement, gave us during the year *Ranson's Folly* and *The Memoirs of Captain Macklin.* Mrs. Atherton's book for the year was *The Conqueror,* although *The Splendid Idle Forties* is likely to be heard from during the first months of 1903. Then there are Mr. Major's *Dorothy Vernon* and Miss Johnston's *Audrey,* and by no means least, Mr. Booth Tarkington's *The Two Vanrevels,* which people had long been awaiting, curious to know just how far it would bear out the fine promise of *The Gentleman from Indiana* and *Monsieur Beaucaire.*

When the last number of THE BOOKMAN for 1901 was being made up, Gilbert Parker's *The Right of Way* was in the full swing of popular favour. In second place, but a good way off, was Mr. Churchill's *The Crisis.* Then followed *The Eternal City, Dri and I, Kim* and *Lazarre,* in the order named. Beginning the new year, *The Right of Way* held the first place in the lists until the May number, when it was passed by Miss Johnston's *Audrey* and Miss Hegan's *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.* In the June lists the lead was taken by *The Hound of the Baskervilles,* and *The Right of Way* was not even among the first six. In July *Dorothy Vernon* was first, with *The Mississippi Bubble* second and *The Hound of the Baskervilles* third. In August *The Mississippi Bubble* took a brief lead, and *The Virginian,* probably the best-liked book of the year, appeared in fourth place. By September *The Virginian* had taken the place at the head of the list, that it was to hold for the remainder of the year, with *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* second, *The Mississippi Bubble* third, *Dorothy Vernon* fourth and *Ranson's Folly* fifth. This

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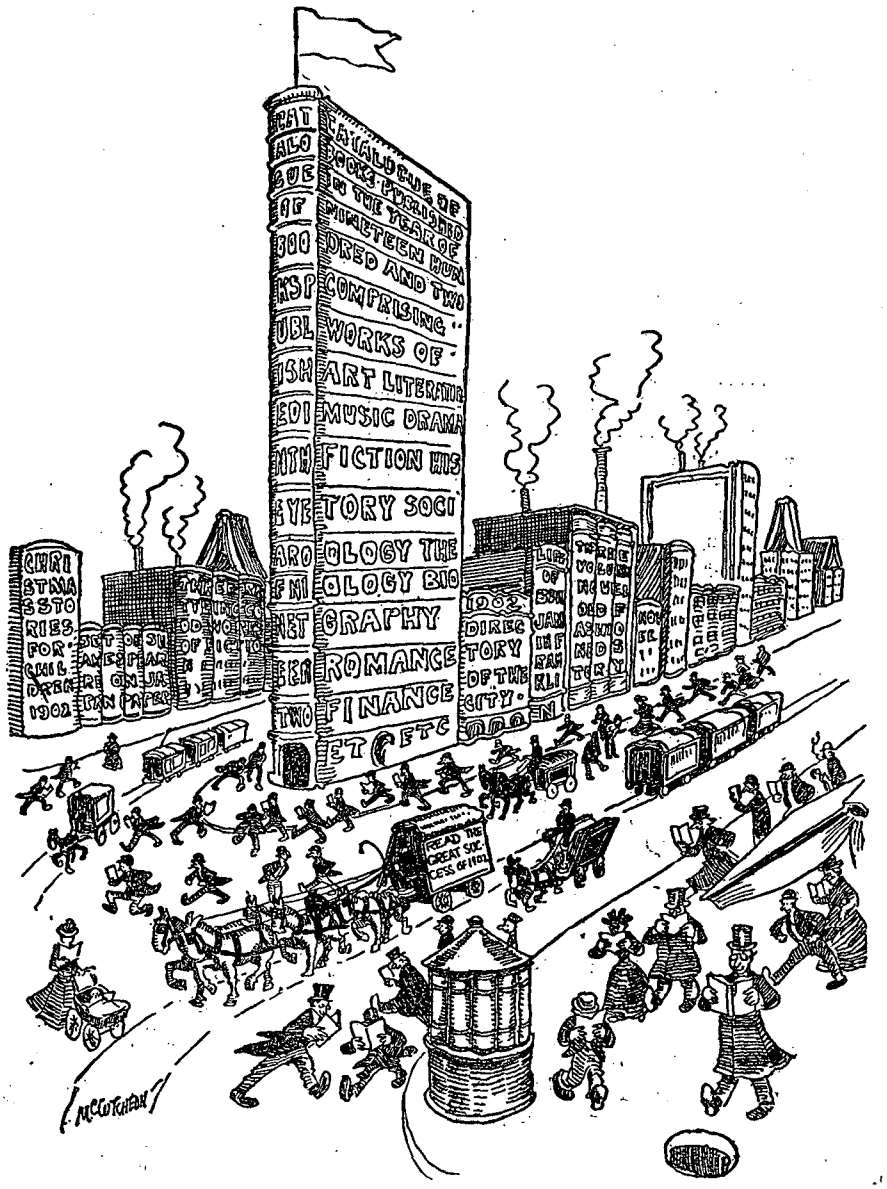
also was the order for October. In November, second place was taken by Mr. Smith's *Oliver Horn,* although in the matter of points Mr. Wister's narrative was still in a class by itself. In the last month of the year the difference was by no means so great, as *The Two Vanrevels,* the second book on the list, was credited with 230 points, as against 252 for *The Virginian.*

Here is the way they stood from January to December, 1902, inclusive:

JANUARY.

1.	The Right of Way	254
2.	Lazarre	158
3.	The Cavalier	133
4.	The Crisis	109
5.	Lives of the Hunted	87
6.	The Eternal City	82



THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON IN BOOKVILLE.—FROM THE CHICAGO "RECORD-HERALD."

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FEBRUARY.

1. The Right of Way 284
2. Lives of the Hunted..... 149
3. The Cavalier 122
4. The Ruling Passion..... 121
5. The Crisis 110
6. The Man from Glengarry..... 102

MARCH.

1. The Right of Way..... 265
2. The Cavalier 129
3. The Man From Glengarry..... 111
4. Lazarre 110
5. Sir Richard Calmady..... 100
6. The Crisis..... 97

APRIL.

1. The Right of Way..... 209
2. Sir Richard Calmady..... 117
3. Audrey 114
4. The Man from Glengarry..... 101
5. If I Were King..... 77
6. { Lazarre 66
   { The Crisis 66

MAY.

1. Audrey 328
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.... 112
3. The Right of Way..... 108
4. { The House With the Green Shutters. 66
   { Sir Richard Calmady..... 66
6. { The Man from Glengarry..... 58
   { The Fifth String..... 58

JUNE.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles..... 240
2. Audrey 206
3. Dorothy Vernon 203
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch..... 100
5. The Conqueror 89
6. { The Lady Paramount..... 73
   { The Leopard's Spots..... 73

JULY.

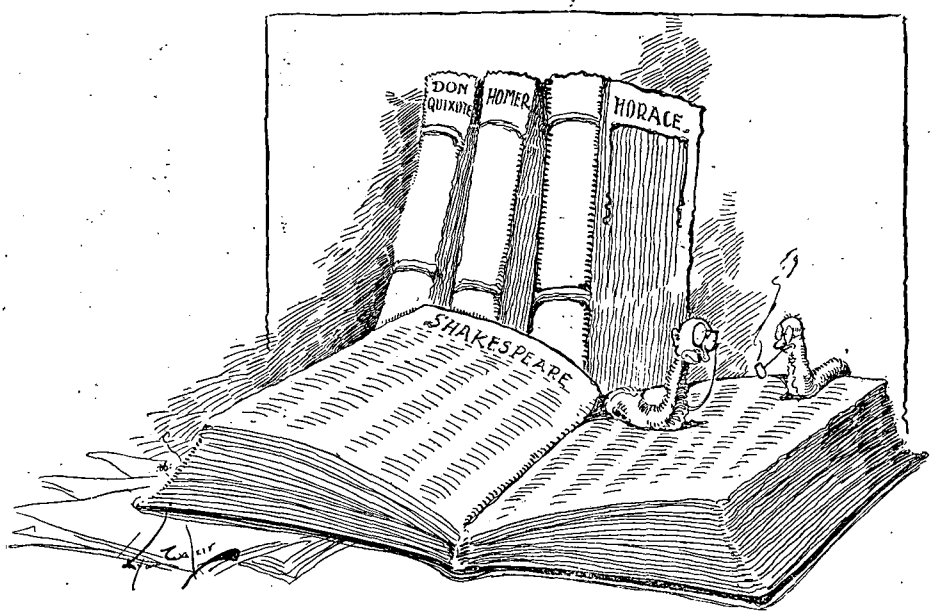
1. Dorothy Vernon 263
2. The Mississippi Bubble 196
3. The Hound of the Baskervilles..... 180
4. The Lady Paramount 111
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.... 110
6. The Leopard's Spots..... 80

AUGUST.

1. The Mississippi Bubble 245
2. Dorothy Vernon 225
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch..... 155
4. The Virginian 112
5. The Leopard's Spots..... 95
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles 72

SEPTEMBER.

1. The Virginian 209
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.... 191
3. The Mississippi Bubble..... 178
4. Dorothy Vernon 149
5. Ranson's Folly 106
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles..... 80



FIRST BOOKWORM: "How do you like these popular novels that the publishers are printing so many million copies of?"
SECOND BOOKWORM: "Can't say. They never last long enough for me to get a taste."

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OCTOBER.

1. The Virginian 314
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.... 195
3. The Mississippi Bubble..... 160
4. Dorothy Vernon 91
5. Ranson's Folly 78
6. Castle Craneycrow 71

NOVEMBER.

1. The Virginian 252
2. Oliver Horn 128
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.... 117
4. The Mississippi Bubble..... 105
5. Castle Craneycrow 76
6. Hearts Courageous 72

DECEMBER.

1. The Virginian 252
2. The Two Vanrevels..... 230
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.. 100
   Donovan Pasha 100
5. Captain Macklin 80
6. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn..... 78

Comparisons from the above tables are as follows:

Eight Times Mentioned.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.

Five Times Mentioned.

The Right of Way, The Mississippi Bubble, The Virginian, Dorothy Vernon.

Four Times Mentioned.

The Hound of the Baskervilles, The Crisis, The Man from Glengarry.

Three Times Mentioned.

The Leopard's Spots, Lazarre, The Cavalier, Sir Richard Calmady, Audrey.

Twice Mentioned.

Oliver Horn, Castle Craneycrow, The Lady Paramount, Ranson's Folly, Lives of the Hunted.

Once Mentioned.

Donovan Pasha, Hearts Courageous, The Eternal City, The Ruling Passion, If I Were King, The Conqueror, The House With the Green Shutters, The Fifth String, Captain Macklin, The Two Vanrevels.

There is little or no reason to doubt that *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* will continue in popularity for some time to come; and that Miss Hegan's book should supplant all former records is not beyond possibility. The record for an uninterrupted run was made three or four years ago by Mr. Major's *When Knighthood Was in Flower,* which appeared among the "Six Best" in THE BOOKMAN'S lists for fourteen consecutive months. The eight months of 1902 in which *Mrs. Wiggs* appeared represented an aggregate of one thousand and eighty points, whereas *The Virginian* in five months has a total of eleven hundred and thirty-nine.

The books mentioned in the above tables are twenty-eight in all, one less than appeared in the tables made up for January of last year. More and more are we drifting away from that dependence upon English-made fiction, a fact which will be obvious to any one who feels inclined to look back into the files of THE BOOKMAN during the first two or three years of its existence. Of the books which had any degree of popularity the only one to all intents and purposes English was *Sir Richard Calmady;* for the success of *The Hound of the Baskervilles* was all due to Sherlock Holmes, and we are not ready to concede the entire possession of Sherlock to any part of the British Empire nor the whole thereof. Nowhere, you will remember, in the *Adventures,* the *Memoirs, The Study in Scarlet, The Sign of the Four* or the *Hound* were there given definite details as to his birth; and so until conclusive evidence to the contrary is adduced we shall continue to cherish the secret belief that he was born somewhere up in Maine, and that his English accent was mere affectation. In fact, if you will consider the very curious episode—*mais revenons!* We were on the subject of books. Well, then, of the twenty-eight books in the foregoing tables twenty-three may be claimed as in a great way American, for despite his fine-sounding title and his seat in the British Parliament, the books which have won for Gilbert Parker his popularity have treated of a country very close to our own, and, except politically, just as much American. Last year, nineteen out of the twenty-nine were American. A year ago the question of sex was bothering us; for while we picked out twenty-one men and six women, there remained two books of which the authorship was unknown. In 1902, twenty-two of the books in the tables were by men and six by women, so in this respect there is no great amount of difference.

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KINDLY CARICATURES—MR. ARTHUR MORRISON.

Jacob Riis and Christian Science.

When Mr. Jacob A. Riis a short time ago officiated as best man at an out-of-town wedding he was suffering from a boil on his right arm. The pain was so severe that Mr. Riis, in the course of a conversation with one of the guests, mentioned the fact. "Dismiss it from your mind entirely, Mr. Riis," urged the guest, who has a leaning toward Christian Science. "Don't think about the boil at all. I'll take the matter in hand at once and you'll hear from me. Remember," with a convincing smile, "you'll hear from me." "And I *did* hear from him," said Mr. Riis in telling the story. "The very next day I had another boil—two inches from the first one."

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Ida M. Tarbell.

Without expressing any opinion critically, it is quite safe to say that there are few, if any, living American writers on historical subjects in whom the general reading public has more real interest than Miss Ida M. Tarbell, the author of the lives of Madame Roland, Napoleon and of Lincoln, and *The History of the Standard Oil,* which is now running serially in *McClure's Magazine.* Miss Tarbell was interviewed a short time ago for THE BOOKMAN by Mr. Charles Hall Garrett, and out of that interview grew these paragraphs. Beginning biographically, it is enough to say that Miss Tarbell attended school in Titusville, Pennsylvania, and later Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania, where she was an editor of the college publication. Being graduated with honours, she became preceptress of the Seminary at Poland, Ohio. Two years later she assumed the associate editorship of the *Chautauquan,* published at Meadville in the interests of the Chautauqua work; and eventually became managing editor of that publication. It was during this period that she awakened to a realisation of her interest in historical and biographical work.

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"Historical work," said Miss Tarbell, "is a distinct profession, one for which

KINDLY CARICATURES—MR. H. V. ESMOND.

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you must be educated in matters of research, treatment and style. As the French methods of handling history for general readers had always appealed to me, in 1891 I went to Paris and remained there three years, attending the lectures at the Sorbonne and the Collège de France. While pursuing my studies in Paris, where I lived in rather Bohemian style in a cheap quarter of the city, I wrote letters and stories for the *Boston Transcript*, for McClure's Syndicate and for *Scribner's Magazine*, and when Mr. McClure started his magazine, I contributed also to it. All my articles were submitted by mail, and many of them travelled to and fro across the Atlantic half a dozen times. I have still some that were not accepted. Before leaving America I had not made the acquaintance of a single magazine editor, and had only very unremunerative connections with a few newspapers. That I had the temerity to go to Paris to study for three years with very little money, depending for my support entirely upon the chance of what I might write being accepted in America, astonishes me to-day. But I lived economically, and was fortunate in being able to sell my 'stuff.' Only once was I threatened by real need; that was at the time of the panic of 1893, when over one hundred dollars was owed me but was not promptly mailed. It was necessary for me to pawn my sealskin coat and my watch, an experience so novel that it rather amused me.

"Through the pursuit of my studies I met many prominent literary people. I

MISS IDA M. TARBELL.

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had the *entrée* into the home of James Darmstetter, the great Hebrew scholar, whose wife was Mary Robinson, the poetess; and Madame Blanc, a wonderful woman, who has done much to introduce American literature into France, was a most helpful friend to me. Alexandre Dumas, fils, was still living, and I saw him several times. He was the greatest Frenchman I ever met, indeed, one of the greatest men. Rarely have I met a man who impressed me so deeply with his serenity of character and comprehension of things. Zola, whom I saw in his home, always seemed to me most irritable and dogmatic. Once I was commissioned to call on François Coppée to secure the American rights to a Christmas story, which he granted. As I moved toward the door he turned around pleasantly and asked in that inimitable French manner 'if I did not want to talk with him? to interview him?' I had not thought of it, but instantly said yes, as I knew I could 'place' any interview I might get from Coppée. It was the only time I ever had an interview thrust upon me. He who most influenced me and who seemed to take a real interest in my endeavours was Charles Seignobos, a leading historical scholar and writer of France—a lecturer at the Sorbonne, and since a prominent figure in the anti-Dreyfus movement. Before I went abroad I had become deeply interested in the part women played in the French Revolution, and in order to get at it in a more satisfactory way I undertook a study of the life of Madame Roland. I was fortunate in meeting her descendants, in whose possession were many then unpublished documents of her life, which were later collected and presented to the Bibliothèque Nationale. One spring I spent two delightful weeks at her old home near Lyons, and was given every facility in my work. So when, in 1894, I boarded a steamer for America I had practically ready in manuscript my story of her life. That I had to borrow only fifty dollars from this side before sailing does not seem to me so discreditable, considering that I had studied three years abroad, and clothed and supported myself."

Soon after her return, Miss Tarbell was asked to undertake the writing of the *Life of Napoleon,* a task for which three years was needed, after which she turned her energies to the *Life of Lincoln.* "In collecting my material for the *Life of Lincoln,*" said Miss Tarbell, "a work on which I expended five solid years, I went from Kentucky to Indiana, from Indiana to Illinois, and from Illinois to Washington, interviewing men who had known him and had been affiliated with him in law and in politics, delving into old newspaper files and documents bearing upon his life and going into out-of-the-way corners, if but to see a locality in which he had appeared. One of the most striking facts about this interviewing of Lincoln's old friends was that few of them even to this day understand how one of them could have become President. From them seems to be hidden a proper appreciation of his great gifts. During the publication of the *Life* I received hundreds of letters commenting upon it, and asking questions expressive of the almost affectionate regard in which it was obvious he was held by many in the South. Letters from Mississippi and Alabama claimed, without ground, that he was an illegitimate son of a Southern planter, a relative of Jefferson Davis, while others from North Carolina endeavoured to prove him to be an illegitimate son of a planter by the name of Calhoun. Once I received a letter from a town in Nebraska inquiring if it were so, as a Western newspaper claimed, that my publishers had said that I was the oldest living playmate of Lincoln. This newspaper, it continued, disputed this and stated that Nancy Green, eighty-seven years old, of their town, had positive proof of the fact that she was the oldest living playmate of Lincoln. I wrote vigorous denials of this; I mean of my being a contemporary of Lincoln."

Speaking of her *History of the Standard Oil:* "I've tried," said Miss Tarbell, "to lean neither to one side nor the other in my Standard Oil articles, but merely to tell the truth, corroborated by court documents and pamphlets issued at various times. This has required much travelling, and the unearthing of such pamphlets and documents in newspaper and law offices. My childhood was spent in the oil regions, and if I have any natural sympathy, it is with the independent op-

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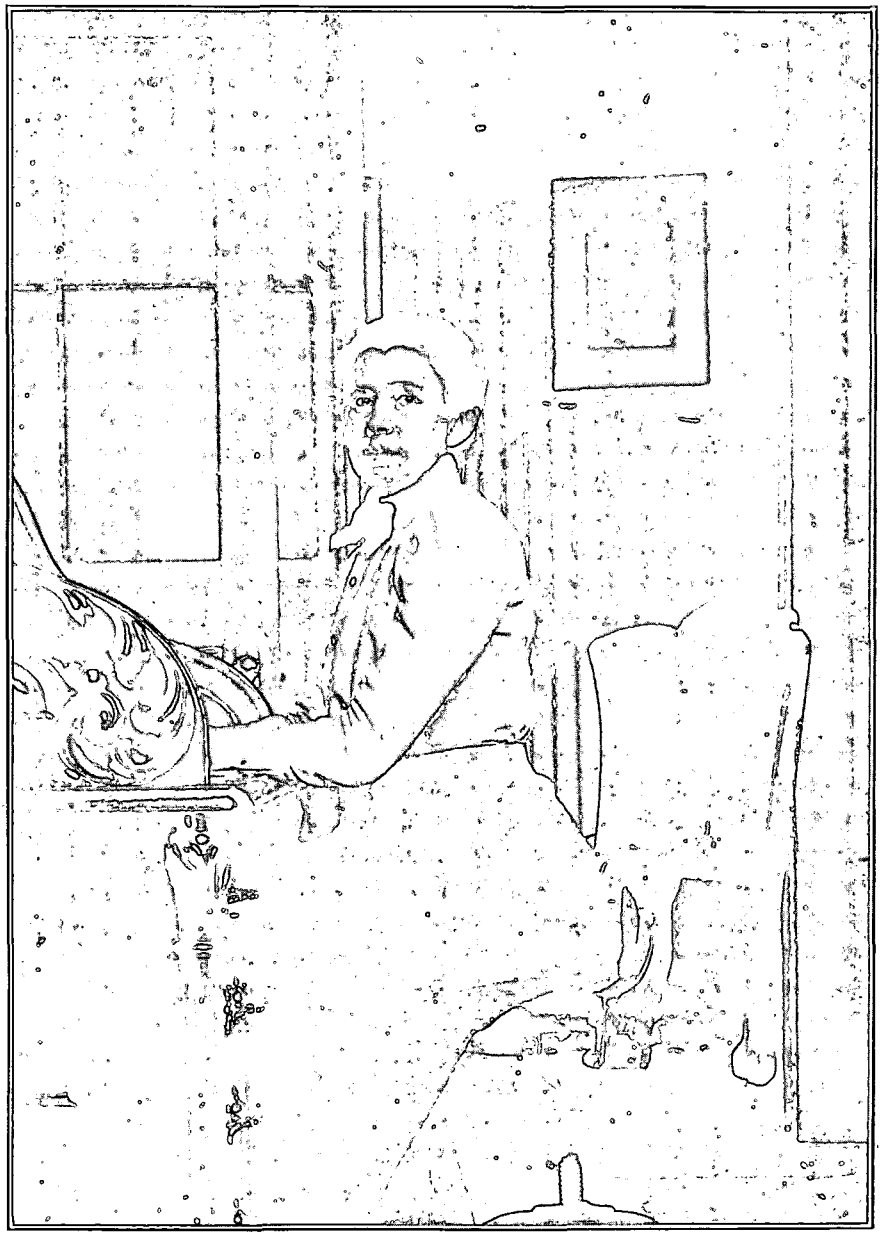
erators. But my individual opinions are subservient to the facts I have endeavoured to arrange in this article—on which I have been engaged two years. I once thought of writing a novel centred in the oil region, and went so far as to write a number of chapters. I believe that the material for the greatest American novel lies there, but it would require a Balzac to write it, and I am not a Balzac."

Frank Norris and Edwin Lefevre.

A graphic little story regarding the late Frank Norris has reached us, which goes to prove that the most convincing touches in fiction are not necessarily copied from life



MISS IDA M. TARBELL.

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and that even an avowed realist may sometimes be misled. During his last year in New York, Mr. Norris formed a rather close friendship with Edwin Lefevre, the author of *Wall Street Stories,* and it was at one time agreed between them that Mr. Lefevre should revise the proofs of Mr. Norris's story, *The Pit,* in all

MISS ELIZABETH BANKS.

Author of the *Autobiography of a Newspaper Girl.*

the chapters relating to the wheat market, receiving due credit in the preface for his share of the work. As it turned out, they never succeeded in coming together for that purpose, and the plan was abandoned. But frequently, at Norris's request, Mr. Lefevre explained the intricacies of stock markets, speculations, corners and the like; and one night he found himself launched upon an eloquent description of a panic. He described the pandemonium reigning on the floor of the Exchange, the groups of frenzied, yelling brokers, the haggard faces of men to whom the next change of a point or two meant ruin. And then he followed one man in particular through the events of the day, and pictured him groping his way blindly out from the gallery, a broken, ruined man. So far, Mr. Lefevre had told only what he had seen, all too often, with his own eyes. But at this point, carried away by his own story, he yielded to the temptation to fake a dramatic conclusion, and he told how the man was still striding restlessly, aimlessly along the corridor, when the elevator shot past and some one shouted "Down!" and the ruined man, his mind still bent upon the falling market, continued his nervous striding, gesticulating fiercely and repeating audibly, "Down! down! down!" "There you are!" interrupted Mr. Norris, springing up excitedly; "there you are! That is one of those things that no novelist could invent!" And yet, adds Mr. Lefevre in telling the story, "it was the one bit of fake in my whole description."

Edgar Allan Poe and "Barnaby Rudge."

Every now and then some magazine or newspaper begins the publication of a sensational tale of mystery by offering a prize to the first of its subscribing readers who will correctly tell what the concluding chapters will reveal. In most cases the stories are too tame or the plots too hackneyed to excite any serious interest, and at any rate, a great tale does not need any such incentive to win readers. However, the subject recalls Poe's remarkable success in forecasting the plot of Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge,* a story that is old enough to be new. *Barnaby Rudge* began to appear serially in the spring of 1841, and after reading the first instalment Poe wrote a prospective notice which appeared in the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post* for May 1st of that year. In that notice appeared the following paragraphs:

> That Barnaby is the son of the murderer may not appear evident to our readers—but

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we will explain. The person murdered is Mr. Reuben Haredale. He was found assassinated in his bed-chamber. His steward (Mr. Rudge, Senior) and his gardener (name not mentioned) are missing. At first both are suspected. "Some months afterward"—here we use the words of the story—"the steward's body, scarcely to be recognised but by his clothes and the watch and chain he wore, was found at the bottom of a piece of water on the grounds, with a deep gash in the breast, where he had been stabbed by a knife. He was only partly dressed; and all people agreed that he had been sitting up reading in his own room, where there were many traces of blood, and was suddenly fallen upon and killed, before his master."

Now, be it observed, it is not the author himself who asserts that *the steward's body was found;* he has put the words in the mouth of one of his characters. His design is to make it appear in the denouement that the steward, Rudge, first murdered the gardener, then went to his master's chamber, murdered *him,* was interrupted by his (Rudge's) wife, whom he seized and held *by the wrist* to prevent her from giving the alarm—that he then, after possessing himself of the booty desired, returned to the gardener's room, exchanged clothes with him, put upon the corpse his own watch and ring, and secreted it where it was afterward discovered at so late a period that the features could not be identified.

If one will place the actual facts of *Barnaby Rudge* beside this guess of Poe, it will be found that the differences are purely immaterial, and that of these differences, some seem to be due to slight mistakes on the part of Dickens. The gardener was murdered before Mr. Haredale, and not afterward as Poe surmised. Mrs. Rudge seized her husband's wrist, and not Rudge his wife's; but, as Poe pointed out in a criticism of the book after its completion, the grasp of the murderer's bloody hand would have been more likely to have produced the effect described on the unborn Barnaby, one phase of whose strange nature was his maniacal horror of blood. In this subsequent criticism Poe argued that the horror of blood was not made to produce an adequate effect, and maintained, we think with great justice, that Dickens had missed a great opportunity. "The conviction of the assassin," he wrote, "after the lapse of twenty-two years might easily have been brought about through his son's mysterious awe of blood—*an awe created in the unborn by the assassination itself*—and this would have been one of the finest possible embodiments of the idea which we are accustomed to attach to poetic justice.'"

ONOTO WATANNA.

The writer of Japanese stories, whose charge of plagiarism against John Luther Long and David Belasco has caused legal complications.

A Good Set of Kipling.

Lovers of Rudyard Kipling's books have often regretted that uniform sets of his works were obtainable only at a very high price. Many persons have had to content themselves with purchasing odd volumes in all varieties of binding, and eking these out with the cheap paper-covered pirated editions of the earlier stories. It is with especial pleasure, therefore, that we have

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received from Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company a set of Kipling in fifteen very handsomely printed volumes, uniformly bound in dark green, and sold for the low price of fifteen dollars, or one dollar per volume. This set is complete except that *Kim* is not included in it; and the two Jungle Books have illustrations that are not (thank Heaven!) the work of J. Lockwood Kipling, whose queer mud-groups have disappointed and irritated so many admirers of J. Lockwood Kipling's brilliant son. We have run over the fifteen volumes once more, because it is always a pleasure to revert to Kipling; and in doing so we have been confirmed in our old opinion about *The Light That Failed*. This, the first long story that Kipling ever wrote, is as a whole not worth rereading; yet one character in it represents as remarkable a piece of work as Kipling ever did. This character is Bessie Broke, and she deserves a place beside Badalia Herodsfoot. In Bessie Broke, Kipling has drawn to the very life the hard, greedy, vindictive, ignorant girl of the London streets; and every scene in which she appears is a scene which makes one lose all interest in Maisie, and in fact, the rest of the story. We are glad that this particular addition of *The Light That Failed* contains that version of the story which has an unhappy ending; for such an ending was really inevitable, and in writing it Kipling was compelled to give us a little more of Bessie Broke.

Richard Whiteing on American Fiction.

After an absence which has extended over a number of years, Mr. Henry Harland arrived in America early in December. As we pointed out a few months ago, this author is not an Englishman, although it might be said that "Henry Harland" is an English product, because when he left America he was known only under his pseudonym of Sidney Luska. As Henry Harland he made a great many English friends, and before his recent departure from England he was much entertained by English authors and English literary societies. At a dinner given in his honour by the Whitefriars' Club of London he made a speech on the subject of Americans and English Letters. It is not to Mr. Harland's speech that we wish to call attention, but to another on the same subject a little later in the evening from Mr. Richard Whiteing. Mr. Whiteing said some good things, and also some that were not so good. He was not sure that the development of American fiction would be on English lines. In fact, from what he had seen of recent American fiction he believed that Continental influences might predominate. American literature generally might follow the lead of American university life, and Mr. Whiteing expressed himself as doubting that even the bequest of the late Cecil Rhodes was going to change entirely the nature of the American university. Mr. Whiteing's doubt illustrates beautifully the idea which seems to exist in England that the Rhodes bequest was really important; in fact, one of the greatest events of the history of the Republic. They appear to think over there that the Rhodes students on their return from Oxford or Cambridge will be received as especially sent missionaries, and regarded as altogether extraordinary and supernatural. The English are discussing as very serious something which is in reality very insignificant. The Rhodes students will constitute a very small drop in a very large bucket.

In support of his idea that the development of American fiction now going on is not along English lines, Mr. Whiteing referred to the late Frank Norris, whose work, he said, "was French from first to last, French even in its form. There are entire passages that might be literal translations from Zola, and that show a disciple thinking from within the brain of the master. And as a 'trilogy,' it is, of course, more French than ever, and more Zolaesque. Zola, following Balzac, has set the example for this generation of studies in fiction that follow one another as so many parts of a single all-embracing work. *The Octopus* had its prologue in another book, and was to have had its epilogue in a study of European life.

"Then, too, I think American literary criticism is largely foreign in its influences. It is French rather than English, in spite of the fidelity of Mr. Brownell to Matthew Arnold—himself, be it noted, mainly French in the point of view. It is French in its solicitude for form, in its plea for perfect sobriety of

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treatment and the suppression of eccentricity; French, in one word, in its academical character and inspiration. Note, too, that Bourget and Édouard Rod have been welcome guests in the United States. Of course, I believe that the French is only one of many influences that will affect the American literature of the future. All the great races have now their settlement on American soil, and the Republic is a great melting-pot for Germans as well as Frenchmen, Huns, Magyars, Italians, and what not. They have not had time to settle into a type, but when they have done that, they will constitute an entirely new one, not especially English or especially foreign in any particularist sense, not even especially American as we now know that type, but something quite distinct. It is much too early to say what it will be, for to do that one would need the gift of prophecy. One can only be sure that this most imminent of 'coming men' will be something wholly new and strange, and that it may be expected to exhibit some of the finest traits of all the races that go to the making of it. I should say that the dominant fact of American literature to-day is its gradual, but sure, emancipation from purely English influences. It stands quite by itself already, and is English only in so far as it is pleased to be so, and not from any sense of filial duty or of literary homage. American style, with its extreme precision, with its highly cultivated sense of the value of the phrase, is anything but English. It aims at delicacy, and not at the rugged vigour of our best men. Henry James is as un-English as he can be. Mr. Harland himself is French rather than English in the admirable little story by which he won his fame."

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A Merchant's Letters.

The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son calls attention to another American humourist who, if not exactly of the first rank, is very near to it. We don't think it has all the elements necessary to make it a popular success to feminine readers, but most men who take it up are sure to like it very much. Then, too, we cannot see how it is possibly going to be dramatised, and that, though utterly irrelevant, is something that should mean a good deal to readers of discrimination. Sixty years ago, when Mr. Brown wrote an admirable series of letters of advice to his nephew, Mr. Robert Brown of the Inner Temple, the roads to worldly success which he pointed out were of a very different nature. As became a shrewd old man of the world, he gave much excellent counsel. He pointed out to his nephew the great importance of careful judgment in the matter of the selection of one's tailor. He discoursed wisely on dinners, great and small; on customs of the dinner-table, on balls, on the influence of women in society, on out-of-town

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER.

visiting, on clubs and the acquaintances one made in clubs. Of these matters John Graham, head of the house of Graham and Company, pork-packers in Chicago, has little or nothing to say. Social usages, clubs, dinners, don't seem to worry him much, and the only kind of "balls" to which he alludes are golf balls and high balls, and to those in terms of unequivocal disfavour. The gist of his advice to his son, Pierrepont, is "live clean, and sell hog at a profit."

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There are twenty of these letters, and though the son never seems to have a word to say in reply, through them we

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know young Pierrepont pretty well from the time that he goes to Cambridge as a Harvard undergraduate until he has achieved a fair success in the company and is about to be married to a "nice girl," to whom his father is going to entrust him instead of writing these letters. Pierrepont finds Cambridge to his liking; he wants to take a post-graduate course; he thinks he should make the *grand tour;* he enters the business at the bottom; he works up step by step; and at each turn "Old Gorgon Graham," as his sire is flippantly known on 'Change, has a fund of sound and homely advice which is illuminated with the phraseology of the stockyards. The right kind of a son, like the right kind of a hog, should be "sound and sweet," and if Pierrepont can convince him of possessing the virtues which satisfy him in a hog, of course in the metaphorical sense, he will be perfectly satisfied. Back of the long years of Chicago struggle and success, there were the early days of his youth passed somewhere in his native Missouri, and upon this experience he is constantly drawing for some anecdote or reminiscence with which to drive his point home. *The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son* are well worth reading.

"'Twas Mr. Dooley."

Turning from Mr. John Graham to a literary Chicagoan of wider repute (and however envious cities like New York and Boston may sniff and elevate their eyebrows, there is no use trying to gainsay the fact that nowadays being a literary celebrity in Chicago means being a literary celebrity pretty much everywhere), we may stroll down to a certain saloon in the Archey Road and listen for a time to our old and tried friend Mr. Martin Dooley. Toward the end of his discourse you will suspect that he has run short of breath or of ideas, for his talents do not run to the making of maxims, and *Mr. Dooley's Observations* would have been just as good with most of the last six or seven new subjects left out. On the whole, you will probably come away from the Archey very well satisfied and anxious to go again, but perhaps with the observation (your own) that you *have* seen Mr. Dooley in "better form." Then you will insist on trying to give your friends a snatch of something from something that he told you and in just that spirit from Mr. Dooley on Adventure.

What a life iv advinture I have led, to be sure. I've niver been still a minyit since I cud see an' hear—always on th' go, performin' heeroyc actions on land an' sea. Between th' ages iv eight an' fifteen I bet ye I caught more runaway teams thin all th' park polismen in th' wurruld. I begun with stoppin' th' horses iv a man 'called Monahan that owned a canal boat an' askin' as a reward that he give me a job dhrivin' th' mule. But I rose rapidly in th' wurruld, an' befure I was fifteen I was dashin' out nearly ivry hour an' nailin' a team iv maddened animals in th' bullyvard an' savin' th' life iv th' pet daughther iv a millyonaire. She usully acepted me young hand in marredge in th' dhrug store. But sometimes whin I needed a top or a kite I took money. I'm ashamed to con-fiss it, but I did. Iv coorse I rayfused th' first offer iv th' pluthycrat. Whin he thried to crowd wan millyon dollars on me, I give him a look iv scorn an' moved away. He was turrbly ashamed iv his onmanly action an' followed me up an' be sharp schamin' managed to get two millyons to me in a way that I cuddn't resint. I think it come in th' shape iv an advance payment on th' dowry.

At fifteen I quit stoppin' runaway horses as on'y suited to childher. After that I wint in almost entirely f'r knockin' down arnychists as they was about to shoot. I saved th' life iv th' Impror iv Rooshya, an' he was anxious f'r to have me stay at th' coort, but people begun to talk about me an' wan iv th' rile princesses, an' I left. On my way home I seized an arnychist jus' as he had raised his pistol agin th' Prince iv Wales, an' as a reward he freed Ireland on th' spot. I rayceived an ovation f'r this in Dublin in 1860 or thereabouts, but I disclaimed anny glory, was always willin' to do annything f'r me counthry, wisht them th' best iv luck: gintlemen, I can on'y say, I thank ye, I thank ye, I thank ye.

Me raycint advintures has been more in th' spoortin' line. I had to give up futball afther winnin' victhry f'r me almy matther f'r four successive years be a suparb run aroun' th' end. F'r a long time I sailed th' cup dayfinder ivry year, an' always won be a sthrategy that no wan but mesilf undherstands. I've killed iliphants an' tigers be th' hundherd, rescooed people fr'm dhrownin' be th' thousan', climbed up th' outside iv a burnin' buildin' an' come down with two or three fine-lookin' ladies in me arms, captured forts, charged armies,

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knocked out th' wurruld's greatest pugilists with a punch, led revolutions, suppressed thim, an' done it all modestly an' quietly.

Since the publication of the above Mr. Dooley has had another adventure. THE BOOKMAN's heartiest congratulations and good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Dooley. Let the bands bray in the Archey Road.

A Scion of d'Artagnan.

Count Robert de Montesquieu-Fezensac, who is soon to visit this country, is heralded as being an "aristocrat, an artist and a poet." Among his ancestors are the Maréchal de Montesquieu Montluc, a soldier under Henri IV., the celebrated author of *Commentaires,* which the King named "The Soldier's Bible;" the Maréchal de Gassion and the Maréchal de Montesquieu, both soldiers under Louis XIV., the Maréchal de Montesquieu sharing with Villars in the glory of the celebrated victory of Denain; also Anne-Pierre de Montesquieu, called the Conqueror of Savoie. Another military ancestor of this "aristocrat, artist and poet" is the great d'Artagnan. In writing of this ancestor, Comte Robert says: "Charles, son of Bertrand de Batz-Castelmore and Françoise de Montesquieu, was born in 1623 at Lupiac, county of Fezensac. He took the ancestral name of d'Artagnan, which belonged to a younger branch of his mother's illustrious house. He took part in the sieges of Aire, Le Bassée and Bapaume in 1641, and of Collioure and Perpignan in 1642. In 1643 he enlisted under King Charles in England, opposing the parliament and fighting side by side with Prince Robert against the Count of Essex. He was present at the sieges of Bayette, La Capelle and Saint Folquin and at the surrender of Gravelines in 1644. In 1645 he was at the surrender of Cassel, Mardik, Bethune, Bourgourg, Menin and Saint-Venant. In 1649 he was made lieutenant in the Guards, and in 1654 he was sent to England on a confidential mission to Cromwell. The following year found him in the battles of Landrecies, of Condé and of Saint Guillain. In 1656 he was at the siege of Valenciennes, and in 1657, at the siege of Montmedy and at the defence of Ardres. On the 26th of May, 1658, he was found as under-lieutenant of the Musqueteers at the battle of des Dunes and at the taking of Dunkirk, of Bergues, Gravelines, Oudenarde and Ypres. On the 5th of May, 1659, he married at the Château du Louvre the Lady de Chadecy, by whom he had two sons, but his married life with her was not happy. In 1660 he was present at the marriage of Louis XIV. To him was entrusted in 1661 the arrest of Superintendent Fouquet, and it was d'Artagnan who captured him at Nantes on the 5th of September, who escorted him to the castle of Angers, and who then took him to the Bastille. Louis XIV. held d'Artagnan in high esteem, and greatly appreciated both his character and his services. In 1665 he sent him a letter, the text of which has been preserved and which testifies how marked was his royal favour. Captain-lieutenant of the first company of Musqueteers on the 15th of January, 1667, and Corporal of the King's armies on the 5th of May following, he fought at the sieges of Tournai, Douai and Lille, and at the conquest of the Franche-Comte in 1668. Finally, in 1673 he accompanied Louis XIV. to the siege of Maestricht, where he was killed on the 25th of June, in the second attack on the bastions. According to St. Simon, he distinguished himself in the war, where he advanced so rapidly in the good graces of the King that his fortune would have been made quickly had he not lost his life at Maestricht. The eldest of d'Artagnan's two sons, both of whom were baptised by Bossuet, had Louis XIV. for godfather; the second son's sponsor was the Dauphin of France." The present Comte Robert de Montesquieu is said to resemble in a striking degree the portraits which are extant of his illustrious ancestor.

M'sieu.

Now that specialisation has been developed to such an extent that we have schools for teaching horses not to shy at automobiles, it is time that some one established a school for teaching Americans and English how to pronounce the word "Monsieur." This word is probably the greatest linguistic stumbling-block known to the Anglo-Saxon world. In England, so far as our own observation goes, it is usually pro-

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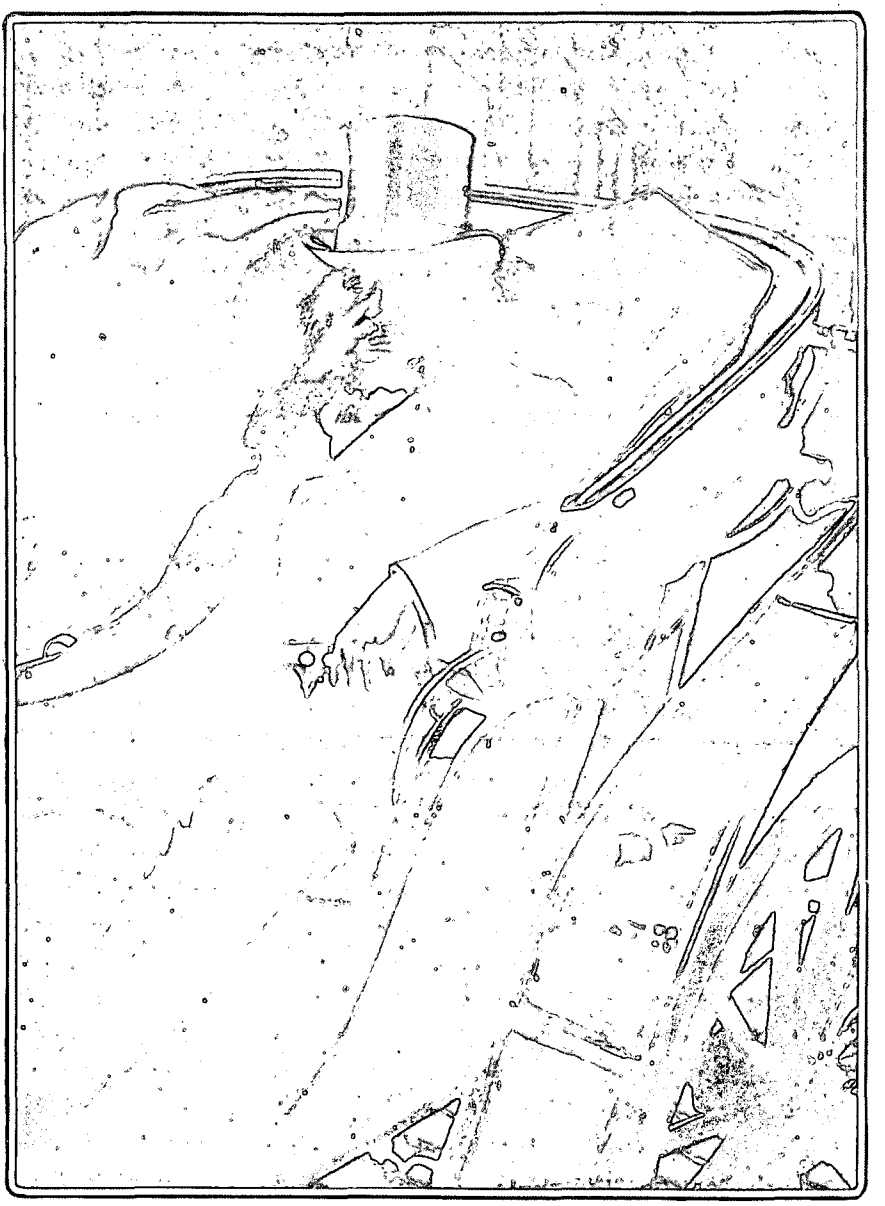
nounced "Mossoo." Americans, being more versatile, have invented other phonetic variations of the original. Perhaps the most popular of these are "Musseer," "Mossher" and "Mon-soor," but there are still others. The most important result of this variety of usage is the fact that when one goes to see a play of which the scene is laid in France and in which the characters are supposed to be French, the actors think that they are giving a little local colour when they address one another as "Musseer," or "Mossher," or "Mon-soor," little recking that this *grotesquerie* simply spoils the whole play for the Enlightened. There is also another large class of Americans who do not attempt to utter



M. DE BLOWITZ. The famous Paris Correspondent of the *London Times*.

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the word at all, but who in pronouncing a French name, as for instance that of M. Croiset or M. Cambon, do it as though the "M." were actually to be pronounced as "Em." Thus, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, at a farewell banquet given to the retiring French Ambassador to this country a few weeks ago, actually throughout his entire speech spoke of the evening's guest as "Em. Cambon." Now it was not necessary for Mr. Depew to do this at all. If he was shy of pronouncing the word "Monsieur," he might with perfect propriety have referred to M. Cambon as "Mr. Cambon," or else he might have employed the title which European diplomatic usage accords to ambassadors, and have addressed M. Cambon as "Your Excellency." At any rate, he should not have made a guy of himself; for he was acting in a semi-public capacity, and such things as this make Americans appear to be a set of ignoramuses.

M. de Blowitz.

The recent retirement of M. de Blowitz from the post of special correspondent for the London *Times* in France is something of an event. M. de Blowitz never considered himself an ordinary newspaper correspondent, but claimed something of the dignity which is accorded to an ambassador. Indeed, when he began to represent the *Times* in 1871, his position was in reality one of very great importance; for the *Times* was then at the height of its prestige as the greatest newspaper in the world, and had not yet suffered the irretrievable disaster which came to it as the result of its publication of the Pigott letters in the Parnell case. M. de Blowitz, then, for more than ten years was distinctly a personage. He knew all the most distinguished statesmen of Europe, among them Prince Bismarck, Thiers, Gambetta, Jules Ferry, Beaconsfield, Prince Lobanoff and the Pope; and he knew them very well. In 1875, indeed, Bismarck gave France, through Blowitz, the stern hint which led to a distinct change of policy, and which is said to have complicated the relations of Germany with Russia. In 1878, Blowitz was allowed to see the text of the Treaty of Berlin before it had been signed, and he telegraphed it to the *Times* at once. He had a Paris residence and a fine country house, a special wire connecting his study directly with the office of the *Times* in London; and in many ways was an individual to be reckoned with.

De Blowitz, whose full name is Henri Georges Stéphane Adolphe Opper de Blowitz, is an Austrian Jew by birth, his native place being Pilsen. He is now seventy years of age. He took up his residence in France in the fifties, and taught German at various lycées. He invented a wool-carding machine, wrote for the French newspapers, and served in the Garde Nationale, having become a French citizen in 1870. He is a *naïf* yet vastly shrewd individual, with an enormous egotism, which is unconsciously reflected in almost everything he writes; and many jokes have been made at his expense at one time and another without his ever having known it; for a sense of humour is something that he never had. His obese form and huge fur-lined coat will be sadly missed in many of his former haunts.

Sherlock and Raffles.

The Lady or the Tiger? The Sleuth or the Cracksman? Raffles or Sherlock Holmes? Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and E. H. Hornung are brothers-in-law, and a short time ago an enterprising firm of publishers in this city laid before them the proposition that they should collaborate in a novel. In this novel, Sherlock Holmes, the master of the science of deduction, was to be sent after Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman. It is needless to say that neither writer gave any serious consideration to the idea. For such a book would speedily have developed into a farce. Yet so long as one keeps it from going beyond the theoretical stage the idea is deliciously suggestive. Only we cannot possibly admit any doubt as to the outcome.

The Late Caskie Harrison.

Dr. Caskie Harrison, whose death occurred last month, was a very interesting figure. A Southerner, educated in England at Cambridge University, he was a scholar of ripe learn-

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ing and one of the few Americans who wrote Greek and Latin verse for the pleasure of it. He held a professorship for some time in the University of the South, but for the past twenty years or so was the head of the Latin School in Brooklyn. Dr. Harrison had a keen wit, a quick temper and a ready pen, and he was an enthusiastic student of the niceties of English usage, resembling in his methods and in his subtleties the late Fitz Edwarde Hall, of whom he was a great admirer. Readers of THE BOOKMAN will be interested to know a fact which we have learned only since Dr. Harrison's death, though we had suspected it before —that it was he who contributed to the Letter-Box the communications signed Israel U. Sage.

An Epitaph on Mr. Morgan.

Some time ago an English periodical published an epitaph which it proposed as a suitable one to be carved upon Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's monument whenever the need for such an inscription should arrive. This epitaph was originally in four lines, but an accomplished friend of ours has condensed it into two, thereby enhancing its point and neatness. We give it below in its revised form:

He rests beneath the earth he made his own,
And God once more is running things alone.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

To the publishers and to those who advertise in its pages, the December number of this magazine is supposed to be, and it officially is, the Christmas number; but as it appears before Thanksgiving, and before any one has yet felt the Christmas inspiration, it has always seemed to us that the January number is more truly the one which belongs to the Yuletide holiday. It is for this reason that we have waited until now to give to all who read the Letter-Box our usual Christmas greeting. Somehow or other we never think of these readers as strangers and unknown persons who happen to be included in THE BOOKMAN'S list of purchasers and subscribers. Whatever they may think of us, we on our side regard them as our own familiar friends—friends whose faces we may never see and the clasp of whose hands we may never feel, yet, none the less, friends to whom our heart goes out as we write these words to wish them, one and all, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

I.

Quite in harmony with the general good will which belongs to the season of good cheer is a letter which we have received from a lady in Toronto. It reads as follows:

Why do you say such horrid things about Canada? We resented certain Pro-Boer remarks, and you shouldn't wonder that we, as loyal Britons, became a bit excited when our Empire was having such a bad and bloody time. But with all your Pro-Boerism, we like and read you still. I am sure that you have not been in the Land of the Maple, or you would not write of our chilly style and our frosty manners. Just come and spend a week in the Province of Ontario and we will show you that Our Lady of the Snows has a heart beneath her furs.

But the real request which prompts this letter is, will you not give me a seat at the Ban-

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quet of 1905? Do not let me be the neighbour of any of the Stetsonian tribe. Rather even let me listen to the dinner talk of the Seattle man, who I am sure is no Canadian.

With warm Canadian appreciation, I am

THE LADY FROM TORONTO.

This lady seems to be one of the right sort. As a matter of fact, our remarks about the Boer War were altogether impersonal; and now that the war is over, we fancy that our Canadian friends will really understand this. Indeed, no matter what the rights and the wrongs of the war itself may have been, we never had anything but the highest admiration for the achievements of those brave Canadians who went out to fight for the great Empire whose flag is theirs. To tell the truth, we never interpreted quite literally the denunciatory letters sent us by Canadians during the Boer War. There is, for instance, the gentleman who was going to have us tarred and feathered if we ever came near the town in which he dwells. We didn't believe that he meant it. Had we actually visited his town, even while the war was at its height, we should have sent in our card to him with perfect confidence that he would not rush out to ask the price of tar, and that his domestics would not rip up the family pillows to secure the necessary feathers for our adornment. We haven't a doubt that he would have asked us very cordially to dinner, and we know that the dinner would have been a particularly good one, embellished and made delightful by all the graces of Canadian hospitality. It gives us great pleasure to inform the lady from Toronto that we shall count upon her presence at the Banquet.

II.

Oddly enough, the gentleman of whom we have just spoken sent us last week a very brief but not unfriendly acceptance of our invitation. He enclosed a long newspaper clipping about the Boers, but we shall not discuss that at the present time.

III.

A number of letters have come to us with regard to the identity of "Mary Adams," the author of *The Confessions of a Wife*. A well-known educator of this city writes nine large pages in support of the theory that "Mary Adams" is Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward; and this opinion is also held by several other correspondents. The chief point made in these letters relates to a certain similarity in theme existing between *Within the Gates*, *His Wife*, and *The Confessions*. One correspondent ends with this remark:

Why Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward calls herself "Mary Adams" in the last tale nobody knows. She is about as effectually disguised as Mark Twain was when he made a contemporary of Jeanne d'Arc speak in the cadences of the Mississippi Valley.

Other correspondents, much to our surprise, write to ask whether *we* wrote *The Confessions*. To this question we answer no; but inasmuch as we have been identified with the author, we are going to read the book some of these days.

IV.

A lawyer of this city writes to ask:

How would you write out in words the following fraction: 15/6001?

Professional mathematicians would call this: "fifteen six-thousand-and-firsts." This is quite proper, even though it sounds odd; for the denominator of a fraction is always expressed in ordinals.

V.

A gentleman writes from Worcester, Massachusetts, in order to ask us a question. Apparently he also wishes to have fun with us. We don't mind.

I desire to ask a question. Often in a quotation there will be (*sic*) in italics, evidently inserted by the quoter. Remembering the advice of THE BOOKMAN to those who meet an unknown expression, I tried to look it up, and then asked a number of people who I thought ought to know, but without success. Think I have often seen it in THE BOOKMAN. Sometimes I have thought it was to have the mean-

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ing of (?); and then again, that the quoter expected his readers, after differentiating, to determine the maximum and minimum values of the expression. Will you kindly explain its meaning and use?

The writer is pleased to see that the Banquet is still on the docket. An examination of the list of sure-enough invitees reveals the fact that the Father of the Letter-Box has up to date scratched the names of all who have had the temerity (or should I say good or bad luck?) to spot successfully some blooming bull in THE BOOKMAN. There are such, you know. When the Senior Editor drops into a mistake, the gracefulness of the confession is charming. Confession is good for the soul. However, the omission of everybody who has caused such humiliating admissions leaves the painful impression that possibly some unchristian thought may rankle toward those who, in a fatherly way, have felt obliged to check said S. E. in his strenuous, always-right, even-if-he-sometimes-does-have-to-crawl-out-of-a-pretty-small-hole, course.

We are surprised to learn that this gentleman had any trouble in finding out the meaning of the parenthetical *sic*. However, we may tell him that it means "thus." When you quote a passage from an author, and when the passage contains some obvious error or solecism, you naturally don't wish your readers to suppose that the mistake is your own or that you have failed to recognise it as a mistake. So you put (*sic*) after it, to indicate that the author of the quoted passage wrote it *thus*.

VI.

The following letter is written with a good deal of feeling, and what the writer says is very just. He heads his remarks with the question, "Why not tell the truth?"

If papers are to issue supplements containing book reviews for the guidance of their readers, if magazines are to be published whose principal reason for existence is the claim to give authoritative information concerning books, if daily and weekly and monthly periodicals are to have departments devoted to a like purpose, how are they to be really helpful if their comments are not truthful and unbiased, instead of being merely a reflection of the advertising department?

I have recently purchased two or three books, guided in my choice by the recommendations found in one of these book authorities. The books prove to be without excuse for being, absolute rubbish, a waste of money and a desecration of the use of time.

They each may have a considerable sale, but the same advertising methods and authoritative recommendations will sell the stock of an oil company whose chief asset is but dusty wells, or of a mining company with no ore. But have we not a right to expect from the literary department unbiased comments and opinions? Mind, I am not speaking of any work on which men capable of judging could possibly differ. Why write what they must know to be untrue? Why give me such untrue writing to read, and so induce me to buy something I do not want, which they know I do not want, and something they know I ought not to want? Why not be as honest in the book reviews as in the editorials? Note, I am not speaking of any book about which the intelligent can possibly differ as to morals, excellence of style or matter, but books which, judged from all or any of these view-points, are without a decent excuse for being. INQUIRER.

We trust that "Inquirer" has not been misled by any book notices that have appeared in THE BOOKMAN. If he has, will he kindly write us, giving specific instances? For our part, we believe that the reviewer who puffs an utterly worthless book, and thereby leads his readers to buy it, is morally on the same plane as that which is occupied by the bunco steerer, the green-goods man and the pickpocket. Allowance has to be made in reviews for differences of taste, and sometimes for honest incapacity, but a hired puffer of inane books is in our judgment nothing but a literary pimp.

VII.

Mr. Morgan Robertson, the well-known writer of sea stories, propounds a nautico-linguistic question. He writes:

Can you inform me in regard to the grammatical classification of the nautical word "luff" in the sentence familiar to the helmsman: "Hold your luff!" It means that, having luffed the craft up to the wind, he is to hold her in that position. "To luff" is, of course, a verb; and the word "luff" is also three or four kinds of a noun, as "the luff of

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a sail," "the luff of the bow," or when used of the hauling part of a tackle, or of a lieutenant in the Navy. But what part of speech is it in the sentence quoted, "Hold your luff!"

Simply a noun with a meaning that differs from the other meanings of the same word. "Hold your luff!" i. e., the "luffness" (so to speak) of the ship.

VIII.

The only bit of temper exhibited by any correspondent of late is to be observed in the following letter from a gentleman in Princeton, New Jersey. Why has not proximity to a great university taught this gentleman that weighty themes should be discussed with philosophic calm?

I have read with much interest that portion of your Chronicle and Comment in the December BOOKMAN which relates to Mr. Gillette's production of Sherlock Holmes. However, I notice a slight flaw in your statement. You claim that Mr. Gillette introduces a very "un-Sherlockian" piece of business in not making "Billy" search all of Professor Moriarty's pockets for the firearms which that unamiable gentleman would have had were he the great man Dr. Doyle makes him out to be. Surely you have not forgotten that when "Billy" finds the Professor's Colt's "memorandum book" and lays it on the table, Moriarty grabs for it; and in answer to "Billy's" question as to whether any further search is necessary, Holmes replies to the boy that the Professor's anxiety to regain possession of the pistol makes plain the absence of any other dangerous weapons. Possibly I may be mistaken, but it would seem to me that Mr. Gillette is anything but un-Sherlockian in this, and that, for perhaps the first time in eight years, you have made a mistake. Doubtless, with that all-pervading self-conceit of yours, which has the *Evening Post's* badly beaten, you will refuse to concede this, but nevertheless it is a fact.

We have been expecting some such letter as this for two weeks. But first let us observe that the Princeton gentleman is too complimentary in saying that we have perhaps made only one mistake in eight years. Assiduous readers of the Letter-Box will remember that we have in that period made several mistakes, and that we have always owned up with the utmost meekness and contrition. Now as to Sherlock and Moriarty: Suppose that the Professor had had a pistol in each of his other pockets, he would still have obeyed an irresistible impulse in snatching at the pistol immediately before him and apparently within his grasp. One naturally reaches for what is most accessible. Hence, the Gillette-Sherlock's deduction, that Moriarty had no more weapons because he impulsively tried to recover the weapon on the table, was superficially clever, but not quite worthy of the Doyle-Sherlock; for it took chances, and the Doyle-Sherlock always made certain. This particular deduction is, in fine, a deduction which might have been made by Gregson or Lestrade, or at any rate, by Lecoq; but we still think that it was not quite Sherlockian. Finally, the gentleman has not answered our further criticism to the effect that the real Moriarty *would* have had more than a single weapon with him.

IX.

A correspondent living in Malden, Massachusetts, writes:

I was much interested in your remarks about the superstition relating to the picking up of pins. I suppose all of us have one or more of these whimsical little beliefs. Which superstition of this sort—or which superstitions—do you consider the most reasonable?

A superstition that is reasonable ceases to be a superstition. This is the peculiar beauty of superstition, that it takes you out of the Bœotian hollows of dull logic and into the bright uplands of glorious unreason, where, after all, the higher truths are always found. Don't you feel so sometimes?

X.

It really seems incredible to us that any one should think that we devote too much attention to the affairs of Sherlock Holmes. Yet such is the implication of

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a poem which has been sent us by a gentleman from Rahway, New Jersey:

A BALLADE OF MENTAL PERTURBATION.

I.

What is that Thing in dark disguise,
  Flitting in dumb, fantastic show?
THE BOOKMAN fades before our eyes,
  We watch the figure; to and fro
  It stalks. Methinks some unseen foe
Is writhing in the mesh in vain.
  The trap is sprung—Great Scott! We know—
  We've all got Sherlock on the brain!

II.

Somehow the "Great Deducer" looks
  From every second line or so.
Forever through the "Six Best Books"
  He struts with pompous step and slow;
  The Chronicle needs undergo
A stiff injection of cocaine.
  Look in the Letter-Box, and lo!
We've all got Sherlock on the brain.

III.

"A Clear White Soul" and I. U. Sage,
  The various dames who "want to know,"
Snipped in the flower of their age,
  Consumed by that too burning glow.
  Let not the casualties grow;
Take pity, BOOKMAN, and refrain,
  Suppress it for a month or so—
We've all got Sherlock on the brain.

Envoy.

To thee our suppliant pleas we throw—
Gee whiz! Great Scott! Say, don't! Refrain!
Wot t'ell! Aw! quit! Let up! Let go!
We've all got Sherlock on the brain.

A
CLEAR
WHITE
UNSULLIED
SOUL.

We feel too much hurt to make any comment on this, otherwise than to remark that we do not for one moment accept this gentleman's description of the state of his soul. In fact, we think that he had better send his soul to the laundry.

SONNET

Love, do not blame me if I took away
From thy abundance more than I bestowed.
My love was like a river, and it flowed
Through thy rich country, gathering day by day
From thy far hillside, from thy mountain way,
Sweet waters where thy image once abode
Changeful; for, love, I triumph, having owed
The force of my fair current to thy sway.
O, all the joy of leaning bush and bough
Reflected once, the violet sky, the tree
Mirrored in double calm, are scattered now
In glints of beauty through the eternal sea,
That billows through the ages' hint and hush
Where my soul flows to meet the tidal flush.

Florence Brooks

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WANTED: ATELIERS OF FICTION

If painters take pupils, why should not novelists? The idea may seem startling, but if the one may impart the canons of his calling, cannot the other—of course, for a honorarium?

Ateliers, where art students pay for the privilege of a master's scrutinising glance, fill the capitals of Europe. Once a week the great man passes among the easels, with a nod for the promising, a shrug for the mediocre, and good, sound, epithetic abuse for the hopelessly bad *rapin*. But isn't it better to be made to realise your shortcomings in time to turn from the palette to the plough, or the pen, or any instrument which will gain you a livelihood, than to inflict art juries with hopelessly bad paintings? Of course, the masters of painting are not entirely successful in ridding the world of misfit artists, but they show them the error of their ways, and, what is more to the point, they show the talented how to paint.

No two artists were ever born equal—nor were any two humans, for that matter—except in the opportunity to strive. That is exactly what the atelier gives the embryo painter—opportunity. By that I mean the chance to try himself out, to mingle with kindred souls, to be corrected, to be inspired, to be taught, in fact, every chance an artist ought to ask for in this world except the patronage of millionaires and the praise of critics. When a man has spent a lifetime painting and has succeeded, it is presumable that he can impart to intelligent students at least the technique of his art. We can't all make a Velasquez of ourselves, any more than we can be Thackerays or Balzacs, but the radical difference between a genius and a clever fellow, aside from a capacity for hard, persistent work, is craftsmanship.

The aspirant for a gold medal can be taught his craft by a master; not so the young man whose ambition is to head the list of best-selling authors, or—and may his tribe increase—to add one gem to his country's literature. He can read good books, to be sure, and try to write like the great authors he has read. So can the embryo painter look at good pictures and try to paint like Franz Hals or Botticelli; but he is not obliged to grope thus in the darkness of his own ignorance until some faint ray of inspired light shows the way, for he may—"if he have the price"—go to an atelier and have the way pointed by a condescending star. Alas for the youth with ideas hurtling through his brain and a pencil itching his fingers! He may scribble until his family tell him he is a genius in the bud; then, having purchased sufficient stamps for postage two ways, he may send his precious thoughts, neatly tied with blue ribbons, to some heartless magazine—and so are they all, all heartless magazines—but the result will be a printed reply reading: "Dear Sir: We regret exceedingly that your story is not acceptable to our columns. Thanking you for your courtesy in submitting it to us," etc., etc.

This youth may either curse the editor for an ignoramus then, or gaze into the windows of gun shops and drug stores, until the only problem left in life is the choice of a way out of it; but who will tell him that "Dear Sir: etc." is a stereotyped way of informing him that he doesn't know how to mix words and spread them on white paper so that another can see the picture he has imagined? Not the friend who knows this but hasn't the courage to tell him; not the mother whose heart goes out to him in his disappointment, nor the loving sister who supplied the blue ribbons. And where in all this wide, cruel world can he go to learn the art of word-painting? To the masterpieces, or to a city editor's office?

How much more agreeable it would be to go to Mr. Howells's studio.

The master could tell him very readily why one word gives tone and another colour, and if he were to the writer's manner born and his stuff had "meat," he would see a few interlineations turn his word-jumbles into writing. But suppose Mr. Howells should place a model throne in the centre of the studio and seat thereon a girl with arching brows, curving lips and a golden flood of hair! What a keen, zestful exercise it would be for the itching fingers to write a picture in twenty-five words—or still better, in five—of her pose and appearance. Think of Mr. Howells passing among the desks, to shake his wise head at the pulchritudi-

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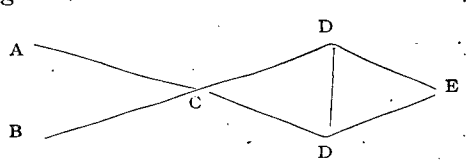
nous asseverations of her charms, and pat the fellow on the back who said she was just a dandy girl with gold-shot hair, and a face all fire-colour—because he winked at her.

Heavens! idealism must be bolting with me. In that atelier the star pupil would be more apt to say she was a freckled girl with frowsy yellow hair, who grew red when a wicked student winked.

But a palpable advantage of this system of education in the art of fiction writing is the fact that the fellow who saw gold-shot hair instead of yellow need not frequent the Howells atelier, if Mr. Hewlett's were open to him. The would-be painter has a choice of masters, and so might the would-be writer—realistic, idealistic, symbolistic, and even pre-Spencerite, as in the case of Mr. Hewlett, with his Chaucerian touch. If this studio system of instruction were adoptéd, students could choose their masters according to their predilections; and I venture the guess that a popular novelist of the up-to-date commercialistic school would find his atelier as overflowing with students as the news-stand with his record-breaking books.

Since the writing of a record seller is but a problem of mathematical precision, a single formula might in this case suffice for all, and the course of instruction occupy but a single Saturday afternoon. Thus the master of Indianapolis exploited literature might establish a Madison Square Garden atelier, and when his five hundred and sixty-three thousand pupils were seated and the brass band had ceased playing "Hail to the Chief," he need but inflate his chest and draw upon a blackboard the following diagram:



When the three hundred and seventy-one thousandth lime light had been turned on, he might carelessly throw back his neoteric coat on the side which did not hold the *boutonnière*, and having displayed a waistcoat of immaculate whiteness and a gold watch chain, proceed with his lecture thus:

"Ladies and gentlemen: The diagram upon the board represents a record-breaking novel. *A* is a he, and *B* is a she, who meet at the point *C*, and love. A villain now crosses the path of their young affections and separates the lovers to the extent of his villainy, as represented by the line *D—D;* their paths then converge until they meet in soulful and everlasting bliss at the point *E*. Supply *A* with a blue and buff uniform, *B* with downcast eyes and a spinet, *D* with lowering brow and red coat, and the trick is done, provided that in the quadrilateral *C D E D* you have placed a duel, a battle and a popular patriot, and intersected the lines *A C D E* and *B C D E* with sufficient apparently insurmountable difficulties to make the progress of the lovers *A* and *B* to the point *E* an obstacle race. To vary the theme, substitute shoulder straps for buff facings on *A's* uniform, a piano for *B's* spinet, and grey for red on *D's* coat. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your kind attention." Then when the four hundred and ninety-five thousandth floral tribute had been passed across the footlights, and the ninety-seven thousandth admiring maiden had fainted from excessive emotion, the master of commercialistic literature might bow itself out amid long, loud and continuous applause, while the band played "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

To be serious after this persiflage—and the intent of this article is, after all, to be serious—I believe that much good might accrue to literature if the masters would take pupils. The principles of novel writing certainly can be taught, such as the value of words, the proportion which description should bear to dialogue, characterisation, and above all, construction.

A playwright makes a scenario, showing the development of his story by division into acts and scenes, the entrances and exits, the position of climaxes, the development of characters, etc., before he writes a line of dialogue. How many novelists construct scenarios before writing? They may have a rough outline, mostly in their mind's eye, but do they sit down deliberately and make a synopsis of action, chapter by chapter, with a view to eliminating all bald and uninteresting narrative? Very few, I think; and yet a novel is but a lengthened play,

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with descriptive writing to replace costumes and scenery, and the "he saids" and "she replies" in place of stage directions.

Where can the young writer learn all this? Only in the school of bitter, bitter experience.

What sort of pictures would a man turn out who, having provided himself with a box of colours, an easel and a canvas, sat down to paint with no more knowledge of his craft than can be gained from looking at art exhibitions and reading the opinions of a few critics? But that is the task a young writer must set for himself. He has a dictionary, a desk and a pad of paper, and he can go to a library and look at books, or to be more exact, consult them; but suppose Mr. Howells should really take the time to instruct him, would he not learn in a year—what otherwise he might not in a lifetime—the principles of his art, the technique? Drawing, perspective, composition, colour, light and shade, all the elements of the painter's craft can be taught. Precisely the same elements enter into novel-writing, the difference being that the painter touches the heart through the eye and the novelist through the mind. It may be said that writers are born, not made. So are painters. But how many master painters of to-day would be painting even tolerably well if they had been turned loose in a picture gallery with a canvas and a box of colours?

Instruction in fiction writing would improve the mediocre and perfect the good; it would not, of course, make the hopelessly bad even mediocre. But instruction in painting will make no more than a sign painter of the hopelessly bad *rapin*. Alas! there are too many sign painters in literature, so many that the public has begun to mistake their flaring boards for art.

I know of but one example of my theory, and a fairly good example it is. Guy de Maupassant was taught to write by Gustave Flaubert. For years he was not permitted to publish, and his crude efforts were torn up time and again, but finally he sprang full-armed upon the world. Flaubert used to talk to him somewhat like this: "You see that cab horse across the street; there is just one word in the French language to describe his attitude. Find it."

If we young writers who are groping away in the darkness of our own ignorance could only go to a Flaubert and have our manuscripts torn up, if we could only be made to find the one word, there would be fewer books in the world, but I believe there would be more masters of technique like Guy de Maupassant.

A final word. Some will say that writing is taught by the universities. So is mechanical drawing; but the man who can project parallelograms, ellipses and other things with lines and curves can no more paint pictures than the man who can put all the sentences relating to the same subject in the same paragraph. Mechanical writing is taught, but not perspective, composition, colour, light and shade.

H. C. Chatfield-Taylor.

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THE NOVEL AND CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH SOCIETY

One Hegesippus, hero of a German tale, not only had a passion for improving his mind, but he specialised in natural history till he could recite, *auswendig,* every description in the book. Not satisfied with this, however, he decided to sit in the forest and verify abstract knowledge by observation. Soon a little animal appeared, darted up the nearest tree and paused to crack a nut. Hegesippus observed, he tallied: "Full belly, brownish colour, thick covering, short legs, large tusks. How fortunate I am," the student exclaimed, "on my very first expedition to meet so fine a specimen of—hippopotamus!" With precisely similar qualifications, I feel justified in making a few comments on the impression of English society created by a faithful study of some contemporary English drama and fiction.

Let me define more closely. The mere fact of being now alive does not, of course, imply contemporaneousness. Mrs. Humphry Ward, for example, though in full tide of production, is far from belonging essentially to the immediate moment. Her special function being to preserve and hand down the grand manner of the golden Victorian age, she does little, in spite of her choice of subjects, to emphasise any phase of life peculiar to her own day and generation. No matter how interesting, this living Englishwoman, by right of a classic concreteness both of style and mental attitude, is rather geological than modern. On the other hand, *The Market Place,* by a dead American, Mr. Harold Frederic, deals more exclusively with certain conditions of contemporary England than *Eleanor* or *Lady Rose's Daughter.* Mr. Henry James and Mrs. Craigie are likewise Americans; but possibly for that very reason they have been more free to catch prevailing impressions, they react more sensitively to current chemicals than such traditionally British minds as those of Miss Mary Cholmondeley or Lucas Malet.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that Fielding and Jane Austen differ no more from each other than the story-tellers of the fifties, sixties and seventies from the novelists who represent what is going on to-day. While actual behaviour may vary comparatively little, the point of view has undergone a definite change. When did this begin? Certainly not with Thackeray, for though *Vanity Fair* treats of fashionable misdemeanours, it is entirely in a strain of protest, and protest is older than the Pyramids. In *The Way We Live Now,* Trollope draws a sufficiently odious picture; but the mere fact of being purposely and consciously odious at once differentiates it from fiction of to-day, which recounts everything less coarsely but as uncritically as the literature of the Restoration. There is still another shade of difference. The world of Congreve and Wycherly followed the direct promptings of its senses with the utmost naturalness. The characteristic flavour of our own time consists in a curiosity, a wish to experience, promptings of any kind in a controlled emotionalism which, while plunging all the way, manages prudently to keep out a sheet anchor to windward in the shape of a respectable income.

The first note of the new era was sounded by that young man with a fine future behind him, Mr. William Mallock, in an edifying work called *A Romance of The Nineteenth Century.* Although this appeared in 1881, two years earlier than Miss Broughton's *Belinda,* it belongs completely to the new order, while the later book is no more modern in spirit than *Evelina.* Mallock has continued to give us at intervals lengthy volumes, charming descriptions written with air, authority and inalienable distinction, calmly accepting a fathomless corruption as part of the very warp of life. He lingers over depraved young girls, enchanting ladies wanting to have their cake and eat it, young diplomats of infinite refinement who treat resolution to the end of the chapter. After him innovators come fast and thick, though in a way that suggests not imitation, but kindred inspiration expressed through as widely various mediums as Mrs. Clifford, John Oliver Hobbes, Oscar Wilde, Benson, Glynn, Miss Dowie, Bernard Shaw,

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in some aspects, Carlton, Pinero, all dealing with *good society*, besides George Gissing and George Moore, who represent the percolations from above into lower strata.

What is the spirit, joyous paganism or bitterest pessimism, pervading this assemblage of beautiful, gay women and idle, charming men? They must at all costs be dressed in the best. To them, jewels, little dinners, little suppers, perfect service and incessant amusement are not luxuries, but bare necessities. These ladies and gentlemen cannot even be true to their own untrammelled desires. Almost invariably their errant affections submit with flawless docility to the law of the well-filled purse. All this is set forth without comment, simply taken for granted. No one says: "Now I'm going to tell you a story about pleasant, diverting people, but mind you don't forget to notice how naughty they are!" Not at all! The curtain goes up and Mr. Bernard Shaw genially discloses a "lady and gentleman seated affectionately in one another's arms." At once fantastic and real, *The Philanderer* scampers along at a breathless pace. You are tickled with epigrams, edified by wisdom, amazed at masterly elisions, and the curtain drops leaving no clue as to the world or half world in which this company may officially belong. The manners of Peggy's circle are so remarkably easy that Mr. Anthony Hope has continually to iterate assurances of his pretty heroine's perfect straightness; and even then a censorious or old-fashioned person might have some prickings of doubt. Mr. Tanqueray, well meaning, amiable English gentleman, in all good faith deliberately brings home as stepmother to his young daughter a wife whose past career is one of statutory misbehaviour. Lady Hilda implores the notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith to decoy her husband back to his public duty, while a band of approving relatives not only incites this course, but explains with what ease its mechanism may be adjusted. Sophie Fulgarney, with her vulgar middle-class notions of propriety, is shamefully routed and brought to terms by the gay Lord Quex. Lord and Lady Algy squander money belonging to unpaid tradesmen, help a silly and unprincipled woman to fool her husband, and themselves start life afresh in a glow of sentiment, on the proceeds of a well-made betting book.

In the old order, a mercenary marriage was usually a sacrifice exacted by worldly parents or guardians. The Lady Clara Pulleyns were sold outright to the Barnes Newcomes, but more often public opinion compelled a young Lochinvar ending to the machinations of grasping elders. Squire Western did not succeed in separating Tom and Sophia; Guy Livingston's little cousin, Isabel Raymond, threw prudence and a rich suitor to the winds, recklessly eloping with the impecunious Charley Forrester. After all his interested calculations, Arthur Pendennis settled down with a dowerless wife. Ethel Newcome never dreamed of combining marriage to Lord Kew and a satisfying friendship with her ineligible cousin, Clive. The sinfulness of running off with Burgo Fitzgerald was much more unnerving to Lady Glencora than the practical discomfort of such a step. The whole changed point of view shows in the reasonableness with which young people are now described as courting self-immolation—to a certain degree—on the altar of wisdom. Dodo admonishes Jack: "And then, you aren't rich enough. Don't you see? I must have everything I want." Later she consoles him by observing: "I believe you are jealous of Chesterford. You needn't be." Chesterford, be it explained, was the husband of her choice. From the context we are led to infer that Dodo was a lady brought up in a normal environment.

Lovely, emotional Jessamine Halliday, having vainly tried to bestow the most indisputable marks of favour on a handsome young farmer, is horrified to find that his crude peasant's standard considers wedlock a desirable preliminary. She naturally prefers marrying a rich man of her own class, and poor Colin Macgilvray absolutely puts her to flight by the assurance: "As I live, I'm meaning fair by you. . . . It will be like that. I'm thinking of you, Jessie, my wife! my wife!"

Iris never even contemplates forfeiting her fortune by marrying a young man to whom she is sufficiently attached to give up everything else without a quiver. Elizabeth crystallises the loftiest ideals of associates selected for her by a careful mother when she innocently writes con-

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cerning a gentleman with whom she has been having a harmless flirtation: "He had to marry her, because her husband died. . . . Jane Roose said it was so honourable of him."

Although at much too close range to understand what all this really indicates, or even authoritatively to declare whether the change be in literature or in life, after running through the above list, one reaches a personal conviction. From his or her own angle, each of these authors has seen and described something; and no matter how different the aspect presented, the least observant reader must understand that they are occupied with exactly the same thing. By no accident could this identical spirit be infused into chroniclers so unlike.

Lacking a Molière or a Swift, at least we have one writer whose true province is scientifically to tabulate and register; a pathologist who neither diagnosticates nor prescribes, but confines himself to miraculously careful observations, preparing the way for new generations to classify.

All manner of complicated ineptitudes are in the air about Mr. Henry James, while the obvious truth awaits recognition. He is the bacteriologist of contemporary English society. His later work is laboratory work. It may well be that he has not come in direct contact with a human being for a number of years, but this does not invalidate his discoveries. He is possessed by the theory of a pestilence ravaging the body of society. After reading in rapid succession *The Sacred Fount, The Awkward Age, What Maisie Knew,* and most marvellous of all, *The Wings of a Dove,* one suspects this indisposition to be cold, black wickedness. With no empirical attempt to cure, equally disregarding cause or tendency, he makes a jelly out of millions of artfully misapplied words. In this culture medium he plants some germ brought him from the outer world. The whole elaborate apparatus of his workshop in time produces a minute fungoid growth, a bacillus which, with indescribable delicacy and aloofness, he transfers to his slide. Then without comment, he focuses the lens, peers through his microscope and jots down all that he finds, clusters of purple or orange objects with unfamiliar names.

At first this is bewildering, owing to your mistaken preconceived notion that the jelly, the "Beautifully wondereds," the "Marvellously smileds," is the point, not the necessary but otherwise unimportant medium. Then your head suddenly whirls into place and stops at a discovery. You have risen into another dimension, purely scientific and inhuman. You are no longer reading stories about men and women, but witnessing a brilliant demonstration which shows on a fragment of glass the streptococci of . . . baccarat at Tranby Croft, the microbe of any *cause célèbre* not mentionable in a family magazine. While all the others are more or less clumsily narrating events, Mr. James evolves in a high state of concentration the essential poison of the whole condition. True, his form does not prove easily accessible to the vulgar, but none the less it is invaluable for the comprehension of English society, and may be used with confidence as a guide in the study of—hippopotamuses, by such thoughtful souls as Hegesippus.

Mary Moss.

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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AS AMERICAN CONSUL

The appointment of Nathaniel Hawthorne as United States Consul at Liverpool by President Pierce in 1853 was a striking example of the occasional triumph of loyal friendship over partisan expediency. As an author Hawthorne already enjoyed widespread popularity, and he had twice been a Federal office-holder with a salary of $1200 per annum; but his nomination to the Liverpool consulship, which was reputed to be worth at least $15,000 per annum and closely approached the dignity of the mission to Great Britain, caused dismay and indignation among the professional politicians of the Democratic party, just then returning to power and very hungry for the spoils. President Pierce might easily have made considerable political capital out of that office, but he preferred to bestow it upon his old college-mate.

Not only was the appointment a mistake, from the view-point of contemporaneous politicians, but competent literary critics still regard it as a source of regret. Hawthorne, then forty-nine years of age, by retaining his consulship for four potential years deliberately limited his own productiveness, and thus deprived the world of an incalculable amount of artistic wealth, since those years proved a period of comparative literary inactivity and his subsequent productions fell below the exalted standard of his earlier works.

From family letters and frequent references in the *English Note-Books,* as well as *Our Old Home,* wherein his consular experiences are recorded, it appears that the pecuniary value of the consulship was Hawthorne's main reason for accepting and holding the office the customary term of four years. Indeed, in this respect Hawthorne does himself an injustice by laying needless stress upon that motive and upon his repugnance to the routine duties of the consulate, so that his readers are quite likely to receive the impression that he made an unsatisfactory official, which would be merely another illustration of the generally safe proposition that you cannot convert a high-strung literary gentleman into a good consul at a great commercial port. But, fortunately, we must not take too literally what Author Hawthorne says about Consul Hawthorne. The best exposition of the value of the latter's consular service is to be found in two manuscript volumes of his official letters on file in the Department of State. An examination of this record will demonstrate to the most skeptical that Consul Hawthorne was efficient, industrious, conscientious and careful in his administration of the Liverpool consulate.

His appointment was confirmed by the Senate, March 26, 1853; he sailed for England in June; and was installed in office August 1st. Under the latter date he informed the Department of the receipt of his commission and exequatur, and of the transfer to himself of the consular archives and furniture. The retiring consul was Colonel (afterward General) Thomas L. Crittenden of Kentucky, son of the statesman, the Hon. John J. Crittenden. Throughout his term, Consul Hawthorne sent frequent despatches to the Department, succinct, faultlessly phrased, and revealing care and discriminating judgment. This correspondence was dignified and serious at all times; we do not find him tattling trivialities concerning his immediate predecessor of opposite politics, as so many consuls of the picayune species are wont to do shortly after their assumption of "a little brief authority"—for example, that the late Consul had left a pile of dust in the corner of the office, or an unpaid milk-bill, or had failed to initiate him in all the mysteries of the consulate; nor did he discuss irrelevant subjects, or annoy the Department with presumptuous requests. In fact, his treatment of official business, so far as the records are capable of showing, was almost ideal.

Most of his despatches naturally relate to American shipping and seamen, in whose welfare he was profoundly interested. The cruelties of American shipmasters toward their seamen were notorious, and the then-existing laws of the United States were generally deemed inadequate to deal with the situation. Consul Hawthorne repeatedly called the attention of our government to the unsatis-

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factory mode of shipping seamen in American seaports, and to the evils arising from the payment of a month's advance wages, whereby citizens of the United States were stolen and expatriated from their country and put on board vessels to perform duties of which they knew nothing.

The English newspapers teemed with denunciations of these outrages, and early in 1857 Parliament took up the matter and caused Lord John Russell to remonstrate with the government of the United States for permitting them to go unpunished in so many cases. General Cass, who had succeeded Mr. Marcy as Secretary of State, received a communication on the subject from Lord Napier, the British Minister at Washington, and in reply declared that the laws of the United States were entirely adequate for the protection of American seamen, but that their execution devolved mainly on our consuls, some of whom in British ports might possibly have been delinquent in the discharge of their duties. This note was made public, and extensively copied by the English press. Although no names had been mentioned, Hawthorne regarded it as a reflection upon himself, and under date of June 17th, 1857, addressed a long despatch to the Secretary of State exposing the weakness of the existing laws. At any rate, Hawthorne's despatches demonstrate that he made earnest efforts to punish whatever outrages on board our ships were brought to his attention. He commanded the respect of the entire shipping community, and in the exercise of police control over American maritime interests he displayed judicial firmness and decision. On the other hand, in his attitude toward destitute and stranded fellow-countrymen he was philanthropic to the point of weakness.

In the fifties it had not yet become an important function of our consuls to make regular reports on commercial and industrial topics with a view to the furtherance of our foreign commerce, and special reports of this character were only rarely called for. Consequently, there are very few trade reports in Hawthorne's official correspondence. The most important of these was prepared in July, 1854, in compliance with special instructions, and relates to shipbuilding, sailors in the merchant marine, navigation and tonnage.

But by far the most interesting letter in the Hawthorne consular records is one of a semi-personal character which he wrote to President Pierce in 1855. This letter, hitherto unpublished, is printed below through the courtesy of the officials of the Department of State:

LIVERPOOL, June 7, 1855.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

Mr. Albert Davy, our Consul at Leeds, has sent me the enclosed letter, and I do not know that I can do better with it than simply to enclose it to you. In my opinion it will be for the public advantage to retain Mr. Davy, who is a highly respectable man, with some private fortune, and I assure you that this latter qualification will hereafter be found essential in all appointments to Consulates here in England. It is very singular that our people do not see that the salaries, as arranged by the new bill, must throw these offices into the hands of a moneyed aristocracy, and that therefore it is anything but a democratic measure. To my office, when I quit it, you must appoint either a rich man or a rogue—no poor, honest, and capable man will think of holding it.

As I do not purpose, in any case, to take a commission under the new Act, I can give quite disinterested testimony as respects the requirements of this Consulate, and the arrangements that ought to be adopted. In my opinion, the whole staff of clerks should be appointed, not by the Consul, but by the State Department, of which they should be the servants, and not removable by the Consul, except on grounds approved by the Secretary of State. With clerks of my selection, I would engage to commit defalcations to the extent of at least one-half the receipts of the office, without the possibility of proof against me. No man ought to be exposed to so great a temptation as this. Many men will certainly yield to it; and those who do not yield will find it difficult to make their integrity manifest. There are other reasons why clerks should be appointed by the Department and should draw stated salaries from the Treasury, but there is no need of my troubling you with these at present. I may remark, however, that the consular business, especially at Liverpool, requires such special instruction and familiarity, that a head-clerk of long standing will be altogether a greater man than the Consul, until the latter shall have been a year or two in office; and unless absolutely limited by law, the clerk will

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drive a hard bargain with the Consul, and engross the larger part of his emoluments. With American clerks, this would inevitably be the case. My clerks being Englishmen and therefore more amenable to custom and authority, I have found no difficulty in keeping them in their right places until somewhat less dependent on their assistance.

I employ three clerks, and a smaller number could not manage the business. They all work far beyond the number of hours prescribed by the regulations of the Department. Three clerks, together with a messenger, should be allowed to this Consulate by law; and it will be found impracticable to obtain an American capable of filling the office of head-clerk, at a less salary than $1500, or, better, $2000. The truth is, no such man is in existence, at this moment; he must be caught young, and brought over here, and educated to the business, before he is fit for it. One must have lived abroad, in order to understand the innumerable ways in which foreign customs and modes of business require an interpreter, and how necessary it is that a stranger should, in some way or other, have the help of a native. I pity my successor, whoever he may be, unless you send him over with the understanding that he is to employ English clerks, if, in his opinion, the public service should require it. I shall write you again, with particular reference to Mr. Pearce, my chief-clerk and vice-Consul, before I quit the office.

A Consul cannot possibly live here, with a family (unless he secludes himself from society, and foregoes all the social advantages of a residence in England) at a less expense than $5000 per annum. His personal salary should not be less than the whole sum allowed by the new law ($7500) for the entire emoluments and expenses of this office; whereas, allowing $3500 for clerk-hire, and $1500 for office-rent and other expenses (very moderate allowances, too), there will remain but $2500 to live upon. A man might be comfortable with this sum in a New England village, but not, I assure you, as the representative of America in the greatest commercial city in England. For Heaven's sake, do not let the next session pass without having this matter amended. As I have already hinted, it is not my personal interest that impels me to speak, for that is not anywise concerned in the future condition of the office.

It was not my purpose to fill up this sheet with a disquisition on consular affairs, but I have been drawn into it unawares. I am sure, my dear General, that you will not impute it to any forgetfulness or lack of affection, that I so seldom write, but to tell you the truth, it is not quite so easy to write to the President of the United States as it used to be to write to Frank Pierce. By and by, we shall be on the old terms again, and, for my part, I don't care how soon. What a storm you have had to face! And how like a man you have faced it! I long to talk over all these matters with you by the fireside, after the events of your government shall have become history.

My family are well, although Mrs. Hawthorne suffers somewhat from the climate. Julian has grown amazingly, and is stronger than any English boy of his age, or two years above it. He is a sturdy little Yankee, and holds himself always ready to fight for his country's honour. Una is already taller than her mother, and little Rose is twice as big as when we left America—which she has quite forgotten.

With my best regards to Mrs. Pierce,
Most sincerely yours,
NATHL. HAWTHORNE.

Notwithstanding his dissatisfaction with the new law, which changed Liverpool from a feed consulate worth about $12,000 per annum into the salaried class, thereby virtually cutting the Consul's income in half, Hawthorne continued to hold office throughout the Pierce administration and for several months in that of Buchanan. In the spring of 1857, however, he sent in his resignation, which was accepted, and under date of September 24th, 1857, Secretary Cass gracefully wrote him:

In transmitting the enclosed communication in which you are requested to deliver the archives of the Consulate at Liverpool to Mr. Beverley Tucker, the gentleman appointed by the President to be your successor, it gives the Department pleasure, on your voluntary retirement, to express its acknowledgments for the valuable information and suggestions relative to our commercial interests, which you have from time to time communicated, and to assure you of its satisfaction with the manner in which you have discharged the laborious and responsible duties of this office.

Mr. Tucker took charge of the consulate October 12th, 1857, and thus Hawthorne's consular career came to an end. Drawing "a long, delightful breath," the author left England on his travels, spend-

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ing most of the years 1858 and 1859 in France and Italy, and returned to the United States in 1860.

Regarding the disappointing literary outcome of Hawthorne's consular service, it is an interesting speculation whether the results might not have been more satisfactory had he occupied the consulate at Paris or Florence or Venice, where the climate is more genial, the environment more beautiful and joyous, and the society more cheering to a naturally gloomy nature than at Liverpool, whose befogged and commercial atmosphere is well calculated to congeal the romance in any man's soul. It is a well-known fact that Hawthorne never succeeded in getting into close touch and sympathy with English society; elaborate social functions gave him no enjoyment, and State banquets were a positive abomination to him. He spoke of Liverpool, its environs and the consulate, collectively, as "this black and miserable hole," and his days were spent in unravelling the truth about crimes committed at sea, seated in a "dusky and stifled chamber" whose furniture and decorations reminded him of an old-fashioned barber's shop, and which was situated in a "shabby and smoke-stained building in the neighbourhood of the docks." In fact, money was all that tied him to Liverpool. The years 1853-57 resounded with the cheerful chink of British gold; but the Muse stood unemployed and fretting while Consul Hawthorne patiently listened to the testimony of drunken sailors, participated in distressing death-bed scenes, and relieved the wants of sick and destitute countrymen.

John Ball Osborne.

HOGARTH

Sir Walter Armstrong, who contributes a monograph upon The Art of Hogarth to the stately new folio volume devoted to that greatest of English satiric painters, protests that for the past century critics have been unjust to Hogarth in emphasising one side of his genius at the expense of another. He has been too long looked upon as a moralist, a "sardonic onlooker," rather than as an artist, a master of pencil and brush and graver. Accordingly Sir Walter Armstrong proceeds to atone for this injustice by devoting many pages to the analysis of the artist's technique, the merits of his colour-schemes, the grouping of his figures, the subtle intuition that made him choose the exact angle of a street or a room that would yield the most effective assemblage of lines. Now all this is very interesting, and also very true, but it is not likely to make any radical difference in the popular point of view. Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Thackeray, successively placed Hogarth, not with contemporary artists, but with his true moral and intellectual compeers, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne; and later critics have followed their example, down to Austin Dobson, who provides most of the text for the present volume.

And after all, this is where Hogarth himself would have posterity place him. By instinct he was a fictionist, a born teller of tales, and he used the best skill that lay in him in telling them. His brush and colours were but a means to an end, as printer's ink is to other weavers of stories. His own ambition, as he has told us, was to reproduce dramatic scenes of life after the fashion of their presentment on the stage, and he hoped "to be judged by the same standards." Necessarily these pictorial plays of Hogarth's, these "dramas in dumb-show," are rather simple in structure. Pantomime has always been more elemental than legitimate drama, picture writing more primitive than the cursive hand. *The Rake's Progress, The Harlot's Progress, Marriage à la Mode,* his three most famous series, have something of the flavour of an old-time morality play, the lessons they inculcate are so obvious and elementary. As Thackeray put it, they are built upon the Sunday-school type of "Tommy was a bad boy and had a whipping, and Jackie was a good boy and had plum cake," but, he adds, even if the lesson is simple, "think how simple both the scholars and the teacher were!"

One is inclined here to disagree with the author of *Vanity Fair.* Simple scholars, yes—it was a blunt, outspoken age,

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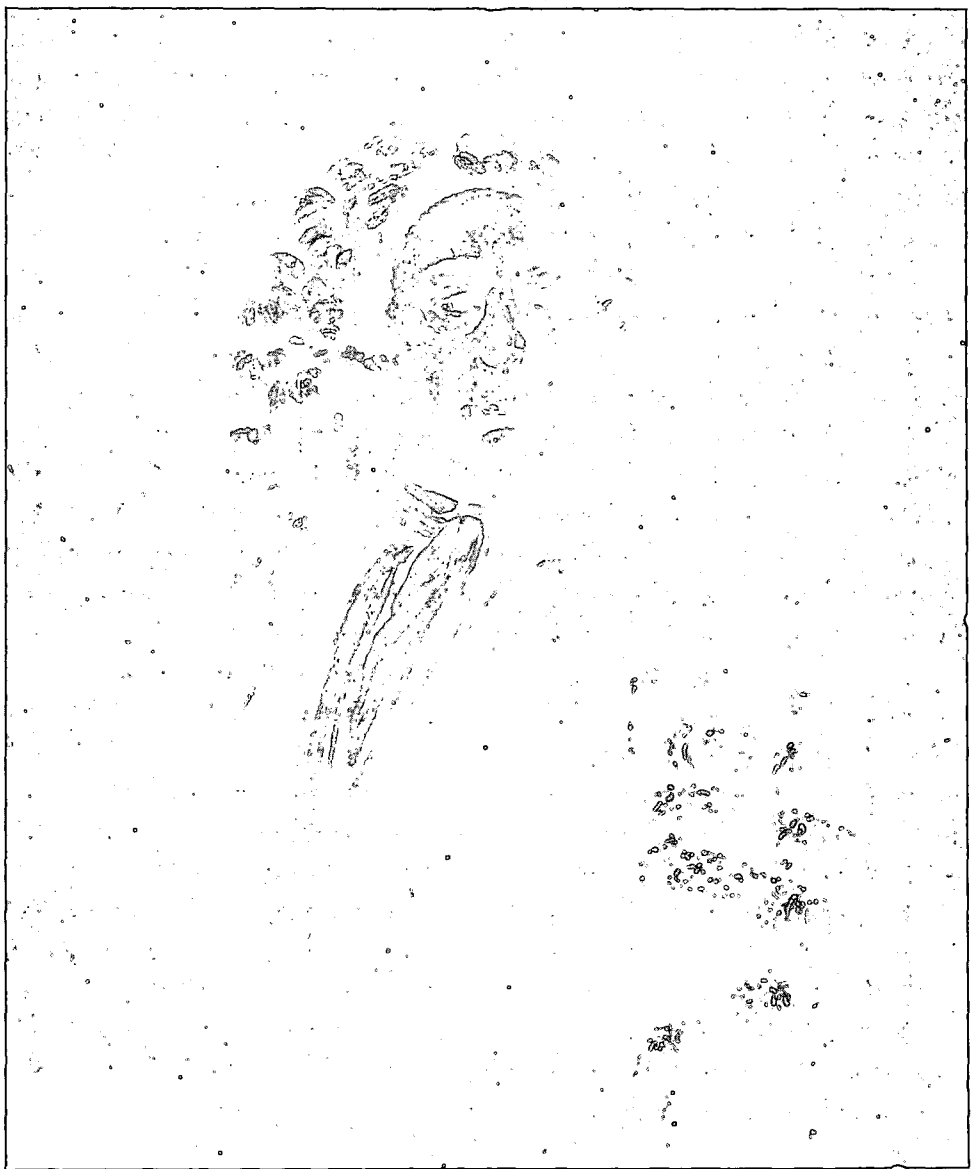
an age when spades were still called spades and recognised as such; an age of strong heads and steady nerves, when people still liked to see a rogue brought to justice, and found edification in a triumph and vice be punished—that was what the people wanted; very well, then they should have it. But when his series are once mapped out, when it is once settled that his spendthrift, his country



HOGARTH.

dangling corpse. But Hogarth himself is a man of different fibre. Whatever simplicity there is in his pictures is an intentional simplicity. He knew his age well and deliberately catered to it. Virtue must wench, his ill-assorted married pair shall go the pace that kills—when the grim setting of the madhouse scene and the Countess's death and the harlot's ghastly funeral are clear in his mind—then the

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Plate I. of *A Harlot's Progress,* representing "Her Arrival in London." The other five plates being, respectively, II. "She Quarrels with her Protector;" III. "She is Apprehended by a Magistrate;" IV. "Beating Hemp at Bridewell;" V. "Her Death;" VI. "Her Funeral."

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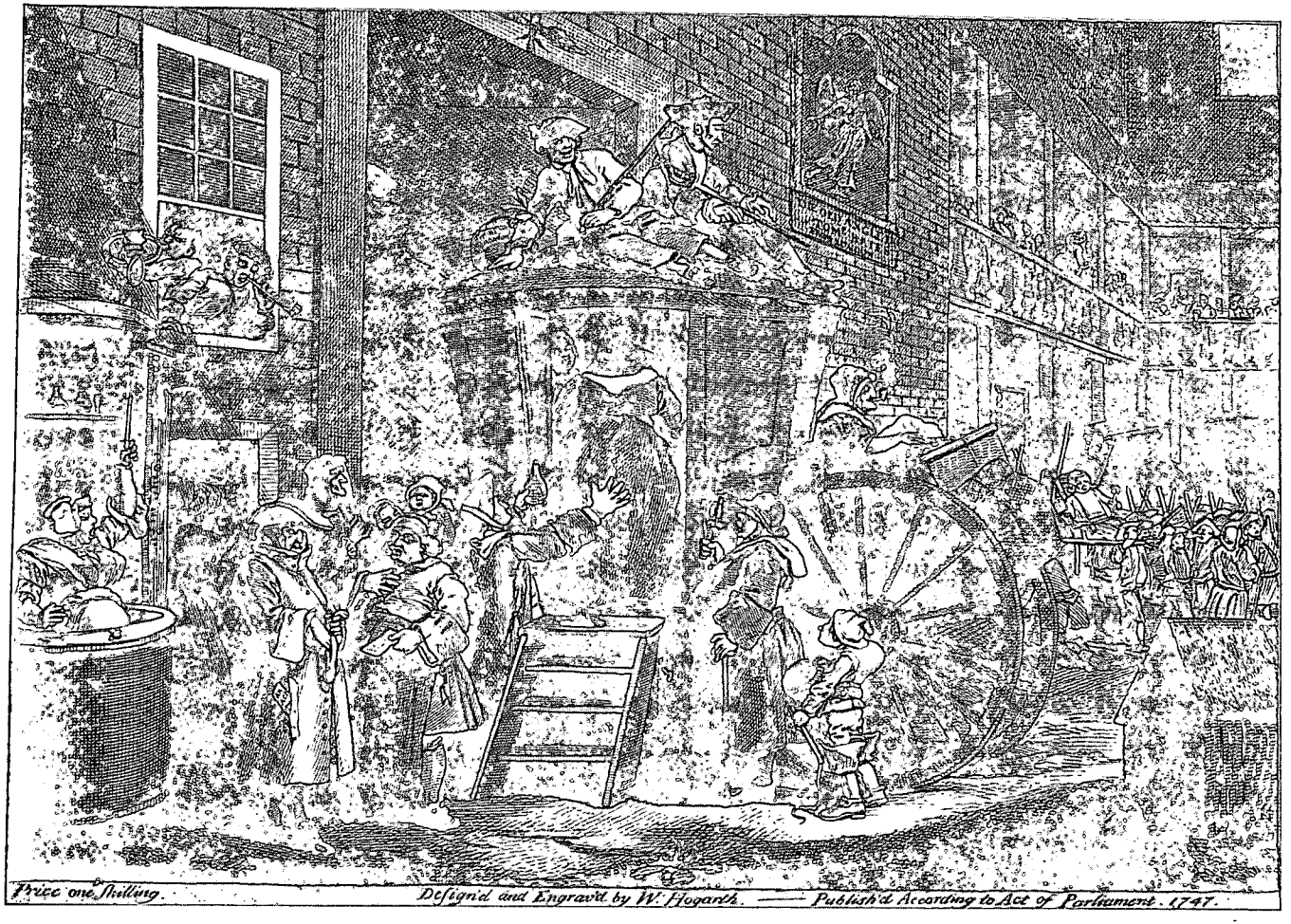

"THE STAGE COACH." FROM HOGARTH'S ORIGINAL ENGRAVING.

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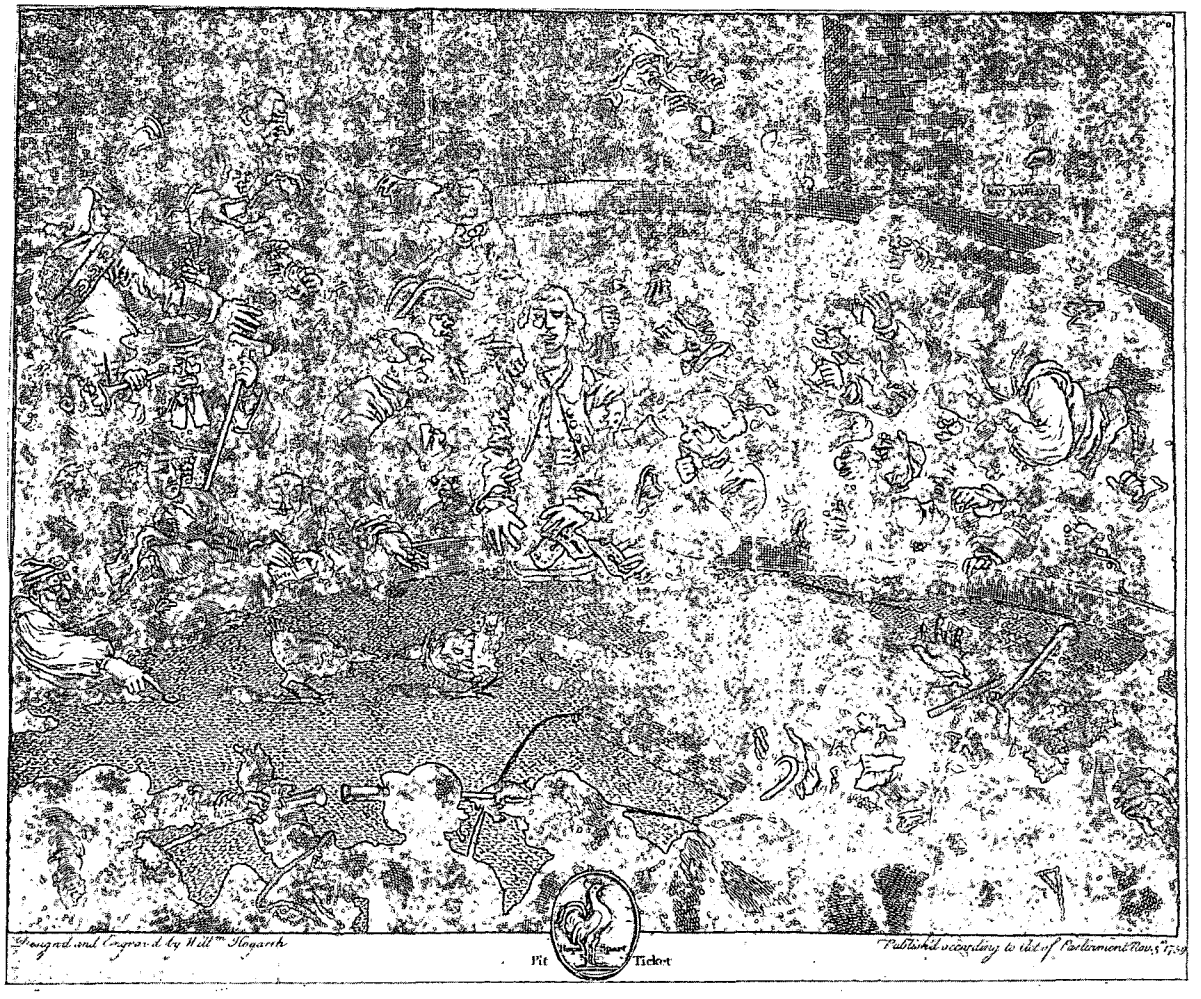

"THE COCKPIT." FROM HOGARTH'S ORIGINAL ENGRAVING.

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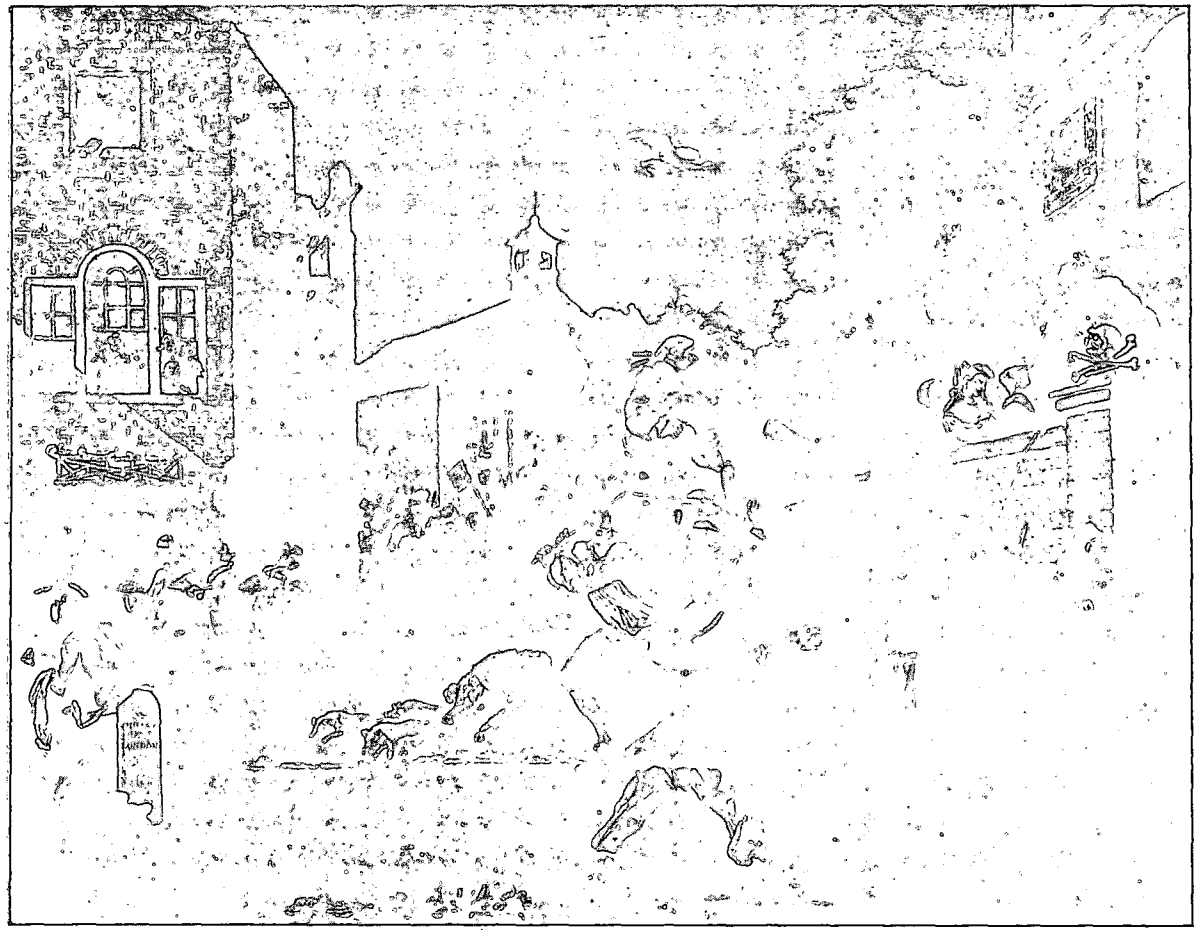

Plate IV. in the Election Series, entitled "Chairing the Members." The preceding plates are: I. "An Election Entertainment;" II. "Canvassing for Votes;" III. "The Polling at the Hustings." The original paintings are in the Soane Museum.

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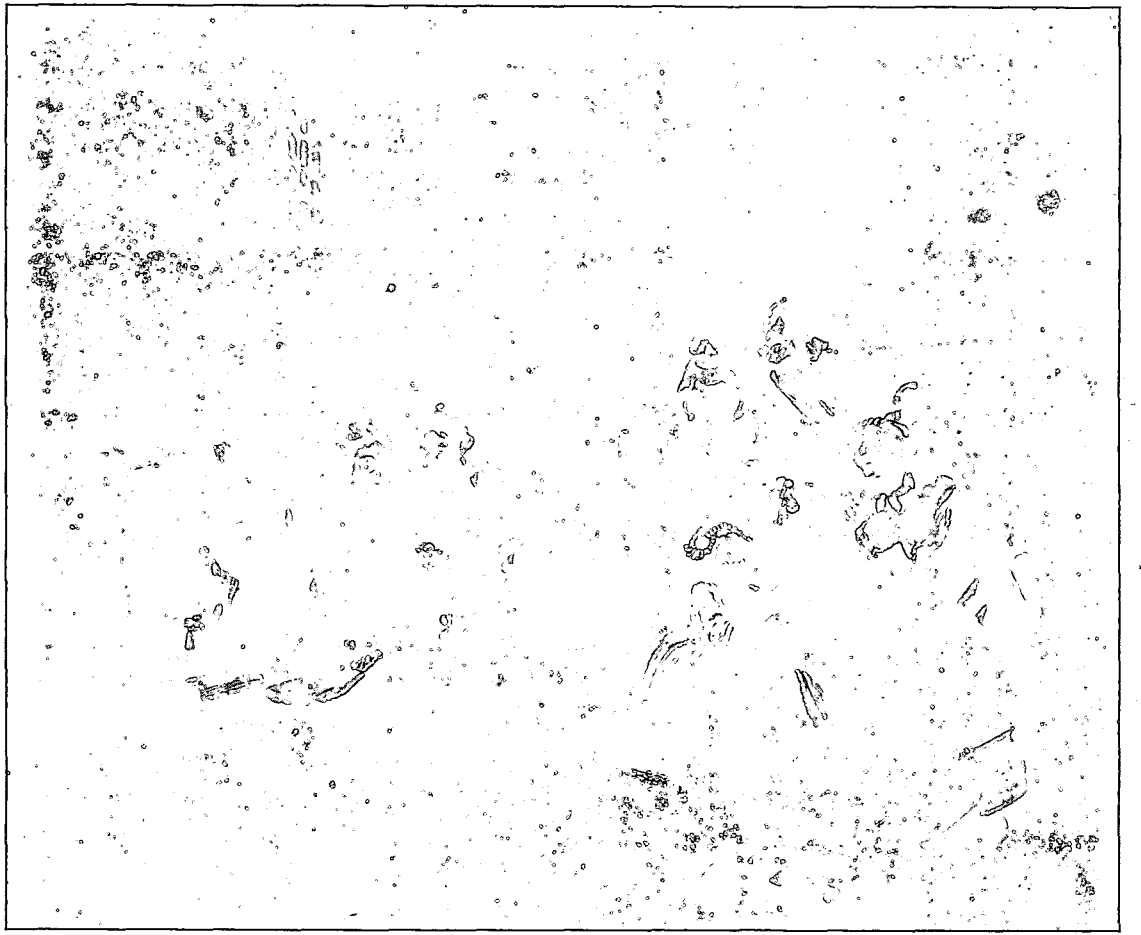

Plate **VII.** in *The Rake's Progress,* entitled "In the Fleet Prison." The other seven plates are, respectively: I. "He Takes Possession;" II. "His Levee;" III. "He Revels;" IV. "He goes to Court;" V. "He Marries;" VI. "He Gambles;" VIII. "In Bedlam." The original paintings are in the Soane Museum, London.

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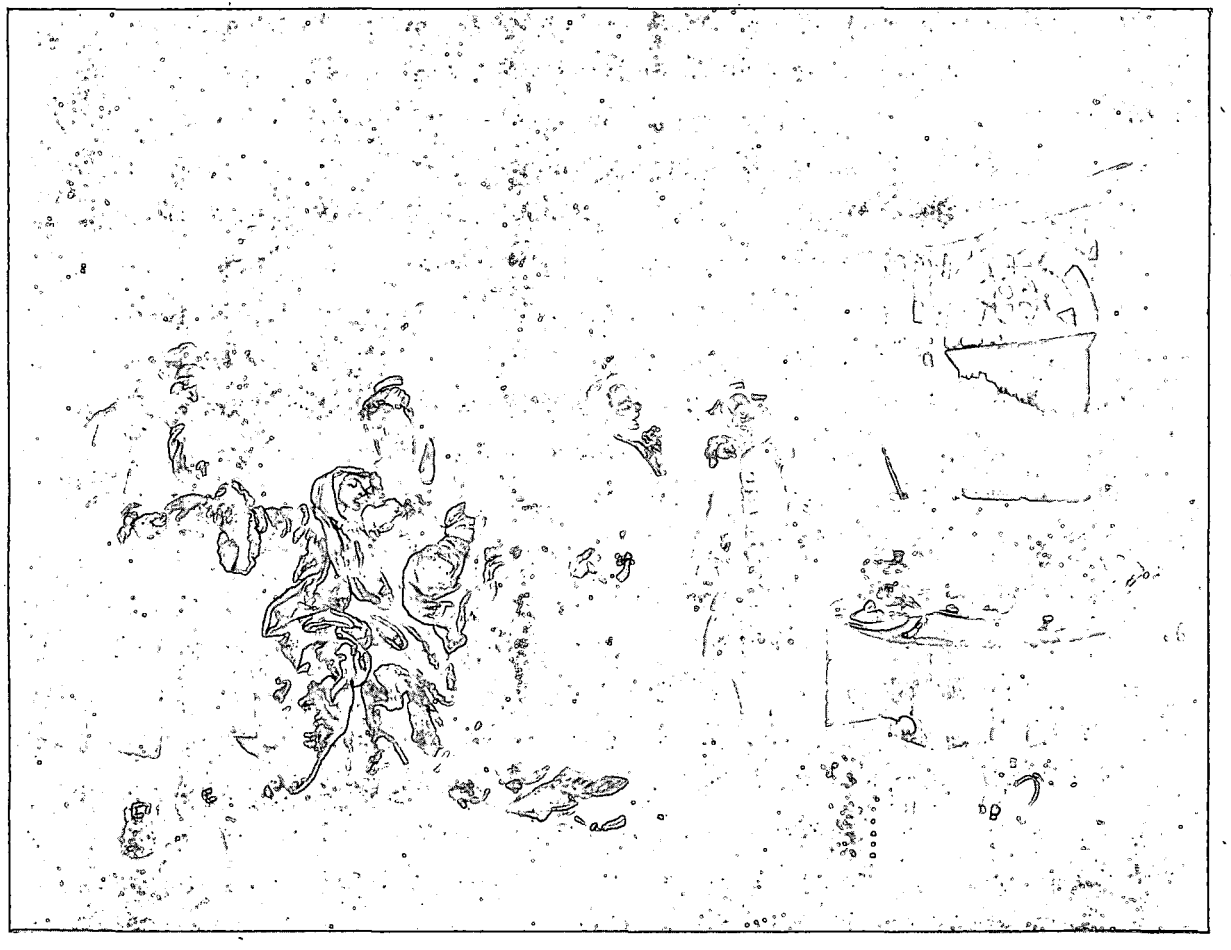

Closing scene of *Marriage à la Mode,* representing "The Death of the Countess." The five preceding plates represent, respectively: I. "The Contract;" II. "The Breakfast Scene;" III. "The Scene with the Quack Doctor;" IV. "The Toilet Scene;" V. "The Death of the Earl." The original paintings are in the National Gallery in London.

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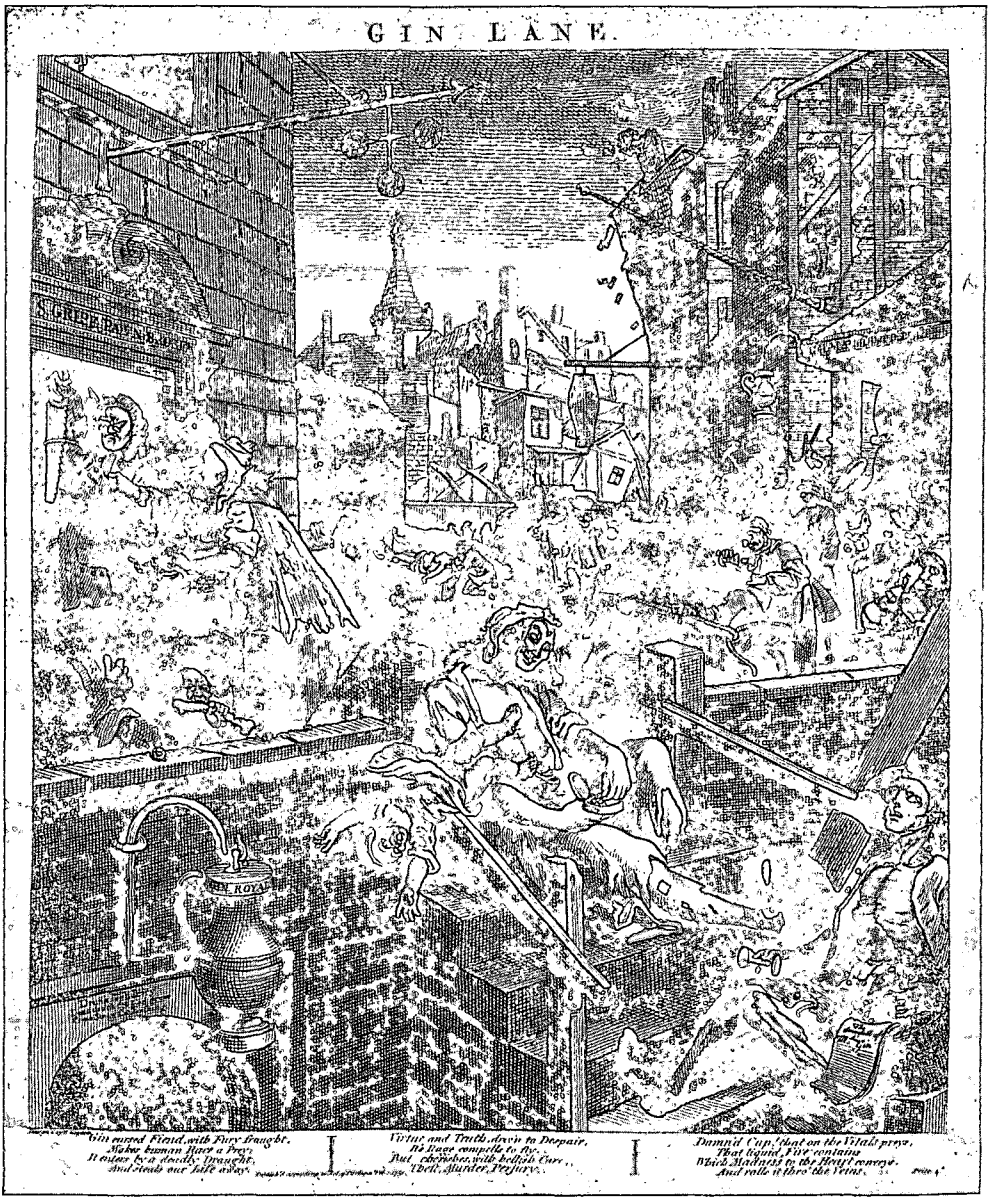
artificiality, the concession to your moral-loving Briton ceases. Each picture taken by itself is a cross-cut from real life, *une tranche de la vie,* in strictest accord with the French formula—uncompromising in its truthfulness, crammed full of homely details, miraculous bits of observation; nothing incongruous or forced, yet everything so chosen as to shed some light, reveal some secret, add some subtle hint to the unspoken drama before us. Were Hogarth the strenuous moralist that some would have him, he would never have allowed such an opportunity to slip



GIN LANE.

This plate and its companion, "Beer Street," were inspired by the agitation connected with the Act for restricting the sale of spirituous liquors, and are among the best known of Hogarth's minor works.

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by for preaching a sermon as that of Scene VI of *The Harlot's Progress.* The dead woman has left a little child, whose grim destiny might have been foreshadowed in its present distress—shrinking form, tear-stained face, tattered garments, general wretchedness and neglect. Instead, Hogarth has drawn the child straight from real life, in all the unconcern of childhood, warm and well-fed, and playing contentedly upon the floor, beneath the shadow of the coffin.

Of all his contemporaries, Fielding probably came nearest to Hogarth in mental kinship. Like Hogarth, he painted fearlessly from the nude, and while avoiding caricature, never shrank from drawing in the ugly things of life, the crooked limbs and crooked souls as well. But while Fielding has a wider range of types than Hogarth, he lacks the wealth of detail in his stage setting, the clever, suggestive touches of dress and furnishings and local colour. It was not the fashion of that day for the novelist to dwell upon the minor details of the *milieu.* But the artist's instinct demanded them, and no one more than Hogarth has realised the narrative quality, one might well say the eloquence, of a picture on the wall, a monstrosity of ceramic art upon the mantelpiece, a telltale ribbon, a broken teapot. He knew that not even the greatest of portrait painters can bring out upon his canvas the inmost traits of character, the bare soul of his subject, against the background of a conventional landscape. But paint a woman in her home, in her boudoir, surrounded by the very objects she has gathered together, and everything, the pictures on the wall, the toilet articles on her dressing-table, are eloquent to tell what manner of woman she is. The accidental irony of coincidence is another element of which Hogarth takes advantage; at times he forces it almost too far. An old nobleman proud of his descent may well stamp his coronet on all his possessions, from his footstool to his dog's blanket, and adorn his walls with portraits of his ancestors. But he is not likely to have selected his oil paintings exclusively from such subjects as Judith and Holofernes—subjects prophetic of his own son's disastrous marriage.

If we keep up the metaphor and continue to regard Hogarth as one of the great humorous authors of his time, the present folio volume may be compared to an edition of collected writings, including the three principal stories and the minor works and fugitive pieces. It is usually the volumes of minor writings that grow dusty on the shelves, while the famous stories grow shabby and dog-eared. And so, in the case of Hogarth, it is *The Harlot's Progress* and *The Rake's Progress* and *The Marriage à la Mode* that possess the greatest popular interest. By rights, they should all three be as well known and their chief characters as familiar as *Tom Jones* or *Humphry Clinker* or *Tristram Shandy.* They are, to the full, as fruitful documents of life and character and social usage in eighteenth-century England. And they are far more vivid pictures of the topography of eighteenth-century London—the London of Temple Bar and Tyburn and the old London Bridge, with its row of tottering houses. *The Harlot's Progress* was the earliest of these series; it followed soon after Hogarth's first successful work, his illustrations for *Hudibras.* Scene I., the one reproduced on page 466, is said to have been conceived quite independently, with no thought of a series until its popularity suggested the scheme of a continuation. Taken together, these six scenes tell the story of an English *Nana,* with all the frankness of a Zola, and an intimate knowledge of the *demi-monde* of a century ago which it would be difficult to duplicate elsewhere. Aside from the obvious intent to point a moral, one finds something of the same atmosphere, the same frank coarseness, in just one modern writer, and that is Maupassant—the Maupassant of the *Maison Tellier.* One thinks, in passing, what a wonderful interpreter of Maupassant, Hogarth would have been, and what a mine of congenial material he would have found. Assuredly one of his subjects would have been the priest in *Une Vie,* beating to death with his umbrella a litter of puppies and their mother, her only offence having been that of motherhood at an ill-chosen time and place.

The two *Progresses* are presumably fairly familiar, at least in their general scheme, and do not need a detailed analysis. The first of these is the history of

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one Mary Hackabout—Hogarth's names are all flashes of inspiration—who is first introduced as a demure young country lass freshly arrived in London, and hesitating awkwardly on the steps of a house, while an evil-faced old beldam wheedles and cajoles, and a man, lurking spider-like within the half-closed door, watches the outcome with interest. In the second scene she is basking in the sunshine of brief prosperity, thanks to the favour of the rich old Jew who has "protected" her; then comes the quarrel, her decline in fortune with the old Jew's successor, Captain MacHeath; her arrest, her term at Bridewell, with the hemp-beaters; her illness and death; her shameful funeral and cheap coffin, and a nameless child to execrate her memory. The veriest simpleton may read the story, it is written in so round a hand. Yet examine these pictures ever so long, and it will still be a safe wager that the next time you take them up you will discover new features, subtleties that escaped your eye the time before.

The Rake's Progress, a longer and more ambitious series, is nevertheless generally regarded as inferior to its predecessor. Tom Rakewell is the prodigal son of a miser father, who has just entered upon his inheritance, and in the first plate is being measured for his mourning. Stocks and bonds litter the table in careless profusion, and in Tom's outstretched palm is a handful of gold, panacea for the wrong he has done the weeping girl in the doorway. Little the poor girl cares for his gold; what she has hoped for is a ring on her finger. But in the vacuous pomposity of young Rakewell's face is clearly stamped his belief in the omnipotence and inexhaustibility of his money.

In Scene II. the prodigal is cultivating the manly arts and fashionable graces. His chamber is thronged with tailors, milliners and wigmakers, musicians, and masters of the rapier and broadsword. He is something of a Don Juan, too, by this time; note the sly hint conveyed by a painting of "The Judgment of Paris" on the wall, and "The Rape of the Sabine Women," that is being softly played by his music-master. In the third plate the Rake has reached his zenith. A midnight supper, a bacchanalian revel on canvas—a carnival of wine, women and song, and poor Tom hopelessly befuddled in their midst. The downward path is steep and swift. The gaming table, the shadow of a debtor's prison, brief respite through marriage to a hideous old frump with a fortune that soon takes wings in pursuit of his own; then arrest, imprisonment and the closing scene in Bedlam, where he raves, chained to the floor, stripped of fortune, of clothes and of reason.

Marriage à la Mode is the series over which one likes to linger, as over the pages of a favourite novel. It is the series which Thackeray thought worthy of analysing at length, recognising, no doubt, its intellectual kinship as a sort of earlier and simpler *Vanity Fair.* It is a drama of the marriage market—a coronet for sale, a fortune to be bought with a title; Count Squanderfield's son to be mated with a rich city alderman's pretty daughter. In Plate I. the bargain has been struck, the settlements are drawn up and signed, the young couple married, and the parvenu alderman, half bored, half flattered and wholly ill at ease, is listening to his gouty lordship's long-winded pedigree, which reaches back to the Conqueror. Little interest do the newly married pair take in each other; they have each frankly turned their backs. The groom is absorbed in pleased contemplation of his mirror. He will henceforth be able to cut a better figure in the world of fashion, now that his hatter and tailor are to be paid. The bride's downcast face is less easy to read; hers is the deeper character of the two. Perhaps she is weighing the sincerity of the compliments that young Counsellor Silvertongue is pouring into her ears—compliments to which a young bride would be wiser not to listen. One feels sure that the eloquent counsellor has lowered his voice until it is a mere silver thread. Some months have elapsed when we meet the couple again in Plate II. For the daughter of a parvenu alderman, the Countess has been doing rather well. Her house has evidently become a rendezvous of fashion and gaiety and social functions. Daylight is just streaming in at the windows, the yawning footman is sleepily trying to set things to rights, while packs of cards and overturned chairs lie disregarded on the floor. The Countess, worn out with her night's revel, has dropped

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into a chair, where she lounges carelessly, forgetful of decorum, and furtively watches her lord and master out of the corner of her eye. He also has had an enervating night, and has just returned home. His hat remains forgotten on his head, and he sprawls where he has flung himself in utter physical and mental prostration, caring nothing for the scandalised steward who is just departing in despair with a mountain of bills, but one of which is paid. From Squanderfield's pocket hang the blue ribbons of a woman's cap; the Countess's dog has discovered them and is sniffing curiously, recognising an alien element. There is curiosity in the wife's eyes as she watches her husband from across the room. How much does she know of the owner of the blue ribbons, one wonders? But doubtless she has troubles of her own—she is not in a position to throw the first stone. Counsellor Silvertongue has made hay in the sunshine of the Countess's favour. In Plate IV. we see on what familiar footing he already is, while in the preceding scene we get a glimpse of the owner of the blue ribbons, and an inkling of how young Squanderfield employs the hours when he ought to have been at home guarding the honour of the name which has come down to him from the days of the Conqueror. Of course, the end is a foregone conclusion. In Plate V., Squanderfield, his suspicions at last aroused, or perhaps stung by public scandal into taking action, has broken in upon a rendezvous and is dying from a sword-thrust, while the remorseful wife kneels at his feet and Silvertongue disappears through the window. The Countess returns perforce to the alderman's house in the city, and here the curtain is rung down as she expires after reading Counsellor Silvertongue's dying speech, delivered before his execution on Tyburn. Thackeray has noted, as one of the subtle touches, the stamp of family likeness in Plate I. seen in young Squanderfield, in his gouty old father and in the ancestral portraits on the wall. What Thackeray did not note is an equally subtle touch in the last plate. The sickly child held up to kiss her mother's cheek—a girl, and therefore the last of the name—has no trace of the family features. If anything, there is a suggestion of the lineaments of Counsellor Silvertongue.

Altogether one feels that, simple as these pictured stories are, with their much too obvious morals, they have found their proper place on the shelf beside Fielding and Sterne and Smollett, and one only regrets that while the latter are to be had in every bargain Library of the World's Best Books, the exigencies of book-making will restrict the possession of a set of Hogarth to the fortunate few who may indulge in editions de luxe.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

IMPENITENT

I pray you, Lord, forgive to me that sin,
That malice and black hatred lurked within.
Oh, wash me clean of that grim triumphing
That sullies even these poor prayers I bring.

But this sin that was love's, forgive not yet
Lest, with it quite absolved, I might forget.
Nay, longer let it plead, Lord, at Thy feet—
So long repentance—and this sin so sweet.

Theodosia Garrison

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FIVE BOOKS OF THE MOMENT

I.

HENRY NORMAN'S "ALL THE RUSSIAS."*

M. Pobedonostseff, the Procuror of the Most Holy Synod, in the course of an interesting conversation which he had some years ago about the judgments passed by well-meaning foreigners on Russia and the Russians, is reported to have said: "The past growth and present transitional phases of Russian society have no counterpart in the history of European nations. Our political fabric is as utterly unlike those of Western States as the Chinese is unlike French or English. Its study is made more difficult still by the circumstance that many of our institutions possess names to which a very definite, but wholly different, set of ideas corresponds in Europe. A foreigner, therefore, who comes here and sets himself to study our country and its institutions is in danger of committing the most laughable blunders, even when his efforts are conscientious and persevering. For he lacks a standard by which to gauge things; is unable to sift truth from falsehood, and, worse than all else, seldom has even a suspicion of his own deficiencies. He may live five or six years among us and leave the country with a totally wrong impression, praising what is blamable, cavilling at what is sound, and finding much to laud and to censure in phenomena that have no existence outside his own imagination. I am speaking now only of those who have manfully wrestled with the difficulties and honestly striven to master them; of people who have done neither and are yet bent upon laying down infallible rules for the government of this empire (and he mentioned two by name) the less said the better. For a foreigner to understand us, our virtues, our shortcomings, our needs and strivings, religious and political, he must know our language, understand our history, and have lived for many years, not merely in our midst, but as one of ourselves, identifying his own interests with ours."†

And no one who knows the land and people as M. Pobedonostseff would have them know, will be disposed to call in question the soundness of this seemingly extreme view. Religious ideas, political strivings, social movements, agricultural anomalies, in a word, the sum-total of the traditions, aims and aspirations which mould or modify the psyche of a people are so different in Russia from what they are in England or elsewhere that no foreigner who has not in a large measure become one of themselves can hope to form an adequate idea of the character and trend of the great Slav nation. The utmost he can attempt is laboriously to gather the opinions of the individuals whom he chances to meet, or to cull the judgments they may have given to the world in books, and to reproduce these with the fidelity with which Chinese amanuenses copy manuscripts written in unfamiliar idioms. Much of the "gross ignorance" displayed in former works on Russia—ignorance which to Mr. Norman seems wholly inexcusable—originated in a desire to solve Russian problems without having first collected the needful data, or even understood their simplest terms. The authors of those writings—generally well-intentioned men actuated by a deep and sympathetic interest in the land and people, which they burned to reveal to British readers—travelled, like the author of *All the Russias*, through the vast northern Empire with an interpreter, jotting down such facts and appreciations as officials and dignitaries thought fit to communicate, and therefore had no choice but to look at Russian life and its complex phenomena through the coloured spectacles of others.

It is only fair to state, however, that Mr. Norman's object was not "to write a comprehensive account of Russian institutions and Russian life." My own modest aim," he adds, "has been to present a picture of the aspects of contemporary Russia of most interest to foreign readers, with especial reference to the recent remarkable industrial and commercial development of Russia, and the possibility of closer commercial and political relations between Russia and Great Britain."

But even this less ambitious task is be-

*All the Russias. By Henry Norman, M. P., New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
†*Contemporary Review.*

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set with formidable difficulties, and a work on All the Russias—a country whose people is still in flux and whose institutions are constantly changing—can hardly be written even on those narrowed lines with justice to the intricate subject or satisfaction to the conscientious author himself without a mastery of the language, a prolonged stay in the towns and villages, some degree of familiarity with the various races which make up the population, and a fair knowledge of the conditions of their every-day life.

"Fifteen years' interest in Russian affairs, culminating in four journeys," though it certainly testifies to the existence of a bond of sympathy between Mr. Norman and his theme, can scarcely be regarded as a substitute for those more solid qualifications which enable one profitably to direct that interest and rightly to gauge the value of the information gleaned during those journeys. At the same time it must be said that Mr. Norman has done his best to compensate for the drawbacks under which he laboured from the first, and that he has attained such measure of success as could reasonably be hoped for under the conditions. Of the unfavourable nature of those conditions no Englishman who has not lived in the country can form an adequate idea. "In case the reader may wonder," he says, "how, without a mastery of the Russian language, I held the conversations and made the inquiries here described, I may say that during my chief journeys I took with me as interpreter a young Russian gentleman, a student of law at the University of Moscow, whose knowledge and intelligent sympathy were of the greatest service to me."*

It is a matter for regret that, an interpreter being necessary, his choice should have fallen upon a student, however well-informed and sympathetic, not so much because of the inexperience of youth as by reason of the strong prejudice against university undergraduates which exists among Russian officials, who never feel disposed to unburden their minds with any approach to frankness in the presence of mere alumni. I remember a case in point. An Englishman, writing many years ago on Russia from a point of view similar to that of Mr. Norman, and under almost the same conditions, took a student with him as interpreter to court dignitaries and state officials. Thereupon one of the latter requested me to advise him to obtain the services of an employé of some ministry, or at any rate of a person who had finished his university career, because of the extreme degree of reserve which the presence of a student must impose upon government servants, who in an informal *tête-à-tête* conversation might feel tempted to be communicative. This doubtless is the explanation of the baffling answers which Mr. Norman occasionally received, as when, having questioned "an intimate relation" of the Governor of the fortress of Schlüsselburg about that gloomy prison, he was assured by that gentleman that "never in the closest family talk had he ever heard a syllable concerning it."*

It would be unfair, therefore, to judge *All the Russias* by the standard which one would naturally set up in estimating such permanent contributions to our knowledge of foreign countries as Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's work on Russia or Mr. Bryce's book on the United States. Mr. Norman himself implicitly places it in the category of books which, like Mr. Stead's *Truth About Russia,* consists of an interesting mixture of personal impressions, official data and political forecasts and suggestions. Snapshot views of surface life as it appears to the intelligent foreigner, the retina of whose mental eye is still fortunately fresh and unfamiliar, and miscellaneous data on various problems supplied by courteous administrators or official books, make up the contents of the volume, which is written in the crisp, picturesque style of a brilliant journalist. Its value is considerably lessened by surprising mistakes in statistics, by grave but unconscious misstatements respecting facts well known to most educated Englishmen, by extraordinary blunders in dates and bewildering errors in maps. The descriptions of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Samarkand and the journey through Siberia, enhanced by excellent photographs—the most artistic I remember to have seen in any book of travels in Russia—are among the best pages in the book.

In his generalisations, which are often sweeping and generally misleading, seeing that they necessarily lack the basis of

* Preface, pp. vii. and viii.

*Page 10.

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careful induction, and also in many of the details which enter into the richly coloured mosaic of his descriptions, the author is considerably less felicitous. To take the latter first, it seems incredible that an acute observer like Mr. Norman should assert that a *dvornik* or house-porter, dressed as he is in a blouse during the warm weather and in a dirty sheepskin in winter, is liable to be taken by the ignorant visitor for a soldier.* Equally surprising is the statement that "uniform is the Russian's passion; it stamps him as a member of the governing class." It may indeed be the passion of administrators, but it can hardly be asserted that it is that of the people or of the upper classes, whose tastes, on the contrary, are exceedingly simple. I remember, for instance, the difficulties which the authorities experienced in compelling students to don the uniform which is now obligatory, the warnings, the remonstrances, the threats and punishments with which the measure had to be enforced, and, as for the professors, the great bulk of them refused for years and years to lecture in any but ordinary civilian's dress. On one occasion, when I was suddenly summoned to meet the minister of public instruction along with my colleagues of the Faculty of Philology, some of us went from friend to friend in hopes of borrowing at least a coat with the regulation cut and buttons, but our quest proving futile, we donned evening dress instead.

But no one acquainted, however slightly, with the trend of public opinion in Russia, with the political, social and literary movements of the intelligent and governing classes there, will read without amazement the statement laid down with dogmatic simplicity that in Russia "the fashion of imitating the West has passed; to-day to be patriotic is to be Russian, and so far from following the mode of the outside world, to wait confidently till the outside world shall learn that the Russian mode is better, and shall lay aside its heathenism, its parliamentarianism, its socialism, the license it calls liberty and all its other wickednesses, and walk in the only path of religious truth and social security." At first it seemed as if this extraordinary assertion were the result of a *lapsus calami,* such as occurs in the passage where the author calls the new-fangled word "nervousness" a sarcastic *adjective.** But there can be no doubt that he means what he says, and just as little that the reverse is absolutely true, so true, indeed, that every one of the authors whose gross ignorance Mr. Norman is so eager to dispel were keenly alive to the fact.

A passion for generalisation and emphasis often carries Mr. Norman away from the domain of fact, and lures him into contradiction with himself. Thus in one place† he assures us that we can never understand Russia until we realise that "the Czar is everything, literally everything; that not only is his will law, but that it is also heaven-inspired right," yet two pages further on he limits that proposition by admitting that "tradition alone is more powerful than autocracy;"‡ although a short time before he had informed his reader that it is the *izvoshtshik,* the common droshky-driver who "alone has vanquished autocracy!"§ Yet, in another place, we learn that it is the peasants alone who baffle autocracy, seeing that "the Russian government is anxious to change its old Gregorian calendar to that of the rest of the world, but it cannot do so, because the peasants would be furious if the favourite saints were robbed of their proper birthdays!"||

Some of Mr. Norman's generalisations, considering their flimsy basis, are calculated to take one's breath away. Speaking of the Russian peasant, whose characteristics no number of intelligent interpreters can enable a foreigner to crowd into an epigrammatic sentence without doing violence to facts, the author says: "He is a fluent liar, generally from amiable motives."** Now it would have been desirable to learn to which division of the inhabitants of "All the Russias" reference is here made under the vague term "peasant." There are, as Mr. Norman has told us, Great Russians, Little Russians; White Russians, Russians of the Baltic Provinces, Cossacks of the Don and Cossacks of the Urals, to mention but a few categories, and the characteristics of each differ very materially from those of the others. To confound them all in one is, to put it mildly, an unscientific process, and it seems par-

* Page 20.

* Page 239. † Page 36. ‡ Page 38.
§ Page 22. || Page 42. ** Page 44.

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ticularly uncharitable to employ it when the occasion is the delivery of a sentence of condemnation.

The religion of the people is dealt with in the same offhand way. "He (the peasant) is religious in every fibre of his being, but his religion is wholly of the letter."* Is it wholly of the letter? If this be indeed so, one may reasonably ask, how comes it that, according to Mr. Norman himself, the peasants, interpreting the Bible according to their feeble lights, abandon forms and ceremonies, mutilate themselves, and are ready and eager to give up everything, property, liberty, and life itself, in unreasoning obedience to what they honestly but mistakenly regard as the will of God? Surely this is not what one usually understands by a religion of the letter. True religion is a disposition of the heart, not a mere matter of ritual, and it is hardly too much to say that in the Russian peasant, more, perhaps, than in the peasants of most European countries, it is the source of that patience, meekness, cheerfulness and fellow-feeling for human beings in trouble which is a distinctive mark of all Russians of Slavonic extraction.

To the estrangement which now exists between Finland and Russia, and to its real and supposed causes, Mr. Norman devotes a chapter, the interest of which is not wholly intrinsical. Having admitted that Russian administrators in Finland committed blunders—"of tact," he goes on to say: "The Finns have shown themselves so intransigent, so careless of Russian feelings and needs, so hostile, in fact, as to put weapons into the hands of those who declare them to be really enemies of Russia."†

It is much to be regretted that this statement, calculated, as it obviously is, to bias the mind of the reader in favour of one of the two parties, should be unaccompanied by the facts on which it should be based, and which are all the more needed, that even Russian opinion will not bear out the assertion. All parties in Russia hold that the Finns have conducted themselves admirably throughout, and that the only element whose attitude is open to question is the Swedish. And having made that distinction, which is important, seeing that the Finns number 2,076,200, while the Swedes are hardly more than 326,000, a considerable proportion of intelligent and influential Russians further hold that even the Swedes exerted themselves to the utmost to preserve those cordial relations between the two peoples which the Czar Alexander III. delighted to contemplate.

To the charge made by the spokesman of Finland that Russia has broken her solemn and oft-repeated engagements to that people, Mr. Norman replies: "To be quite frank, the charge of violation of the Finnish Constitution is met by one simple consideration. As a matter of plain fact there is in human affairs of this kind no such thing as finality. Or rather, the only final thing is *force majeure*—imperative national self-interest. Before that all promises are air, and all treaties are black marks on white paper. . . . And who is to be the judge of Russian national prosperity and security? 'Obviously Russia herself.'" And having laid down that proposition, the author continues: "Having said so much, I bow to the storm."* The bowing as a work of supererogation, for neither in Finland nor in Russia are the views of a foreigner travelling with an interpreter likely to be taken as tragically as Mr. Norman anticipates. If he were the Russian Finance Minister, a hypothesis which he himself makes when offering some suggestions for improving on M. Witte's commercial policy† his judgment might then perhaps cause a flutter of excitement in either or both of those countries. The only feeling which it is calculated to arouse in the mind of an English-speaking reader will be regret that the facts on which the case has been decided against one side and in favour of the other have not been set forth, and that he is unable to accept the verdict or to appreciate the logical nexus between premises and conclusion.

The chapter devoted to Russian economics, on which the author in his preface lays particular stress, is one of the least satisfactory in the book, a fact which is all the more surprising that voluminous and trustworthy information on this subject is open to every inquirer without the necessity of traveling to Russia in search of it. His figures are wrong, and the conclusions drawn from

*Page 44. †Page 93.

*Page 91. †Page 369.

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them utterly false. Thus his explanation of the falling off of the standard of well-being among the masses—he attributes it mainly to the decrease in the area of land per head and periodic famines—runs counter not only to the views of most competent Russian experts, but to the report of a special commission appointed for the purpose of investigating the subject, and is diametrically opposed to all the well-known facts.

It is with unfeigned pleasure that I draw attention to the sections of the work entitled "Russia and the Nations" and "Russia and England," in which the various political questions raised by the needs, aims and interests of the Czar's great Empire are dealt with in a masterly manner, and with a thorough grasp of the subject. The conclusions, too, at which Mr. Norman arrives seem, with some exceptions, fairly safe. The conflict between British and Russian aims in Persia—probably the most serious difficulty that will call for a practical solution in the near future—is also very carefully discussed, and a suggestion for its settlement offered which many will at first sight welcome as sufficient and satisfactory to both sides. Mr. Norman says that if Russia "would bind herself by formal treaty to admit all foreign goods to Persia, and to transport them upon Persian railways on precisely the same terms as Russian goods, she might, in my opinion, have Persia to-morrow, with all the vast advantages its possession would confer upon her."* He adds, however, that such a treaty would have to be formally recognised by other nations—if possible, by the United States—besides Great Britain, so that any infraction of it would involve something more than a bilateral struggle.

But to this proposal there are serious objections. Unless the other nations undertake to use force, if needful, in upholding the treaty, their participation would, of course, be meaningless. If, on the other hand, they are prepared to risk a war for Persia, there then is no need of an Anglo-Russian treaty on the subject, inasmuch as the powers in question can lay down the doctrine of the open door there, and enforce it. too, should the need arise. And from Mr. Norman's point of view a formal treaty on such a matter would seem to be a waste of time and a courting of disappointment. Has he not told us in defending Russia against the charge of violating her solemn promises to Finland that "the only final thing is *force majeure*—imperative national self-interest. Before that all promises are air and all treaties are black marks on white paper. . . . And who is to be judge of Russian national prosperity and security? Obviously, Russia herself."* If this be true, and it fits the Persian as neatly as the Finnish case, what object can there be in concluding a formal treaty, unless, indeed, to procure work for diplomatists and supply themes for public speeches to eloquent politicians?

E. J. Dillon.

*Page 440.

II.

Justin McCarthy's "The Age of Queen Anne."†

Perhaps the age of Queen Anne has taken, on the whole, a lesser place in the popular imagination than the age of Queen Elizabeth. The men of the Elizabethan era are in many ways more picturesque than their successors; they stand nearer to that stirring of the soul of the world which we call the Renaissance; they seem like larger, freer figures in the human pageant. Then, too, Anne herself is a poor and mean person—at least in the general verdict of history—compared with Elizabeth. That verdict may not be altogether just, but who shall reverse it? It may have been that the last of the Tudors was saved from ruin by the genius of her statesmen, that she for her part had no method in her madness, that she kept her crown and kingdom despite her policy, rather than because of it; nevertheless, in every scene she holds the centre of the stage. It may have been, too, that the last of the Stewarts had an instinct for the part of constitutional sovereign which sometimes made her shrewder than her brilliant ministers, that to her quiet courage the safety of the nation was in no small part due, and that her reign was throughout one long sacrifice of self; nevertheless, we see the great men of her day go by with hardly a thought for her.

*Pages 90, 91.

†The Reign of Queen Anne. By Justin McCarthy. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. Two volumes, $4.

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The two women ruled a century apart, but there was at least one striking parallel in the circumstances of each. Both Elizabeth and Anne lived in times of transition, in the shadow of dynastic changes, of war abroad, of treason at home. The concern of England with the whole of Europe was greater when danger to settled government threatened overseas than it can possibly be under modern conditions. Philip of Spain had Mary of Scotland to play against Elizabeth, and Louis of France had the third James Stewart to play against Anne. It was no wonder that in both reigns men high in office and in the confidence of the sovereign were ready to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. In Anne's case neither Marlborough nor Bolingbroke was to be implicitly trusted. Anne herself probably sympathised with the movement to bar out the House of Hanover in favour of the House of Stewart. The exiles were members of her own family, and she was holding her crown in trust, as it were, for the enemy. She must often have recalled with bitterness the measure meted out to her own father. She certainly had no love for the Brunswicks, and she resented with vehemence the wish of Prince George to come to England before she died. Had there been a few more men among the Jacobites with the zeal and courage of Atterbury, her successor might well have been James III. and not George I. In the war which occupied so important a part of her reign, and in which the greatest general of his day won victories at once brilliant and barren, the dynastic issue was never absent. The Act of Union increased for the time the disaffection in Scotland, and made Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Covenanters alike partisans of the House of Stewart. It is easy to say that Anne was a commonplace woman, as perhaps she was; but to her self-restraint and good sense the English people certainly owed something.

This feature of her character is brought out by Mr. Justin McCarthy in his interesting account of *The Reign of Queen Anne* with much force. "Although she was not a woman of great intellectual capacity," he says, "and although she cannot be supposed to have given profound study to the principles of government, yet it has to be said in bare justice to her that she seems from the first to have had a clear understanding as to the business and duty of a constitutional sovereign." She yielded her personal feeling more than once to the necessities of the situation, as her advisers understood them, and she gave her confidence freely, even when it was abused. Nor must it be imagined that she was always under the domination of unworthy favourites. Even the imperious Sarah found that it was possible to go too far. Anne's obstinacy might be, indeed, the obstinacy of dulness; but clever persons are not necessarily the safest guides. Mr. McCarthy manages by his appreciation of the better side of the Queen's character to portray her at once in more sympathetic and in truer guise than other historians of the time have done.

Having said this, praise of his book must be modified by some rather serious deductions. In the first place, exception may fairly be taken to his views of the nature of "constitutional" sovereignty. His argument is not altogether unfamiliar. William III. had a parliamentary title; he ruled by the choice of the nation. The natural corollary was a ministry responsible to the House of Commons. William chose advisers from both parties. Anne came to understand that one party must be made responsible, if a policy were to be carried out. This was "constitutional" sovereignty, no doubt; but it does not follow that other methods of governing were not in their day equally "constitutional." The simple truth is that English sovereignty has always rested in essence upon the will of the people, and that the whole trend of monarchy from the days of the Plantagenets has been to make that will, by one means or another, more effective. William I., who came as a conqueror, promised to maintain the ancient laws of the realm. Henry II. wished "the King's peace" to be synonymous with justice. Edward I. made parliamentary government a precedent for those who came after him. But parliamentary supremacy is not essential to constitutional government. The Houses of Parliament are still in theory instruments for the expression of the royal will; and they might conceivably be supplanted by some other form of government so long as the prin-

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ciple of royal responsibility to the people was not violated. English kings have always reigned with the consent of their subjects. Nor was the title of William III. the first to rest upon parliamentary sanction. Henry IV. wore his crown by the same tenure. Mr. McCarthy makes too much of what he assumes to be the unique nature of Anne's position.

His account of the theory of "divine right" is also exaggerated. James II., he very justly observes, has had less than fair treatment from English historians. But he himself surely states the case too strongly when he says that "it would hardly be possible to find in history the accredited records of any sovereign who governed, when he had the chance, with a more absolute disregard for all the principles and practices of constitutional liberty, even as these were recognised in England of his time." The limits of the royal prerogative were not as firmly fixed at the end of the seventeenth century as these words indicate; and William III. sanctioned measures quite as indefensible, from the parliamentary point of view, as those which cost his predecessor his crown. No doubt the doctrine of "divine right" was pushed to absurd extremes by the partisans of the Stewarts; but it was not without constitutional support, both in theory and practice, and it had its roots deep in the religious consciousness of the nation. Even to-day the formula of consecration to the royal office survives. Nor is Mr. McCarthy happy in his references to the English Church. He may be pardoned, as a Roman Catholic, for insisting upon its Protestantism; but it is hard to absolve him from the charge of *suppressio veri* when he says the Church was "established" by Henry VIII. The final breach with Rome was but the culmination of a long series of episodes through which the national character of the Church was a fairly constant quantity.

But the most serious objection against Mr. McCarthy's book is that its picture of the Age of Anne is inadequate. The author daubs on a little local colour here and there by jaunty references to fashions and ways of living, and other details of the kind laboriously collected by Mr. Ashton; he quotes freely from the not always trustworthy Burnet; and he chats pleasantly of the coffee-houses and the wits who gathered therein. But he makes hardly any effort to grasp the significance of Marlborough's campaigns, to analyse the principles and policies of Harley and St. John, or to study the economic conditions of the time. He deals most cursorily with the Act of Union with Scotland. That it aroused "much opposition" is true; but such a statement gives one no idea of the intense bitterness of feeling in Scotland—so intense that it brought for the time being all sects and parties into harmony, and threatened the restoration of the Stewarts. Upon many matters, indeed, his *obiter dicta* are open to question. Bolingbroke would have been surprised to learn that "every one" of his colleagues "was entitled to be consulted on each great question." France and the Empire were hardly "rising" powers at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Nor was the German Emperor then or ever "the Emperor of Germany." In dealing with Continental politics Mr. McCarthy shows amazing carelessness or ignorance. Does he imagine that the war which involved England, France, Spain and the Empire was merely a question of the balance of power? And why does he slight a matter of so much consequence as the Treaty of Ryswick or the various Partition Treaties? It needs a more profound and philosophic historian than he to interpret the age which wrought such changes in politics, in finance, in commerce, in society, and which is illustrated by some of the greatest statesmen and men of letters the race has yet produced.

The most interesting and valuable of Mr. McCarthy's pages are those which deal with the literature of the time. Despite the absence of a supremely great poet, it may perhaps be doubted if at any other epoch there have been greater writers. In Addison and Swift, English prose style reached high-water mark, and they were but gods among giants. Mr. McCarthy chats pleasantly of the *Spectator*, of the political adventures of DeFoe, of the friendships and quarrels of Pope, and other similar matters; and his judgment is in the main sound. Something more than this is required, however, in an attempt to reproduce for the modern reader a reign so brilliant and significant as the reign of Anne.

Edward Fuller.

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III.

MARK LEE LUTHER'S "THE HENCHMAN."*

The psychology of the American politician has come to be almost a fashion with writers in the two years past. We have had half a dozen stories more intimate in their treatment than capable in their workmanship. Some day we are going to have a big book with a politician drawn to life in a story which will survive the rack of "best selling books," and perhaps live to tell generations hence what manner of man it was who, in the days just before a flying machine brought the boss's messenger to the lobby room in the difficult moment, built up and pulled down the political sky-scrapers. Mr. Luther has not written such a book in *The Henchman*, which is the story of a politician's rise to power and his emancipation from the grip of the boss and corrupt methods as they prevailed in the Demijohn District in the northwestern part of the State of New York. He has overshot the mark which several writers with far less literary skill have struck near to the centre. But he has made a very good flight. His novel will be enjoyed by many readers who, if they ever got as far as the middle page of most of its predecessors, skimmed the rest for what wasn't "just politics." His men and women have a good deal in them about which we are anxious to learn more. Dissatisfaction, if any, with *The Henchman* as a story arises from the fact that its end is reached with at least one most interesting thing unexplained. Its author has chosen in the closing pages to label his book a problem, throwing his hero in an attitude of defiance and not informing us whether he proved stronger than "Old Silky," whom he defied, or became the sacrifice of his single-handed fight against that very familiar figure of New York State politics.

This question is the outcome of what constitutes at once the chief novelty of the story and its weakest part. Shelby, whose progress from a nominee for a seat in Congress to administration of the Governor's office the novel relates with circumstantial detail both political and social, affords the spectacle of a man initially weak and unscrupulous developing moral fibre and a sense of ethical distinctions in proportion to the gratification of his ambitions. The larger the opportunities which the very "practical" methods of his earlier days open to him and utilise, the more impressed does he become with his responsibility to the honest voter and the interests of his State—factors, by the way, which were ever obstacles in his political pathway when the fight was on. We wouldn't like to deny the usefulness of the man who, though selfish enough to prostitute himself for personal ends, is unselfish enough to make his accomplishments an instrument for benefiting others to his own ruin. But we may search sedulously our immediate cult of political acquaintances and yet find few, if any, who afford such hopeful example. If Shelby is especially interesting because of this peculiarity, he also strikes us as unreal for the same reason; and with Mrs. Hilliard and several of his fellow-actors in the story fails conspicuously to convince in the very places in which the book is most interesting by reason of its author's dramatic instinct. *The Henchman* wins admiration on almost every page by the cleverness of its invention. As for its writing, except for an occasional use of a word like "bottom" for fathom or perceive, and an apparent straining after effect, as in "unfleshed teeth," it is head and shoulders in style above the run of novels. Perhaps unconsciously Mr. Luther's gift of expression has made him put language into the mouths of his characters which argues a culture beyond their origin and place in life. Certainly, even with the information that Shelby once attended a little fresh-water college, and that Volney Sprague, his enemy, is a newspaper man, and that Mrs. Hilliard's house possesses double parlours and she herself is the indefatigable figure in the Culture Club, we are unprepared for some of the expressions and allusions which slip out in casual conversation. Ruth, whom Shelby loved and did not marry because he suddenly warmed to a Quixotic conviction of his duty toward Mrs. Hilliard, with whom he had the appearance of an intrigue, and whom he married and did not love, somehow does not surprise us so much. But at best, New Babylon seems very

*The Henchman. By Mark Lee Luther. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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shallow waters for these characters. Albany, where the latter part of the story is laid, with the aristocratic presence of Mrs. Van Dance to diffuse refinement, is more congenial, and here Mr. Luther succeeds in conveying reality of social atmosphere.

All in all, the reader will thank him for doing the unexpected with materials that have been woven into the same pattern with rather tiresome iteration of late, and remember Shelby for the sudden twist in his character, and the poet-reformer Bernard Graves for his curious commingling of high ideals and physical ineptitudes, and "Old Silky" for the reminiscences his person and methods conjure. *Churchill Williams.*

IV.

Nathaniel Stephenson's "The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton."*

Of the making of heroines there is no end. Some Jules Verne of a Colonial Dame, or Dickens of a Revolutionary Daughter, might have created *The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton.* Perhaps the author, Nathaniel Stephenson, is that not unfamiliar quantity nowadays, the Husband of a Regent. Ancient oratory found few things more fetching than the appeal to the feelings. *The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton* is an appeal to pedigree—organised pedigree in particular. Its motif is laid bare by the heroine as follows:

"I had rather be one of those pudgy fools who are qualified to strut about in the badge of the Society of the Colonial Dames, than be—" "the beautiful Mrs. Moulton," cut in Launceley.

With a view to besieging the portals of some ancestral society, Mrs. Moulton sets out on a hunt for her husband's forefathers, the fact that no such society in real life admits a woman on the strength of her husband's lineage being calmly ignored. Besides being beautiful and appreciative of pedigree, Mrs. Moulton (aged thirty-tight) is surrounded by a court of "whippersnappers, la-de-dah young whelps who can't do a thing but strike attitudes and gabble about art." So, at least, says Mr. Moulton, rich, years older than his wife and described as "bull-neck; a Hercules, short, square and massive, he had the build of a prize-fighter," but who figures in the locket worn next his wife's heart as "a Roman emperor, with a wreath of laurel around his head." In spite of the locket, the wife didn't love her husband, according to the first part of the story, but toward the end, the author relents, stops calling him "bull-neck" and drags him into the centre of the stage, and incidentally into the wife's affections. The heroine has a Venetian staircase in her palace in "that Western Babylon, the city of Z," the scene of the story, and which may be safely interpreted Chicago. "She was a magnificent piece of flesh, one of the handsomest blonde women of the day," and she was forever consorting with "unusually clever people." Mrs. Moulton's speech and manners, by a system of cause and effect known only to the author, are supposed in nowise to suffer from her lack of birth and breeding, in proof of which, perhaps, she prefaces most of her remarks with "Goodness!" and upon one occasion "put her hand to her mouth and said behind it, 'Who's your friend? He's been all over creation, to judge by the labels on his traps.'" Authors, like architects, have been known to build better than they knew.

And this was the woman whom Mr. Harry Launceley, on his way to the city of Z., had come upon in a Pullman car! . . . For Launceley, for John Moulton, for that cold beauty his wife, this course of the world was changed, because a porter in a Pullman car turned over a suit-case.

"Mr." Launceley is the Brooklynesque villain of the tale. His infamy is, indeed, unique; he does not tell the truth. "Even as a boy he had been known to tell the right fib at the right time." But he is very good about helping Mrs. Moulton hunt up her husband's ancestors, until, in a chapter suggestively entitled "In Bluebeard's Absence," there comes a crisis:

Genealogical details are not exciting, but from the lips of a beauty it is inspiriting even to hear that her pedigree sprang from an ancestor who was living in civilisation in 1812. Further details fell out, and the mention of a certain town in Pennsylvania gave Mr. Launceley a clew. "By the gods," he cried, *"I know who you are!"*

*The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton. By Nathaniel Stephenson. New York: John Lane.

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Chapter XVIII, "On the Crest of the Wave," contains the climax of the story. "Mr." Launceley has run the Moultons to earth, and with such success that

> "There can be no doubt," she cried—"no doubt in the world. We belong to THE Moultons!" Mrs. Moulton felt as if she had been lifted away from earth, as if she trod on air—a queen of romance.

After that, of course, nothing much matters. Mrs. Moulton loses her money and Mr. Moulton his life, but it is all anti-climax—of small significance. Has she not "five thousand dollars for the completion of the genealogy?"

If we are not mistaken, Launcelot and Guinevere were in the author's mind when he first took his pen in hand; but he had not progressed many pages before he realised what a capital thing it would be, commercially, to "work" the susceptible Daughters and Dames. We wonder the publisher's announcement does not say: "No ancestral society member's library complete without *The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton.*" "The Woman Who Wanted to be a Daughter" should, logically, have been the sub-title.

There are so many different kinds of bad books nowadays that it is hard to classify them less generally. Unquestionably, however, the "servant" school of literature—not books for servants, but books which, by all indications, and especially their point of view, have servants for their authors—has a faithful recruit in *The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton.* No volume from any flunkey in fiction for a long time has so subserviently followed this school's unvarying rule of speaking of all characters by their respective titles Mr., Mrs. and Miss.

Helen Clarkson.

V.

David S. Meldrum's "The Conquest of Charlotte."*

As a type novel *The Conquest of Charlotte* is a masterpiece—a type novel of the class which, in round phrases, may be described as scenic and character fiction of homely village life. It is a love story, of course, and the love episodes are both realistic and idyllic, which is not nearly so paradoxical as it sounds. For the rest of the analogy the scene is laid in the regulation little Scotch town, and the characters are ordinary people of the lower or middle classes portrayed with the photographic accuracy of a sun-print rather than by the brush of the artist. As for dialect, the book is an improvement on its type, for dialect running into the unintelligible seems to possess a peculiar charm for such authors. The dialect in *The Conquest of Charlotte* draws the line well this side of the glossary, and is just enough in evidence for the demands of local colour. When we come to consider the *story,* however, Mr. Meldrum has out-Heroded Herod. In their striving for the goal of ultimate realism most of our so-called realists are not given to ministering to undue excitement on the part of their readers. The demands of this cult seem not only to forbid that fiction should quicken the blood; they exalt the commonplace to a height quite incommensurate with its frequency. It is a true saying that there are probably few intelligent lives that do not comprise materials for one romance, and therefore it has always seemed to us that the "realists" have, in their revolt against ultra-romanticism, fallen into an affectation which *The Conquest of Charlotte* exemplifies carried consistently to its extreme. For nearly two hundred of its four hundred and eighty pages there is little tangible evidence of even an impending plot. It is all pictures and dialogues, that come and go and swell and fall as inconsequentially as would those of a New England village, if every tableau and every word its inhabitants formed or uttered in a day should be photographed or taken down and sent forth under the mask of fiction. Even throughout the whole story, for tens and tens of pages at a time, wend on the same conversations and the same narrative of goings and comings, until the final meeting of the hearts of hero and heroine closes the tale to your ecstasy, if you enjoy such books; to your relief, if you don't.

We have said that this novel stands at the zenith of its class, and we do it no more than justice when we add, in further illustration, that it shows in every detail

*The Conquest of Charlotte. By David S. Meldrum. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

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of style, finish and grasp the hand of a master of his craft. There is no touch of crudity, no trace of amateurishness. The characters are portrayed boldly and with clear-cut lines, the scenes are painted simply and well; the narrative winds along, if sluggishly and through uninteresting regions, at least by a well-ordered path, free from stones and underbrush. It is perfectly done, but the question is, is it worth doing? Or rather, is it best worth doing?

Speaking more, perhaps, from the personal than the critical standpoint, we can never feel that tiresome people become any the less tiresome at second hand, or that the ugly and the commonplace are necessarily improved in their photographs. We may admire the mimicry of him who repeats their speeches, or we may praise the skill of the photographer, and no doubt there is knowledge to be gained; but to us there is something very dreary in such reading, and something almost pathetic in such writing.

Duffield Osborne.

SOME REAL PEOPLE IN FICTION

Whether or not David Harum had a counterpart in real life, the fact is patent that original characters drawn from the living and the dead have always figured in our greatest works of fiction.

The novelist, like the painter, must have models, but the writer's characters and the painter's models alike generally attract little share of public attention. They serve a business purpose for both writer and painter, and when that is accomplished they vanish from public view. They are alike in another respect, that very often under the artistic touch their features are changed to such an extent that they do not know themselves, and are sometimes with difficulty recognised by their friends.

The artist in words, like the artist in oils, takes liberties with his models; idealises here, brightens the colouring there, and, by dint of repeated changes, produces what, in effect, is a new subject. The model for the novelist, however, differs from the artist's model in one very important respect—that, while the latter is fully alive to the use being made of his features, the former poses unconsciously, is generally unaware of the fact he is to be used as a composite from a series of instantaneous photographs, taken by stealth, when the victim was unaware of his proximity to the camera. For the novelist does not usually take any pains to inform his subject of the use being made of him, because the most prominent characteristics of many people are their weaknesses, and men and women who find these exposed by the pen of a ready writer are not always pleased at the disclosure.

In fact, so little knowledge have most men of themselves that, without assistance, they would commonly not be able to recognise their own features in the novelist's picture; but, lest the likeness should go undetected, the assistance of friends is always cheerfully tendered, especially if the character drawn by the writer is uncomplimentary even in the slightest degree, and thus the originals of the novelist's characters are made aware of the fact that they have been used as subjects.

It was only eight or nine years ago that the famous artist James McNeill Whistler sought to establish a precedent by objecting to the caricature of himself in Du Maurier's novel, *Trilby*. He failed utterly in his endeavour. The whole range of literature is replete with instances of living people figuring prominently in fiction, some of whom, be it said, are even more prominent in the world's regard than Mr. Whistler. Most people will remember the publication of *Cape Cod Folks*, which brought on a lawsuit because of the too accurate drawing of the characteristics of living people. Then there was also the recent case of Sherlock Holmes. How Conan Doyle founded the famous detective on a Scotch professor, has been told again and again, but it adds further evidence to that already submitted, that most great characters of fiction are taken from real, living characters.

Other instances of recent examples are

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plentiful. Mr. Morley Roberts depicted Cecil Rhodes in his novel *Colossus,* and Paul Leicester Ford characterised Grover Cleveland in *The Honourable Peter Stirling.*

These character drawings, however, have been mere attempts rather than completed work. None of the novelists of the present day nor those who have flourished during the last thirty years have met with real success in their attempts at characterisation. There has not been painted a really great fiction character since Dickens laid down his pen. Some of Wilkie Collins's people have been identified. Godfrey, one of the characters in *The Moonstone,* was a personal acquaintance of Collins named Smythe, while the Indian gentleman, who was most earnest in the search for the stolen gem, had an original in Ram Singh, an Indian notable who twenty years ago was for one season a lion in the drawing-rooms of the capital; while the butler, who finds in *Robinson Crusoe* the sum total of all wisdom, was Collins's own servant. It has recently been stated that the heroine in grey in *Vashti,* Augusta Evans Wilson's best book, was a peculiar character who lived on a retired estate not far from Mobile, Alabama, but whether the statement is true cannot be ascertained.

Maurus Jókai, the Hungarian novelist, is said to be so much in the habit of reproducing portraits of his fellow-countrymen in his pages that as soon as a new Jókai book appears, as it does on an average about twice a year, people look for the originals. He has been repeatedly threatened with prosecution by persons who thought they recognised themselves in his portrait gallery, but thus far has managed to escape. He is not the only foreign novelist who has got into trouble by copying too closely the features of well-known people.

Alphonse Daudet was more than once in a similar plight. As a young man he was a school usher, and after the appearance of *Le Petit Chose* he was called to account by at least one school-teacher for caricaturing his educational methods. *Le Nabab* was a portrait of the Duc de Morny, in whose house Daudet was private secretary for a considerable time. After the appearance of *Robert Helmot* he was challenged to fight a duel by a gentleman who fancied that the heavy villain bore a little too strong resemblance to himself, and it was with some difficulty that Daudet and his friends persuaded the irate French gentleman that there was no intention of criticising him, that he was, in fact, quite unknown to the novelist. *Elle et Lui* and *Lui et Elle* were not tales of imagination, but contained the two sides to the story of George Sand and Alfred de Musset, and the unhappy passion that wrecked the life of the poet and furnished the novelist material for new work.

It is not often the good fortune of a novelist's model to acquire wide reputation through accident, as was the case of the late George Harris, the original of that name in Mrs. Stowe's famous romance. It was my luck to have first discovered Harris some twenty years ago, when he was living at Oberlin, Ohio. But there was nothing remarkable about this man Harris. His attempts to lecture, and his appearances on the rostrum at political meetings, brought him neither money nor reputation, and he died, as for the most of his days he had lived, in extreme poverty. Looked at from one point of view his life was a romance, for nothing could be stranger than the fact that such changes as came to him should occur in the lifetime of one man.

To what extent novelists and dramatists have utilised their acquaintances in their books and plays is largely a matter of conjecture. Nobody but the writer himself can tell where he obtains his material, and frequently it is obtained from quarters which he is not willing to make public. A literary artist who is known to be in the habit of sketching his acquaintances in his books becomes a suspicious character; people do not care to be intimate with him for fear when his next novel comes to the book shelves they may find themselves described in terms indicative of anything but respectful admiration. The novelist, therefore, acts wisely in keeping his sources of information to himself, for the unconscious models, when they chance to discover their own identity in his pages, are apt to be very unreasonable, and it has been known that poets, dramatists and fiction writers have come to grief through too liberal use of the foibles of their friends.

In the older days—in the days of the

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Greek comedy—public characters were brought on the stage by name; masks were made up in imitation of their features; actors were trained to mimic their voices and actions, and every one in the theatre understood perfectly who was meant by the counterfeit presentment on the stage. There was something of this kind done even in Shakespeare's time and in the early days of the French drama. The Bard of Avon is suspected of caricaturing more than one public man of his own day: Malvolio, Polonius, Shylock and Pistol had their prototypes in the country towns of England and the slums of London.

The great Cardinal Richelieu, angered beyond measure, sought to avenge himself for the rejection of his proffered love by his Queen, wrote a play in which he described an intrigue between her and the Duke of Buckingham, formerly the English ambassador to France. The play was presented in Richelieu's own theatre, the whole court, including the Queen, being present. The story was known to everybody. The unfortunate King was, perhaps, the only person in the audience unaware of the secrets that were being exposed to the public on Richelieu's stage. The Queen, it is said, sat apparently unmoved, without changing even a feature, and an incredible power of self-control must have been necessary to enable her to retain her self-possession when aware that all eyes were fixed on her, and that everybdy understood the significance of the love passages on the stage. After this incident the hatred of the Queen for the great Cardinal, the undying enmity between them, the constant intrigues of each against the other can easily be explained.

That acknowledged master of fiction Balzac possessed a happy faculty of recognising departures from the conventional and of utilising them as material. This part of his work was very systematically done. *La Comédie Humaine* was probably at once the most fascinating and impracticable plan that ever literary artist proposed. It was nothing less than an attempt to represent in fiction the entire round of human affairs. He proposed to describe all characters in all situations; to represent in his books every phase and circumstance of the life of man, every business, every calling, every occupation, every form of amusement, every kind of diversion. The scheme was wildly impossible, for, had he lived to the age of Methuselah, and had he continued work with the same diligence that characterised the last twenty years of his life, he would still have found his labours unfinished. Balzac made no secret of the characters he selected for portraiture, and more than once was in serious danger from the men who conceived themselves wronged by his representation of their mental and moral qualities. His most serious experience in this line was with a M. Blauvet, a speculator on the Bourse, whom Balzac described in terms anything but complimentary. Blauvet might never have recognised himself, because he was not a reading man, and had a sovereign contempt for men who could do nothing but write, but one of his friends thoughtfully called his attention to the fact that fun was being poked at him by the big novelist, who for weeks had been lounging about the corridor of the exchange, and M. Blauvet instantly invested in Balzac's latest novel and read it from beginning to end, then challenged Balzac to fight a duel. The poet had no desire to risk his precious life in an encounter with the enraged speculator, so left Paris for a time until the wrath of M. Blauvet had cooled, and for many months after his return carefully avoided the financial centre of the capital. Not all Balzac's characters were identified even by his contemporaries, but there were enough identifications to make his friends feel that they were constantly under his critical supervision; no one could feel sure that on the next appearance of a Balzac novel he would not find himself caricatured by the great word painter.

And now we come to Charles Dickens, who was far more careful than the French artist to disguise the features of his models so that they were not readily recognised by themselves nor by others. As a consequence of this precaution on his part, comparatively few of the almost innumerable creatures of Dickens's brain have been identified, but enough are recognised to make it reasonably sure that he did more copying than is generally supposed. Sam Weller, for instance, had his prototype in Sam Vale, a comic actor of unusual wit and gift of repartee, whose

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best part was that of Simon Splatterdash, whose sayings were called Vallerisms, and were passed from mouth to mouth among the populace of London as current colloquial coin. The character of Sam Weller made *Pickwick Papers* popular as soon as the original was recognised. The publishers were on the point of giving up the issue of the numbers as a failure, but Sam Weller saved the book.

Probably no writer of fiction has introduced more characters into his works than Dickens; and the hundreds upon hundreds of men and women who crowd his pages are not spectres nor shadows, but real human beings. Dickens's books are veritable reproductions of life. In a novel fashioned after the so-called canons of art, no characters are introduced save those "which pertain to the story," but Dickens, while caring nothing for the canons of art, has made his works conformable to the highest artistic principles in that they are accurate reproductions of every-day scenes. We come in daily contact with people in the streets, in the offices, in the corridors of hotels, and in other public places whom we never saw before and never see again. Dickens gives us a momentary glance of men and women who pass on and never reappear in the story. While preserving the course of the narrative he weaves into it characters innumerable who serve to ornament one or another portion and then vanish.

Dickens went hunting almost daily for real characters and also went house hunting to find suitable homes for his characters. He records in a letter to Foster that he had spent two days tramping through the suburbs of London to find a suitable house in which to locate the scene of one of his novels. If he did not create, but described the houses, it is incredible that he should have created his characters. Only a few of the hundreds of people that crowd his books are known, but the fact of these identifications is sufficient to inspire the presumption that the remainder are as real as these. Barnaby Rudge, for instance, was a well-known London street character, whose possibilities for purposes of fiction were perceived by Dickens and utilised to excellent advantage in the story.

A reputable London firm furnished the prototype of *Dombey and Son,* a solid, well-established company, whose name and business had come down together from the time that the East India Company began operations on the other side of the world. Steerforth, one of the heroes of *David Copperfield,* was a youthful friend, of brilliant talents, pleasing address and many accomplishments, but, unfortunately, much of a rake, while Traddles was a schoolboy acquaintance, whose unmanageable hair, bristly and uncontrollable, standing up in every direction from his head, rendered this youth one of the best remembered of the novelist's droll caricatures. Squeers has never been positively identified, but he was unquestionably a photograph and not a fancy sketch; for that there were numbers of Yorkshire school-teachers who believed themselves lampooned by Dickens, is attested by the legend that after the appearance of *Nicholas Nickleby* no less than six of these gentry are said to have gone up to London for the purpose of thrashing the author, each recognising his own features in the amiable countenance of the employer of Nicholas. The production of this famous book was an epoch in reform legislation, for it led to an investigation of the establishments which were kept up in different parts of the kingdom for the maintenance of children that, from various causes, were a burden to their parents, and the investigation disclosed such a state of things that Parliament took action and abolished the system. There were Smikes enough in Yorkshire before the publication of *Nicholas Nickleby,* but just as the condition of the Oliver Twists was improved by the pen of Dickens, so that of the Smikes was greatly alleviated.

The original of the character of Micawber, who eternally looked for something to turn up, was Charles Dickens's own father. Boythorn, in *Bleak House,* caused a quarrel between Dickens and Walter Savage Landor, for the latter recognised in the character his own peculiarities, and resented the fact that he had been so treated. Leigh Hunt was angry with Dickens because the famous character of Harold Skimpole, in the same book, resembled his mannerisms so closely that there was no possibility of the likeness not being recognised.

Dante wrote his enemies in hell and Michael Angelo painted them in. Dry-

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den was noted for his satires on living persons. Pope actually erased the name of one of his characters and put Colly Cibber's in its place. Byron heavily scored his critics and Bulwer did a like office for Tennyson. Bulwer was rather accomplished in this respect. He satirised the *Athenæum Magazine* in *Paul Clifford*. Even George IV. of England was depicted as the keeper of a low den in the same novel. Tennyson repaid Bulwer in his onslaughts both in *A Character* and in *The New Timon and the Poets*. Bulwer was continually reproducing real life and its scenes in his stories. *What Will He Do With It?* is full of portraits; *Eugene Aram* was founded on a real incident. Aram was a Yorkshireman who lived at Knaresborough, and the murder, the concealment of the body, and the subsequent discovery of the remains, took place almost exactly as narrated by Bulwer. The singularity of such a crime by such a man attracted wide attention, and caused the subject to be utilised in a literary way by more than one pen.

It was not strange that a dramatic incident, occurring in his own country, and not far distant from his own time, should have suggested to Bulwer the idea for a story, but he sometimes went further for his subjects. His best-known book, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, was, as might readily be supposed, due to a visit to the partially exhumed Roman city; but one of its leading characters was the outgrowth of reflections inspired by a skull of remarkable form which was unearthed during Bulwer's visit. Excavations were going on while Bulwer was wandering through the streets, and in a portico of a temple there was found a skeleton with a skull of proportions that suggested a man of enormous brain capacity and dignified presence. Bulwer took away the skull with the permission of the authorities, and on his return to England placed it under a glass case in his study. It was this skull which suggested Arbaces, the venerable priest of awe-inspiring presence, who is probably the most unique character in fiction, in that his entire personality was the outgrowth of a skull.

Thackeray was noted for the way in which he used his friends and enemies. Some of his lay figures were offended; others the reverse. He made fun of Bulwer in the *Yellowplush Papers*, under the name of Bulwig. His Foker was drawn from Andrew Archdehne, who never pardoned the liberty. His Portman was the celebrated Dr. Cornish, and even Edmund Yates figured as young Grub-street in *The Virginians*. Thackeray himself said that Costigan, in *The Roundabout Papers*, was manufactured from several live persons. Thackeray dealt more with types than with individuals, and, therefore, when he painted a character, he did so in broad outlines that would serve for any one of a class. He did not go into particulars, but sketched the main features and left the balance to be filled by the imaginations of his readers. His pious banker, who attends divine service twice every Sunday and reads the responses in a tone that drowns the voices of his neighbours, and who on week days guides his conduct by the motto, "Business is business;" his merchant whose charities are conferred in places where he does the most trade; his military heroes who are invincible in peace and invisible in war—all are types that have their counterparts in every large community.

Captain Marryat, who wrote such humorous naval stories, notably *Peter Simple*, once sent a challenge to Professor Maurice because the latter used his name for a character in *Eustace Conway*. Browning scored Wordsworth in *The Lost Leader*. He also, at various times in his career, caricatured Cardinal Wiseman, Napoleon III. and John Home, the spiritualist. The latter figured as Sludge, the medium.

Nathaniel Hawthorne had no end of trouble to convince a constantly increasing race of Pyncheons that the judge of that name in *The House of Seven Gables* was not drawn from a living person.

Mme. de Staël drew Talleyrand's characteristics so pointedly that the portrait was recognised by the French statesman, who resented it in one of his famous mots. When Alfred de Musset and George Sand returned from their escapade in Italy they proceeded to score each other in novels they soon after printed. So easily were Charlotte Brontë's characters in *Shirley* recognised by their originals that the latter called each other by their fictitious names. Of all authors Sir Walter Scott was the most honest. He tells us in his prefaces just where he obtained his characters, even

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going so far as to mention the names of the originals.

The authors who can be recognised in their own work are legion. Goldsmith painted himself in *The Good-Natured Man.* Fielding was the original of *Tom Jones,* Captain Farquhar was Sir Harry Wildair, Jean Jacques Rousseau depicted himself in *Héloise,* Goethe was Werther, Hawthorne can be seen in Miles Coverdale, while Byron was Childe Harold beyond shadow of doubt. Charles Reade admitted that he was his own lay figure in drawing the character of Rolfe. Dr. Holland is supposed to be the original of the villain in his novel of *Bitter Sweet,* while Lord Byron wrote of his own peculiarities of life and temperament in his verse.

Will M. Clemens.

NO ROOM FOR HIM

Did no heart speak to heart that night of wonder,
Did no one feel the spell the world was under,
That no one heard the echoing cry at midnight—
No room for Him!

Did no one heed the prophet's sacred story,
Born of a maid would be the King of Glory,
Did no night bird call out to wake the sleeping—
No room for Him?

Was there no sacred hush that would have told them,
No gleam of heavenly light to rouse or fold them,
That they might hear above the sloth of slumber—
No room for Him?

It seems to come like some wild trumpet blowing
Across the heights where amethyst is glowing,
That our sad hearts may understand the message,
No room for Him!

Ruth Sterry.

DRAMATISATIONS OF THACKERAY

The novels of Dickens and Scott appeared while the heroic and declamatory drama was in its heyday, while the writers were an abstract theory to which concrete violence was done nightly in almost every playhouse of America and England. The loose form of construction in vogue up to the last quarter of the last century invited the worst effort of the dramatising hack. They were visited on Dickens and Scott and Lytton because these three were essentially melodramatic in their stories. Moreover, characterisation began to be a strong feature of the mimer's art about the time that Dickens delivered himself of his strongly coloured creations, and they magnetised the unoriginal.

Thackeray was mercifully spared much that was visited on his great contemporary novelists. Whereas Dickens's stories were even anticipated by the ambitious adapter, and Dickens' and Scott's novels were hurried on to the stage in as short a time as two days, there was no apparent avidity to give play-form to Thackeray's stories except in one instance. *The Diary of C. Jeames de la Pluche, Esq.,*

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was dramatised even before it had completed its course in *Punch*, "where the close of the narrative left Jeames happy and contented, save in one respect." A witless version of his adventures has been produced at the Princess Theatre.

The other dramatisations of Thackeray came years after the novels which inspired them, and in the case of this novelist, it seems that the characters and stories really did inspire the dramatists, rather than the mercenary expediency which impelled Pocock and Terry, Stirling and Moncrieff, to hack at Scott and Dickens. In almost every instance except the one cited above sincerity seems to have actuated the adapters who have approached Thackeray. They have worked with deliberation, and under an advanced technique which stamps their plays as more admirable, though less successful, than the stage careers of other English fictions.

Less of Thackeray has been seen on the stage than of Scott, Dickens or Lytton, not only because the contemporaries of the great quartette found his material less adaptable to their style, but because he was by no means so prolific as the other three. Greater justice has been done Thackeray in respect to both the general abstinence from attempt to dramatise his works and in the workmanship displayed by the few who have converted them into dramatic form.

Thackeray acted Fusbos, in *Bombastes Furioso,* with some Charterhouse schoolfellows when a comparatively small boy, and he came on just before the last curtain in an amateur performance of his own, *The Wolves and the Lamb,* to say, "Bless you, my children," though cast for Mr. Bonnington in the play. These were his only recorded appearances. He did not write so much for the stage or act so well or so often as Dickens. Yet players and play-writers and critics were his companions all through life, and the theatre is conspicuous in most of his stories. His association with this class of men was much more intimate than Scott's, whose novels were in nearly every instance dramatised at once.

Vanity Fair has been a continuous temptation to the playmakers. America seems to have seen the characters of this celebrated romance more often on the stage than England. John Brougham brought forward a version of *Vanity Fair* at his theatre in New York on January 25th, 1849, one year after the completion of the novel. It held the stage only one week, though it was revived November 30th, 1857.

Boucicault used the title, but his comedy had nothing to do with Becky or Rawdon. In March, 1860, Laura Keene produced at her New York theatre a dramatic version of *Vanity Fair,* in which she played the artful Rebecca. But her biographer says it was "a poor, trashy affair."

In the year 1893, from June 3d to June 9th, there was given at Terry's Theatre, London, under the direction of Charles Carrington, a bill of several one-act plays, one of which was founded on *Vanity Fair.* It was entitled *Becky Sharp,* and the author was J. M. Barrie. William Archer says of it:

> As a good Thackerayan, on the other hand, I should certainly bear the blackest malice against Mr. J. M. Barrie for at least a week to come, for making a stupid and vulgar farce out of the conclusion of *Vanity Fair,* and persuading Miss Achurch that in order to embody Becky Sharp, it is sufficient to redden her nose and indulge in "comic business" with a brandy bottle.

T. P. F. Micklethwaite was the author of an adaptation of this story, given March 27th, 1882, at the Grand Assembly Rooms, Leeds, under the abbreviated title, *Vanity.* It was probably not given but the one time.

The most conspicuous stage version of *Vanity Fair* is that given at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in September, 1899, by Minnie Maddern Fiske, not alone because it is fresh in our memory but because the results achieved by the dramatist, the producer and the artists surpass any other of which there is record. The enterprise was not alone artistic in achievement, but it was reverent in treatment. Mr. Langdon Mitchell prepared the play, and he struck an equation between Thackeray and the exigencies of the situation with which no one who loves the story and knows the limitation of modern drama could quite seriously quarrel.

He gave the story in four acts and four scenes. The first act took place in Miss Crawley's town-house, and was neces-

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sarily introductory in point of story and character. The second act showed the Duchess of Richmond's historical ball at Brussels, and the action here departed markedly from the book. But it was good drama and was faithful to the characters, if not to the story, of *Vanity Fair*. He exercised a license which the good-tempered author would probably have been the first to countenance. Act three was devoted to the Marquis of Steyne episodes. It was literally Thackeray. Not only the situations, but most of the dialogue, were Thackeray's own. The fourth and last act showed the poverty of Pumpernickel. It was the poorest act of the play, though relieved as the curtain came down by a daring act of fidelity which should have earned the author much more general praise. Becky's path had not fallen in pleasant places. She felt just a little desperate. But her whole life had been a training in meeting desperate situations. Of course, in the book the Pitt Crawleys had nothing to do with her at this time, but it was a happy liberty which Mr. Mitchell took in bringing Jane and Pitt Crawley on at the end to carry Becky off to church. The artful woman's sense of expediency recognised a forlorn hope. There was a fine touch by the dramatist and the actress in the way Becky dissembled and resumed her hypocrisy, leaving the amorous Jos concealed in her room while she tripped off to devotion between the two Crawleys as the curtain came down.

Charles Coghlan made a version of this story which his daughter, Gertrude, used on tour. The action of this play began at Cheswick Hall; the second act showed Miss Crawley's house in London; the Brussels ball consumed the third act, and the last act was devoted to the Marquis of Steyne incidents. Pumpernickel was ignored altogether.

England enjoyed comparing two new Beckys only so late as last autumn, when Annie Hughes appeared as the celebrated character at the Grand, Croydon, in a version prepared for her by a Mr. Basillie, and later, when Marie Tempest enacted the adventuress in a version by Robert S. Hichens and Cosmo Stuart. Mr. Hichens's collaborateur is really Mr. Gordon-Lennox, actually a great-grandson of the Duchess of Richmond, who gave the ball at Brussels on the night before Waterloo.

Neither of the English Becky Sharps achieved great distinction. In the Bassillie play, the rôle of Dobbin, hitherto relegated to comparative obscurity by the adapters, was the most conspicuous figure in the foreground. Mr. Hichens emphasised Rawdon Crawley and made Dobbin a mere shadow. Miss Tempest's version closed with Rawdon's return and his discovery of Becky closeted with the Marquis of Steyne. The other followed Mr. Mitchell, scene for scene.

It is curious that nowhere has Thackeray recorded his impressions on the adaptation of *Jeames's Diary*, which was presented July 13th, 1846, shortly after the conclusion of the publication of the papers in *Punch*. The following is a transcription in part of the original playbill:

After which, first time, an entirely new Go-a-head Locomotive Extravaganza of the day, in One Act, of Three Tableaux, founded on Notes and Entries in "Jeames's Private Diary," entitled

JEAMES

THE

RAILROAD FOOTMAN OF BERKELEY SQUARE.

First Class Characters.

JEAMES PLUSH, otherwise Augustus de la Pluche, Esq. (the Railroad Footman of Berkeley Square).....Mr. C. F. MARSHALL

JOHN GEORGE GODFREY DE BULLION THISTLEWOOD (Earl of Bareacres and Baron Haggesmore, K. T.).....Mr. STOYLE

SIR JOHN WESTENDER (Jeames's old master).....Mr. CLIFTON

MR. BILL BLODDER (Costermonger, Uncle to Jeames).....Mr. GAY

MONS. MOUNTKICKITOE (Jeames's Dancing Master, ci-devant Marquess Mountkickitoe).....Mr. GARDNER

PRINCE TOWROWSKI..MR. CHAPMAN POYNTER

BALLYBUNNION, Sir HUDDLESTONE FUDDLESTONE, and other Nobs and Swells (all keeping up the steam high pressure movement at Jeames's Ball). Messrs. WATSON WILLIAMS, JONES, SMITH, etc.

LADY ANGELINA THISTLEWOOD (the Railroad Queen—the intended of Jeames—with a song).....Mrs. BORROWCLIFFE

EMILY WESTENDER (formerly young mistress to Jeames)...Mrs. CHAPMAN POYNTER

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COUNTESS OF WIGGLEBUSTLE.....Miss CLIFTON
LADIES GEORGIANA, JANE and FANNY WIGGLEBUSTLE.....Miss CONNER, Miss HARLEY and Mrs. WALLACE.
DOWAGER HUMPTY DUMPTY, and other fashionable elegantes, visitors to Jeames's Grand Hop.

Second Class Characters.

MR. GROOPHUS (of Chapel Court, Broker to Jeames).....Mr. WATT
DICKY WARREN (otherwise Reginald Fitzwarren, Esq., own Gentleman to Jeames).....Miss AGNES KELLY ROBERTSON
In which she will sing "Cigars and Cogniac."
SCREW (Butler to Sir John), VISP (Coachman to Sir John), CHARLES (Second Footman to Sir John), Fellow Servants of James.....Mr. SAVILLE, Mr. DUNCANTON, Mr. KNOWLES
FREDERICK (Second own Gentleman to Jeames).....Mr. THOMPSON
MISS MARY ANN HOGGINS (Lady's Maid to Miss Emily, betrothed to Jeames)
Mrs. C. F. MARSHALL
MRS. BLODDER (laundress from Enfield Wash, grandmother to Jeames)
Mrs. SHEERER
MISS KITTY MAWWALLOPP (practising basting, Cook to Sir John).....Miss COMPTON

A short interval of a few weeks is supposed to pass in the twinkling of an eye between each Tableau.

TABLEAU THE FIRST!—Kitchen in Sir John Westender's Mansion in Berkeley Square—Script decidedly at a premium—Jeames a Gentleman, and sink the Kitchen. TABLEAU THE SECOND!—Jeames's Apartments in the Albany, Letter X.—Jeame's (*sic*) Railroad Levy. TABLEAU THE THIRD!—Ball Room in Jeames's Mansion, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, brilliantly illuminated—Railroad Gallophard—Jeames's high-pressure Testimonies—new version of "I dreamt that I dwelt"—Railroad Polka Mazourkas—the locomotive—steams up—high pressure—first-class rail whistle—go-ahead—express from Capel Court—The Bubble Burst!

The *Diary* appeared originally in *Punch,* and it was a later editor of this same periodical, F. C. Burnand, who made a second stage version of *Jeames.* This adaptation was a comedy, and was produced August 26th, 1878, at the Gaiety Theatre, Strand. The piece was called *Jeames,* and it is said to have been very whimsical and amusing. It kept the boards for a run of several months. Mr. Edmund Terry was the Jeames. The following is Mr. Burnand's "Preface," as printed on the programme:

TO THE PUBLIC.—"Jeames's Diary" is included under the head of Thackeray's "Burlesques." In adapting this story to the stage I have availed myself of all the exaggerations of character and incident which are the essence of the original caricature, and I have merely made such alterations as seemed to me necessary in order to suit the circumstances of the present time. Mining speculation is not absolutely parallel with the Railway Mania of the days of King Hudson, but, with recent events still fresh in memory, it is near enough for dramatic purposes; that is, where, as in this exceptional instance, exaggeration is permissible. The episode of the presentation at Court in the uniform of the Cinqbars Yeomanry is purely Thackerayan. The names of the characters I have generally retained, but I have given Jeames a house in Mayfair, instead of bachelor's quarters at the "Halbany." With this preface I submit the "Domestic's Drama" to the judgment of the public. The description "New and Original" I use advisedly, as applied to the subject and its treatment, while I only profess to use the term "Comedy" in the broadest sense in which it can be applied to the present piece.—F. C. B.

The playwrights have found *Henry Esmond* more tempting than any other of Thackeray's novels, unless exception be made of *Vanity Fair.* It is said that Simpson and Merivale borrowed from *Henry Esmond* one of the chief situations in their drama *All For Her,* which in the main was an adaptation of *A Tale of Two Cities.* An English organisation known as the Irving Club presented a play called *Esmond,* June 21st, 1893. It was divided into a prologue and three acts, and was the work of the late G. W. Wills, though at his death he left it uncompleted and it was prepared for production by Freeman Wills. The Wills play had a curious career. It was written for the Kendals, who passed it to Irving, and he bestowed it upon the amateur club bearing his name. The London *Telegraph* refers to a version made by Charles Dickens the younger, but I cannot find any record to show that it was ever produced.

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It was four years later that the most important English adaptation was produced, and five years after Wills's failure that a promising American adaptation was given a trial. T. Edgar Pemberton was the author of the former, and Louis Evan Shipman and Glen MacDonough collaborated on the latter. Neither of them achieved any success. Pemberton's play was done at the Royal Lyceum, Edinburgh, March 5th, 1897, and was repeated in London November 26th of the same year, Mr. Edward Compton playing the main part. The American version was played by E. H. Sothern one time only, at Rochester in February, 1898, and not after.

The very rarity of dramatisations of Thackeray gives a flavour of curiosity to such attempts as have been made, and a comparison of the two *Esmond* plays will furnish an interesting example of how the familiar incidents of the great story were readjusted for dramatic purposes.

The Shipman-MacDonough version was done in four acts; the Pemberton version in "a prologue and three acts." This, however, is a distinction without a difference, since the first act of the American adaptation and the prologue of the English adaptation were identical in point of material used, and in both cases five years elapsed before the beginning of the next act. The following scenario covers the incidents of the first act of the one, and the prologue of the other:

The scene is the hall at Castlewood during Lord Mohun's visit. Castlewood is the only one who knows the truth about Esmond's birth. Beatrix is a girl of fifteen. She loves Henry and he loves her, but will not show it because he believes he is nameless. The speech about "parsons" is taken verbatim from the book. Esmond advises Mohun to drop his pretence of gout. Castlewood is already suspicious; he has found Mohun's letter to his wife; the game of cards; Esmond's attempt to save his patron by quarrelling with Mohun; the quarrel, the duel, the death of Castlewood, his revelation to Esmond of the secret of his birth, all follow the novel faithfully, except that the action is all centred in the hall at Castlewood.

It is just here that the lines of the two plays diverge. For the purpose of better satisfying interest in their comparative treatment of Thackeray's material here is the scenario in brief of the balance of each play, given in the instance of the Shipman-MacDonough version from an account in the Rochester *Democrat*, and of the Pemberton version from a criticism on the stage, London:

The second act of the play by Messrs. Shipman and MacDonough opens in Dowager Isabel's home in London. Beatrix is engaged to the Duke of Hamilton; but receives Esmond graciously on his return from the Marlborough campaign and knights him less dramatically and effectively than in the romance. She will not listen to his love because of her engagement. Esmond gives her the diamonds. Hamilton enters and objects to his bride's accepting so valuable a gift from a nameless man. The revelation of Esmond's real rank, but the dramatic scene of the novel, is weakened because the revelation is not completed and the Duke is left with no real reason for his change of mind and his politeness to "the head of the house." The intrigue by which the Pretender is to be brought to London is here foreshadowed. The act ends with the announcement to Beatrix by Frank of the murder of Mohun.

In the third act the Pretender is at the Dowager's house in London. He makes love to Beatrix. She is sent to Castlewood

The first act of the Pemberton play discovers the Castlewood family in the city, and Esmond and Frank have just returned from the Marlborough campaign. Many delightful incidents are reproduced from the novel and Esmond is easily persuaded by the object of his adoration to espouse the cause of Prince James, the Pretender.

The whole scheme of the attempted restoration is set out in this act and the next, showing how James was smuggled into London, his recognition by Queen Anne, and his own failure to secure the kingly prize by his own folly just at the critical moment, and the conclusion of act two, where James is interrupted in his infamous designs at Castlewood, is a thrilling climax. From without is heard the herald proclaiming George, King of England.

Act two finishes the play for all practical purposes, and the third act is in the nature of an anti-climax. The author cannot plead even the necessities of the story, for he departs from the novel altogether, and even contradicts himself by first indicating

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as in the novel. The Prince follows her. The plot for his restoration fails. Esmond bitterly denounces the Prince to his duped supporters. They charge Esmond with treason, and he and Frank have to fight their way out of the house to follow the Prince and rescue Beatrix.

The last act is at Castlewood. Beatrix has arrived. The Prince follows and gains admission on the plea that he is flying for his life. Beatrix escapes from him, laughs at him, and locks herself in her room. Her conduct in the play is altogether blameless. Esmond and Frank arrive. The ensuing scene follows the dramatic finale of the novel closely. The Prince's condescension in crossing swords with Esmond is omitted. Beatrix and Frank, overhearing Esmond's renunciation of the house of Stuart, when he burns the patent of Marquis, learn for the first time that he is "the head of the house" of Esmond. King George is proclaimed by heralds on the green outside the window. Beatrix avows her love for Esmond and the play ends.

Some chroniclers have fallen into the error of saying that *Lovel, the Widower*, was made into a drama under the title of *The Wolves and the Lamb*, whereas the reverse is the actual fact. When Thackeray finished the play he offered it to several managers, but it was uniformly declined. He seems to have accepted the situation with his usual good humour, for when another dramatist complained that he had written a piece with only four characters in it and yet could not get it produced, the great novelist replied, "Why, there were seventeen in mine, and they wouldn't have it!"

However, *The Wolves and the Lamb* was acted. The private representations took place, according to Melville, when Thackeray gave a house warming after his removal from Onslow Square to Palace Green. Thackeray, Merrivale, the acting manager, tells us, declined a speaking part on the ground that he couldn't possibly learn such poor words, and only appeared with a cigar as the clerical papa (Mr. Bonnington) just before the fall of the curtain, to hold out his hands and say in pantomime to actors and audience, "Bless you, my children."

The Wolves and the Lamb was the only play of any pretension which Thackeray ever wrote, though he collaborated with M. Tournemine on a melodrama in French which was produced at the Théâtre Porte Saint Antoine, Paris, in 1849. He was, however, the author of several literary trifles in dramatic form.

His last story, before the unfinished *Denis Duval*, was *The Rose and the Ring*. It was put on the stage of the Prince of Wales Theatre, December 20th, 1890, as a part of the Christmas pantomime fare served London during the holidays. H. Saville Clarke prepared the text and Walter Slaughter wrote the music. They called it "a fireside pantomime." It was played until the end of the following January. On March 23d, 1878, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, there was presented *The Rose and the Ring*, a comic opera by Mary Hayne. Perhaps this, too, was founded on Thackeray's tale.

Many a dramatisation of *The Newcomes, Pendennis* and *The Virginians* has come rapping at the door of the managers, but there is no conspicuous record of any having ever been accepted and produced. The only exception I find is that of Miss Helen Barry's appearance once only, January 26th, 1888, at a matinée at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, in a four-act version of *The Virginians*, called *Esmonds of Virginia*. The piece was

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originally done May 20th, 1886, at the Royalty. It was the handiwork of A. R. Cazauran, so long on the staff of A. M. Palmer at the Union Square. In Melville's *Life of Thackeray* one may find that "to the *Comic Annual* he sent *Barber Cox, and the Cutting of His Comb,* on which has been founded the well-known Dutch comedy, *Janus Tulp.*

Thackeray occasioned a finer play than was ever recast from his novels, and inspired a dramatist who sought vainly to link his name with the venerated novelist's in a stage version of his stories. According to Robyn,

> There is a tradition to the effect that *Rosedale* was written as the result of a conversation at a dinner party given in New York by Thackeray, during his last visit to this country. Lester Wallack, who had become bosom friends with the English satirist (whom he once thought pompous and supercilious), opposed an assertion that the lovers in a popular play must be very young persons. He determined to put his theory to the test, and eventually did so by writing *Rosedale*, in which Elliott Grey is a man who has passed the first blush of youth and Rosa Lee proves to be a young lady who has outlived by some years the candy-eating period of sweet sixteen.

Clement Scott thus records Tom Robertson's obligation to Thackeray:

> Tom Robertson's friends on every possible occasion implored him to dramatise Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*. He had at his hand an absolutely ideal Becky Sharp in Marie Bancroft. He was fond of reading us that splendid bit of prose descriptive of Amelia's prayer for George when he lay dead after the Battle of Waterloo:
>
> "No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. The darkness came down on the field and the city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart."
>
> Robertson tried again and again, but at last gave up the task in despair. The novel was too rich in dramatic incident, too good; there were too many plums in that pudding. Others had tried before to concentrate the "novel without a hero" into one fine stirring play. But they had failed.
>
> Robertson acknowledged that the subject beat him. He could have taken the Marquis of Steyne episodes and welded them into a play, with the Marquis, Rawdon and Becky for the principal characters, as Ohnet did afterwards in "Froment jeune et Risler ainé"; but Robertson wanted George and Amelia, and Dobbin and Jos, and, most of all, Becky Sharp.
>
> So he did the next best thing: he gave us *Caste,* where we have shadows at least of George and Amelia in George D'Alroy and Esther, a very respectable echo of Dobbin in Captain Hawtree, and, throughout, the tender tone and cynicism of Thackeray, which were very dear to Robertson. There is not a trace of Dickens in any of his plays. His master was Thackeray.
>
> *Paul Wilstach.*

DRAMA OF THE MONTH

Of course we all lie a little in matters of taste, if only to avoid the snubs of the ostentatiously appreciative. In regard to d'Annunzio's plays last month, there was rather more than the usual disingenuousness, because their merits were buried in a foreign language and could, for the most part, be only guessed at or taken on authority. There was little left of d'Annunzio in translation beyond the bare outline of his disagreeable plots, hardly a single grace of style or vestige of personal distinction. Mr. Symons's version of *Francesca da Rimini* contained a few lyrical passages that one could imagine to have been beautiful in the original, but even these were like photographs taken after death. Yet none who wrote on the subject seemed to mind this in the least, though most of them were as ignorant of Italian as we are ourselves. They, too, had to tear through the libretto between the acts only to lose themselves in the dialogue the moment after; to snatch despairingly at proper names and check off the speeches on their fingers and guess and hope and flounder miserably till the pantomime helped them out. But with a high courage, which we cannot for an instant emulate, they felt they had him

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pat, and to this date, so far as we recall, no one has admitted that he missed anything. For our part, we missed a great deal, and in what follows here can speak only of that dry and shrivelled remnant, an author without his words, d'Annunzio as he hobbles along in translation or is expounded by dumb show, though we shall do our best to guess how we might feel if we knew more.

He seems a monotonous and unsmiling young man of restricted interests, who, failing in the effects of art, falls back upon the merely horrible. With murder or mutilation or incest in the wind, you will stay on to the end, and there is never a moment when it is not in the wind. Portents and premonitions, fever fits and chills keep the doom incessantly impending, and the unfortunate characters are not human beings at all, but merely foregone conclusions. It fixes the attention as surely as the gong of an ambulance. It is the interest of deferred brutality, the common device of those who seek a short cut to strong writing, for people will often confound the sources of their emotion and define a primitive animal zest in complicated art terms. In an early chapter of one of Zola's novels, a young girl comes to a horrible death from an explosion, and in the remainder of the book he recurs at short intervals to the mangled body of the fair young girl ripped open by dynamite. A fascinated reviewer described the expedient as a wonderfully skilful use of the Wagnerian *leit motiv.* If the kind of interest does not matter, it should be easy to start a thrill, for people of artistic temperament are as likely as not to mistake their backbones for their souls, and once a-quiver, they are as indifferent as jelly-bags to the cause of it. The cheats of the artistic temper are seldom caught by self-analysis, and few of d'Annunzio's admirers know how they came by their gooseflesh. In the *Dead City* the fictitious element of mere ghastliness is so nearly the whole thing that there is nothing left for art to do. In this uninspired following of the *Œdipus,* ancient Greek seemliness gives way to modern Latin unreserve, and Nemesis becomes a buzzard and a little man bustles officiously among horrors which only a genius could discreetly deal with.

The offence of the plays is not in their subjects but in their methods, and the offended part of us is not our morals but our taste. The irksome continuity of the passions, the fewness and fixity of the ideas, the unauthenticated emotions, the fatal absence of humour, leave us with the sense of humanity unrealised and a world shut out. While there are afflicted people like those in the *Dead City,* it is cheerful to think that there are at least sanitariums with kind attendants and capable house physicians, and that one encounters them singly in the outside world, never a whole troop of them at once. D'Annunzio measures tragedy by the mere bulk of suffering. If murder is to be done in the end, he sprinkles blood in the first act, gouges out an eye in the second, cuts off a head in the third. He supplements adultery by the amputation of a woman's hands, and enhances incest by a most pathetic case of total blindness and a final drowning scene. Not that this is the whole story. There is symbolism, and there are the Herculean efforts of a minor poet to rise to the height of his great argument. And it is well known that minor poetry is of all things the most perishable. Truth may traverse many languages and laughter may drift around the world, but minor poetry dies on the frontier of its own barnyard. It is a field of endeavour wherein the taste of the words makes all the difference. But Ibsen can hold up his head in English, and so can Sudermann, and it is hard to believe that d'Annunzio would have so ignominiously disappeared if there had been more of him to start with. As it is, we must take his poetry on trust, and what is worse, can only guess what Duse might have done without d'Annunzio's handicap.

The English version of Paul Heyse's *Mary of Magdala* leaves one in no doubt as to the merits of the original. It is a sturdy, well-knit, decorous piece of work that neither offends nor inspires, the sort of thing that Americans or Englishmen would never dream of doing, and yet are glad to see safely done. The author is too much in awe of the elemental theme to be quite fancy free, and there is only one point of creative truancy, that is in the making a novel, but possible and consistent and very impressive, Judas. Mr. Tyrone Powers's vivid realisation of this character and the striking results of Mrs. Fiske's skill as a stage manager are the

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things that stand out in the memory. Mrs. Fiske's Magdalen is too harsh and self-absorbed to be appealing, a prickly Magdalen in the first act, a selfishly ecstatic one in the others. The illusion of gentleness is here beyond her, though it was not so in Tess. We have not forgotten the surprise of her Becky Sharp—Becky the soft and insidious turned into a tart spinster. How Steyne and the rest would have scuttled away from that kind of a woman! And in the Magdalen there is a touch of frost in the intellectual keenness.

If this were expert criticism with the personal equation properly subdued, we would write of Mansfield with level praise. The staging of *Julius Cæsar* was almost perfect, the caste admirable, the mob well trained, the scenery beautiful, yet the pleasure of it all was spoiled for us by the simple fact that Brutus insisted on singing his part. No one knows when it was that Mansfield's love for his voice began, but it is evident that he and it are now in their honeymoon. Ten years ago he had his mannerisms, but there was nothing like this. It was a beautiful instrument and people praised it, careless of the effect of their words, never dreaming that the day would come when he would merely toot with it. It has been a gradual change. He chanted a good deal in *Monsieur Beaucaire,* but many thought it a sort of lyrical attempt at a French accent. In *Henry V.* his consciousness of voice was more noticeable, and cadence got the better of emphasis in several long speeches. But his Brutus must have been rehearsed with a bâton. Every phrase was regarded merely as an opportunity for rich chest tones, and all meaning was lost in a syllabub of agreeable sound. Fine as the voice, it is a bad exchange for the fire and variety of the lines. It is a melodious and moonlit Brutus, vain as a peacock, and when he is on the stage he is in mortal terror lest the eyes of the audience should light on anybody else. He holds attention by no natural right, but by the pleading of his postures you feel it might hurt his feelings if you looked away. Mr. Denny's Casca was by far the better played.

One delightful thing about Mrs. Fiske is her freedom from the grasping vice of stars. She never seizes a particle of attention that is not hers of right—never dawdles with an emotion till you weary of it, never selfishly spins out the moments of conspicuousness. Mr. Willard in *The Cardinal* sometimes yielded to this temptation and reminded one of the late Mr. Herne in his tendency to overrate the things he could do so well. The solitary self-communings accompanied by a succession of slow, sweet smiles made an endless matter of his exits. But it was so good in detail that if parts of it could have been telescoped it would have been the best piece of melodramatic acting of the season.

F. M. Colby.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

THE COMRADES: Poems Old and New. By William Canton.

Mr. Canton has done well to collect his poems in this beautiful volume. In these days, when the popular poet is the poet who most needs an interpreter, there may be a temptation to undervalue the limpid simplicity of Mr. Canton's verses. But they carry a weight of thought and knowledge, though as lightly as a flower. In this respect, if in no other, we are reminded of Longfellow. Mr. Canton, however, enters deeper into the perplexities of the modern mind. The book is full of sweet, happy, illuminating surprises. Whether the theme is nature, or childhood, or woman, or religion, the same characteristics are in evidence. We can best illustrate by quotation. Here is perhaps the gem of the volume:

HOW SHOULD YOU?

How should you my true love know
From another one?
Rosy face and breast of snow
Cannot make her known.

Brightest hair and bluest eyes
Cannot be a sign—
Many men might recognise
Other maids than mine.

But if you the fairest scan,
My true love is she
Who can jest with any man—
Any man but me.

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When we meet with whispered names,
  Still and grave she grows
At the thought of all she claims—
  All that she bestows!

From the poems of childhood, we take

AN APRIL GRIEF.

With little breast that wildly heaved,
  With streaming eyes and hair uncurled,
She sat and sobbed—as if she grieved
  For all the woes of all the world.

A sudden pause! She raised her head
  In puzzled thought, and still a tear
Hung, like a dewdrop, as she said:
  "Why was I crying, mamma dear?"

"Because I took poor Pussy's part."
  Then all the woes beneath the skies
Once more convulsed that little heart
  And rained from those despairing eyes!

Oh, never in the coming years,
  My darling, may it be your lot
To know a grief too deep for tears,
  Or one that *cannot* be forgot!

With one other quotation we send our readers to a book that will be often turned to wherever it is possessed.

"TALITHA CUMI."

Eyes wet and hearts bleeding,
  We laid her to rest—
Her little hands, pleading
  The cross, on her breast.

Though bitter our weeping,
  No murmur we made;
We knew in whose keeping
  Our darling was laid.

We trusted, heart-broken;
  Tear-blinded we smiled;
And carved for a token
  "Talitha"—our child.

W. R. N.

NOVEL NOTES

EAGLE BLOOD. By James Creelman. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company.

It is not uninteresting to glance at an example of the kind of fiction that the habit of yellow journalism may inspire in a man. That reporting leads to authorship is a trite observation; novels, stories, volumes of verse, and books of travel, which are the work of newspaper men, are published every season; generally they bear few marks of their origin to distinguish them from the writings of others.

Mr. Creelman is recalled as the author of an astonishing record of personal achievement, *On the Great Highway*. Now, he has composed a novel, which, as an exposition of the actual traits of the blood and thunder seed of twentieth century journalists, is equally fresh and striking. *Eagle Blood* (enjoy the terse, heroic title) is a precious exhibit in its naive and unpremeditated way.

With the writing of intimate novels about almost every subject in life, from the victims of Yiddish sweat shops to clergymen and cardinals, it is a strange thing that the most strenuous, the most romantic figure of modern times should be neglected.

But the life of the yellow journalist is a limitless succession of upheavals, of extraordinary wireless sensations, enough to annihilate the mental peace of a man dogged by the reminiscent train of tattered sovereigns he has pulled down from their seats, by the awful masks of murderers he has hounded to the electric chair, by the appealing countenances of beautiful women whom he has succoured, by the discordant plaudits of the mob, by this and that agony of sensation projected to the *n*th power, which he, of all men, is fated to undergo. Indeed, we are fortunate to have the book at last in this unvarnished history, which although used in the form of fiction seems none the less authentic.

It is the tale of a young Englishman, the Viscount Delaunay, who, finding himself bankrupt, comes to America *incognito* and becomes a journalist in order to repair his family fortunes. Him a kind of yellow Americanism seizes in a death grip, "pride of manhood"

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fighting the battle against "pride of birth" until at last he makes the triumphant decision to renounce his title and all his fatuous British distinctions in deference to the sweet prejudice of Helen, who says: "I think American Citizen is the finest title in the world. . . . It is the one I should want my husband to wear."

As an accompaniment to the Viscount's growing consciousness of the superiority of everything American to the old, dead things he left behind him, we have ominous presages of the swallowing up of British industries by the American trust magnates, and staggering intimations concerning the future fate of England herself. To old Martin, Helen's foolish papa, we are indebted for the following remarks on the subject of "eagle" blood:

"The trouble with every Englishman who comes here is that he looks on an American as a sort of second-hand Britisher. He doesn't know the difference between lion blood and eagle blood. Now, when a lion eats an eagle, the eagle becomes a lion; and, likewise, when an eagle eats a lion the lion becomes an eagle. The blood'll mix all right; it all depends on which stomach does the mixing. Do you catch the idea?"

"You mean that I must become an American?"

"That's the only kind of an Anglo-Saxon alliance you'll ever live to see, my son. . . ."

Martin is a veteran copy reader in the office of the *Mail*. Sometimes he talks to the point:

"Your style's too lean—shows the ribs," he muttered as he read the white sheets. "Inkins likes plenty of colour and dash. You must put in more ginger——"

"More——?"

"Ginger, my son. You're not writing for an encyclopædia. Just tear the words up by the roots with the earth sticking to them. . . ."

Mr. Creelman shows us how it is done in the following picture of a night in the office of the *Mail*.

The headlong rush and nervous strain of newspaper work—to-day's effort counting for nothing to-morrow—the toiling by night and sleeping by day; the perpetual contact with extremes of life—now a glittering social pageant, and now a brawling scene of crime; here a meeting of millionaire trust directors, and there a night ramble through the cabins of starving coal miners; . . . the trailing of loud-mouthed and lying politicians through hotel corridors; the dull, droning days in ill-smelling law courts; and always at night the fierce glare of electric lights in the *Mail* office; the grinding agony of writing in an atmosphere of hurry and confusion; the never-ceasing cry of copy! copy! copy! the terrible periods when neither ideas nor words would come to the mind; the moral white-head, the fury, the breathlessness, the delirium of the last few minutes before the paper went to press; and then the sudden silence and idleness when the movement of the revolving iron monster made the building tremble; the yawning, the languid inspection of timepieces, the heart-depressing reaction when it was all over. . . .

The young Englishman thrives with this demon band, yet he finds time somehow to observe American social life with its single monotonous note of passionate yearning for the nobility of foreign countries. Then to the Philippines, where he is soon discovered bounding forward "at the head of his men with short, sharp cries of savage pleasure." Helen is there, too.

"Do you understand the meaning of that call?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"It is assembling men for the game of life or death."

"Is there to be another battle?"

"To-morrow the left wing of our division will swing forward until our line is straightened. We must press the enemy's main force back. It will be rough work, Helen."

"I tremble when I think of it."

Instantly one misses the familiar moaning of the stringed instruments.

Carl Hovey.

WANTED: A CHAPERON. By Paul Leicester Ford. New York: Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

The many thousands of people who have been in the habit of reading every bit of fiction which bears the name of Paul Leicester Ford will not fail to read the last story which came from his pen. There can be but one criticism of *Wanted: A Chaperon;* there is not nearly enough of it. It is a companion volume to *Wanted: A Matchmaker,* which appeared two years ago, and, like that volume, is rich in binding and illustration. The present story has that same delicacy and charm which have been noticeable in much of Mr. Ford's work; that sentimental quality which has done considerable toward making certain of his books generally popular.

Lydia Greenough, a young New England country girl, is visiting her wealthy and worldly aunt, Mrs. Travers, of Number 4 West Fifty-Sixth Street, New York City. If there had not been a blinding snowstorm on the night of Lydia's first dinner, and if Mrs. Travers's maid had not taken to her bed with a quinsy sore throat, perhaps this story of Lydia's adventures would never have been written. As it was, Lydia started for the dinner alone in her aunt's carriage, and when the coachman left her at Number 19 West Seventy-Second Street, instead of Number 19 East Seventy-Second Street, her adventures

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began. As the carriage disappeared in the snowdrifts, the door of Number 19 West Seventy-Second Street was opened by a very much intoxicated man-servant. The scene that follows is most amusing. Lydia is ushered into a room where sits Mr. Allan Murchison, a cynic and a woman hater, who at present labours at a decided disadvantage because of a sprained ankle. He gruffly welcomes the bewildered intruder, and after the necessary explanations are made the man-servant is dispatched for another carriage. Time passes, and neither servant nor cabman appears. The cynical man of the world and the unsophisticated young girl become friendly. Hunger overcomes them, and the girl gladly consents to dine with her host. It is a typical bachelor dinner. There are no flowers on the table, the cook reigns supreme, and everything shows the lack of a mistress's guiding hand. Some of these facts begin to dawn upon Mr. Murchison, and when Lydia tells, in a simple way, of her future plans, of how she expects to return to the tiny New England village and teach school for twenty dollars a month, his cynicism vanishes. The dialogue which follows the opening of the champagne bottle is worth quoting, as it serves to show what sort of a man Allan Murchison really is:

"Do you know, I've never tasted champagne, and I've been very curious to know what it's like. It was one of the things I was looking forward to at the dinner."

Mr. Murchison had begun to fill Lydia's glass, but he halted." You've never drunk champagne before?" he inquired.

"No. I suppose it's very countryfied, but I never have."

"Then I'm going to advise you not to make a beginning this evening," he counselled.

"Of course I won't, if you think best," acceded the girl.

The *tête-á-tête* is suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Travers, who, through a telephone message from Number 19 East Seventy-Second Street, discovers that her niece has gone to the wrong address. Horror is depicted on this lady's face as she sees the champagne bottle; the drunken man-servant, who has by this time returned; the general air of camaraderie which surrounds her niece and this strange man. Lydia is brought home in disgrace. Her innocence is doubted, and tears avail little with the obdurate aunt. However, when Mrs. Travers is told by her husband the next morning at the breakfast table that Mr. Murchison is the consulting chemist of the Standard Chemical Company, that he receives thirty thousand dollars a year from that company, and that he earns as much more out of the royalties of some discoveries he has made, the aspect of things suddenly changes. This being Christmas Day, Mrs. Travers sends a messenger to Mr. Murchison, asking him to join them in eating their Christmas dinner.

And to this day Allan Murchison often speaks of his wife as "My Christmas Present."

F. M. Holly.

THE WOOING OF WISTARIA. By Onoto Watanna. New York: Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

Perhaps there is nothing more romantic in fiction than stories of Japanese life. Just how many of these stories are true to the life as it really exists in Japan, one cannot always say, but at any rate they are almost sure to make fascinating reading. The first place among the writers of these stories belongs, of course, to Lafcadio Hearn, while John Luther Long, in *Madame Butterfly*, and Clive Holland, in *My Japanese Wife* and *Mousmé*, have done excellent work. Onoto Watanna, partly Japanese and partly English, came into prominence a few years ago by her contributions to the magazines, and by her novel *A Japanese Nightingale*. She has now brought forth a second novel, which, to be quite frank, is much too long. It becomes tiresome to wade through nearly four hundred pages about a people whose customs and traditions seem much more interesting when touched upon in the short story. This is probably the reason that the present writer found the first half of *The Wooing of Wistaria* so entertaining and the last half so dull. The love story of the Lady Wistaria is very beautiful, as are the love stories of all the Japanese girls who dwell in the world of fiction. Onoto Watanna's heroine is a lady of noble birth who falls in love with a Prince of the Mori clan. This Prince is looked upon by the Lady Wistaria's honourable father with bitter and deadly hatred. While the love of the young people may be strong, and deep, and true, the Japanese girl must obey her father in all things; and so, when he orders her to learn from her lover, who masquerades under a false name, the movements of the Prince, she is obliged to turn traitor to her own lover. It would take too much space to tell the story of this novel: the troubles which befall the lovers; the wars which take place; the blood which is shed. The chief charm of the book is the romantic style of the author's writing, the descriptions of the Flowery Kingdom, and the love-making of the two warm-hearted creatures of that picturesque country.

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THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, December 1, 1902.

The month of November is not only a busy one from the standpoint of sales alone, but as well in the matter of preparation for the coming holiday trade. Stocks are completed and rearranged with a view of making the best display of the fine bindings, illustrated editions, popular fiction, juveniles, booklets, calendars and dainty editions which are sought for gift purposes. The present year finds the general bookstore complete in these respects, the output for the season having been larger than ever before and taxing the counters and shelves of the dealers to their utmost capacity.

Publications during the month just past have been exceedingly numerous. Fiction was very prominent with such leaders as *The Blue Flower,* by Henry Van Dyke, *Glengarry School Days,* by Ralph Connor, *Avery,* by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, *A Captured Santa Claus,* by Thomas Nelson Page, and *The Little White Bird,* by J. M. Barrie.

From the miscellaneous titles of the month it is comparatively easy to select a list of attractive and saleable works. *A History of the American People,* by Woodrow Wilson, in five volumes, has already proved very acceptable and is having an unusual popularity for so substantial a work. *Essays, Historical and Literary,* by John Fiske, is meeting with the customary success of this author's books. *A Doffed Coronet* seems likely to reach a similar popularity to that of its predecessor by the same author, *The Martyrdom of an Empress,* while others entitled to mention are *The Battle with the Slums,* by Jacob A. Riis, *Dogtown,* by Mabel Osgood Wright, *Memories of a Hundred Years,* by Edward Everett Hale, and *The Quest of Happiness,* by Newell Dwight Hillis.

Trade for the month past was undoubtedly good on the whole, although some reports of limited sales were made and fears were expressed as to the possibility of a sufficient demand to make profitable the publication of so large a number of new books as has been brought out during the present fall season. It is also a noticeable fact that the purchase of holiday books is confined more than ever to the two weeks immediately preceding Christmas, but notwithstanding there seems likely to be an exceptionally large demand and very good indications to warrant a prediction of a satisfactory closing of an unusually good year.

In looking over the following list of best selling books, it will be seen that *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* has taken the lead, where it bids fair to stay at least during December. *The Blue Flower* and *Glengarry School Days* are additions from the November publications:

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice Caldwell Hegan. $1.00.

The Virginian. By Owen Wister. $1.50.

The Two Vanrevels. By Booth Tarkington. $1.50.

The Blue Flower. By Henry Van Dyke. $1.50.

Glengarry School Days. By Ralph Connor. $1.25.

The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.

Hearts Courageous. By Hallie Erminie Rives. $1.50.

A Speckled Bird. By Augusta Evans Wilson. $1.50.

Castle Craneycrow. By George Barr McCutcheon. $1.50.

Confessions of a Wife. By Mary Adams. $1.50.

The Spenders. By Harry Leon Wilson. $1.50.

The Leopard's Spots. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. $1.50.

Captain Macklin. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.50.

The Mississippi Bubble. By Emerson Hough. $1.50.

Cecilia. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, December 1, 1902.

November business was as good, perhaps, as could be expected considering the somewhat unseasonable climatic conditions, which to some extent caused holiday buyers to forget the near approach of Christmas. While nothing has occurred to disturb the conditions that have pointed since the opening of autumn business to an extensive holiday trade, yet it is apparent that it will be later and even more congested than usual. Country trade is fairly good at the time of writing, but it is evident that holiday business is somewhat slow in opening up, as the orders that are received call mostly for current stock. The year's business so far has been remarkably good, and it only needs a lively holiday trade to complete one of the most successful years the trade has yet enjoyed.

The Virginian continues to sell rapidly and led sales last month. *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* was again well up in the list, and so was *The Two Vanrevels.* The most marked success of the month, however, was shared by *The Conquest,* by Mrs. Eva Emery Dye. *The Blue Flower,* by Henry Van Dyke, *Glengarry School Days,* by Ralph Connor, and *Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son,* by George Lorimer. *Hearts Courageous* made a big bound into popular favour, and *The Little White Bird,* by J. M. Barrie, met with much success. *Confessions of a Wife* is having an increasing demand, and *Cecilia,* by F. M. Crawford, also deserves mention.

Of the so-called heavy books of the season, Woodrow Wilson's *History of the American People* is attracting much attention and selling at a good rate. Fiske's *Essays, Historical and Literary* is going well, and bids fair to be popular during the holidays. Hale's *Memories*

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of One Hundred Years is also in good demand.

Holiday books proper are at the time of writing beginning to move freely. Among the more popular are *Wanted: A Chaperon,* by Paul L. Ford, *A Captured Santa Claus,* by Thomas N. Page, *The First Christmas,* by Lew Wallace, *Memories,* by Max Müller, *An Old Country House,* by R. Le Gallienne, *Under the Trees,* by H. W. Mabie, and *An Old Sweetheart of Mine,* by James Whitcomb Riley.

Gibson's new book, *A Social Ladder,* is equalling the popularity of his earlier works, and the new volume of Remington's Sketches is being called for frequently.

The Book of Joyous Children, by J. W. Riley, is leading in demand all the poetry published so far this year, and Carleton's new volume, *Songs of Two Centuries,* is going very well.

The best selling books during November were:

The Virginian. By Owen Wister. $1.50.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By A. C. Hegan. $1.00.

The Conquest. By Eva Emery Dye. $1.50.

The Two Vanrevels. By Booth Tarkington. $1.50.

The Blue Flower. By Henry Van Dyke. $1.50.

Glengarry School Days. By Ralph Connor. $1.25.

The Mississippi Bubble. By Emerson Hough. $1.50.

Captain Macklin. By R. H. Davis. $1.50.

The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.

Castle Craneycrow. By G. B. McCutcheon. $1.50.

Hearts Courageous. By Hallie Erminie Rives. $1.50.

Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. By G. Lorimer. $1.50.

Confessions of a Wife. By Mary Adams. $1.50.

A Speckled Bird. By Augusta Evans Wilson. $1.50.

The Leopard's Spots. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. $1.50.

The Spenders. By Harry Leon Wilson $1.50.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

With the first number of the new year we begin this department, the aim of which is to serve as a guide to the reader in the selection of books. To every book received, a brief notice will be given; but as these notices are to be explanatory rather than critical, they will in no way interfere with the regular reviewing departments of the magazine. Here something will be said of every book. Books of particular merit or interest will be reviewed at length elsewhere as well.

NEW YORK.

Abbey Press:

A Singular Metamorphosis. By May Evelyn Skiles.

A story of eighty-three pages, in which a mystery is intimated in the first chapter.

American Book Company.

Le Tour de la France. Par G. Bruno.

Mr. L. C. Syms has prepared this book for school use. In France the book has enjoyed the distinction of three hundred editions, and, according to its publishers, still retains its popularity.

Le Pays de France. Par Pierre Foncin.

This is edited for school use by Antoine Muzzarelli, Officer d'Académie. The book furnishes an epitome of the physiography, the history, the government, the people, and the arts, sciences, and literature of France.

Baker and Taylor Company:

Valid Objections to So-Called Christian Science. By Andrew F. Underhill.

The Reverend Dr. Underhill has made a careful investigation of Christian Science, so that he might understand fully the claims of the sect and be in sympathy with the point of view. He then prepared his present articles, which he first gave as lectures.

Barnes and Company:

Two on Their Travels. By Ethel Colquhoun.

In the opening chapter, the author confesses rather gleefully that she has a husband, and that it is he who accompanies her on her extensive travels which she describes in this book. There are many illustrations of types and places drawn by the author, who looks at things from an amusing point of view.

Bayou Triste. By Josephine Hamilton Nicholls.

A novel of Louisiana life after the war, in which the plantation servants play almost as important a part as their master's children. Miss Nicholls is the daughter of Chief Justice Nicholls, of the Louisiana Supreme Court.

Brentano's:

Journeys in Italy. By Théophile Gautier.

Daniel B. Vermilye has translated this book into English, and the publishers have embellished it with twenty-seven full-page photogravure illustrations.

Century Company:

The Memoirs of Paul Kruger. Told by Himself. Four Times President of the South African Republic.

This account of the life of the ex-president of the South African Republic is strictly autobiographical. Mr. Kruger dictated it in Dutch to his private secretary, Mr. H. C. Bredel, and Mr. Piet

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Grobler, former Under Secretary of the State of the Republic. These gentlemen handed their notes to Dr. A. Schowalter, who has edited the volume. The book is published simultaneously in many countries. A portrait of Mr. Kruger, as he is to-day, is used as a frontispiece.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe. By George Saintsbury. Volume II.

The second volume of this History covers the period from the Renaissance to the decline of Eighteenth Century Orthodoxy.

The Life and Letters of James Martineau. Two volumes. By James Drummond.

In addition to the biographical matter by Professor Drummond, Professor C. B. Upton, also of Manchester College, Oxford, has written a survey of the philosophical work of Martineau. The volumes contain a number of photographs of Martineau, the frontispiece in the second volume being particularly attractive. This is from the chalk drawing by Mrs. Basil Martineau, and bears the date 1899.

The House of the Combrays. By G. Le Notre. Translated from the French by Mrs. Joseph B. Gilder.

In this book the author tells of the Royalist intrigues of the Chouans in the early part of the Nineteenth century. In a lengthy preface Victorien Sardou vouches for the accuracy of the historical features of the story.

Every Day in the Year. A Poetical Epitome of the World's History. Edited by James L. Ford and Mary K. Ford.

The editors of this volume have made a collection of nearly eight hundred poems, arranged according to the days of the year, and intended to commemorate the great events in history. This "epitome" touches nearly all the "sensitive points in the story of civilisation, from the killing of Julius Cæsar, half a century before the birth of Christ, down to the sinking of the Maine and the battles of Santiago and Manila Bay." It should appeal strongly to teachers and lecturers, and to those who are called upon for recitations from time to time.

The Weather and Practical Methods of Forecasting It. By E. B. Dunn.

The author of this volume is known pretty generally as "Farmer" Dunn, who for many years was New York's local forecaster of the weather. As the weather has always been and probably always will be a general topic of conversation, perhaps this book may enable persons to say something new on the subject.

A Sherburne Quest. By Amanda M. Douglas.

A new Sherburne story. Honor Carew is the leading character in this story, and Edward Sherburne is the hero. Miss Douglas writes for the half grown-ups.

A History of Scotland. By Andrew Lang. Volume II.

This history is to appear in three volumes, two of which have now been published. The first chapter in Volume II. covers the period from the Cardinal's Death to the Regency of Mary of Guise, 1546-1554, and the last chapter (but one) the period from 1603-1610. A portrait of James VI. is used as a frontispiece.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Lane That Had No Turning. By Gilbert Parker.

The publishers have brought out a beautiful new edition of this story, which appeared first in 1899. The present edition is illustrated and decorated by Frank E. Schoonover.

Germany. By Wolf Von Schierbrand.

Mr. Von Schierbrand tells of the Emperor and his family, the court, the nobles, and the common people; he describes the political parties and conditions and sums up Germany's commercial, literary, and artistic development. The author of this book was for a long time a newspaper correspondent on the Continent.

Andrew Carnegie. By Barnard Alderson.

The publishers announce that in the preparation of this volume the author has had the assistance of people who know Mr. Carnegie best, and that it contains for the first time an adequate record of the beginnings of his career, as well as the working out of his ideals. The book is illustrated with portraits and views.

Shakspere and His Forerunners. By Sidney Lanier. Two volumes.

Mr. Lanier has given a suggestive survey of the beginnings of English poetry, and after an elaborate treatment of the sonnet writers from Surrey to Shakespeare, he takes up in detail the study of the man Shakespeare.

Fenno and Company:

The Open-Air Boy. By G. M. A. Hewett.

In his foreword, the author has a little talk to boys in which he says that a lot of boys are now only men in disguise, who aren't happy unless they have a gun and a pony, and he wants to show that there are lots of things to do without having guns and ponies.

The March of the White Guard. By Gilbert Parker.

This is an old story of Mr. Parker's

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which has been brought out in a new form. W. E. B. Starkweather has made the illustrations, which are reproduced in colour.

Master Adam, The Calabrian. By Alexandre Dumas.

Harry A. Spurr, the author of a "life" of Dumas recently published, is the translator of this story. He says in his preface that *Master Adam* is translated from an edition of Dumas, published in Brussels, and assuming to be a complete chronologically published edition of his writings. The edition in question bears the date 1840.

Funk and Wagnalls:

Raymund Lull. First Missionary to the Moslems. By Samuel M. Zwemer.

Dr. Zwemer has for twelve years been working with his associates of the Arabian Mission of the Reformed Church on the eastern coast of the Arabian peninsula and in the Turkish region northwest of the Persian Gulf. He is, therefore, well equipped to write a biography of Raymund Lull, whom he calls the greatest missionary who ever went out to the Moslem world.

Swords and Plowshares. By Ernest Crosby.

In a publishers' note we are told that this is a collection of poems and word pictures by the leading disciple of Tolstoy in America. "They are filled with the hatred of war and the love of nature which are characteristic of the author. As a Tolstoyan, the poet is a reformer, renouncing boldly, appealingly, caustically, and humorously; as a lover of nature he expresses with clear insight and in charming verse something of earth's message to man."

A Quiver of Arrows. By David James Burrell, D.D., LL.D.

These are "characteristic sermons" of Dr. Burrell's which he has delivered from time to time in the Marble Collegiate Church. They have been selected and epitomised by Thomas Douglas, Ph.D., and an introduction has been written by Wayland Hoyt, D.D., LL.D.

Ginn and Company:

Addresses on War. By Charles Sumner.

Mr. Edwin D. Mead has written an introduction to this volume, which was first copyrighted in 1871. The book contains the three great orations of Sumner: "The True Grandeur of Nations," "The War System of the Commonwealth of Nations," and "The Duel Between France and Germany."

Harper:

The Reflections of Ambrosine. By Elinor Glyn.

Miss Glyn will be remembered as the author of the *The Visits of Elizabeth,* and the admirers of that story will doubtless find an equal amount of enjoyment in the new book, which is well suited for light reading.

The Christmas Kalends of Provence. By Thomas Janvier.

Mr. Janvier tells of the Provençal festivals, and of the customs and manners of the people of Provence, where Christmas is celebrated with unusual jollity and reverence. There is also a chapter on "A Feast-Day on the Rhône," and another on "The Comédie Française at Orange."

Songs of Two Centuries. By Will Carleton.

A new book of poems by a popular poet. The poems were written in the last years of the nineteenth and the first years of the twentieth century. In his preface, Mr, Carleton says: 'If this book carries with it the spirit of the century not long past, and aids in some measure the aspirations of the one that is now upon us, its highest purpose will be accomplished."

The Adventures of M. d'Haricot. By J. Storer Clouston.

M. d'Haricot introduces himself as an "individual who with unsteady feet will tread the tight-rope, dance among the eggs, leap through the paper tambourine—in a word, play clown and hero to the melody of the castanets." In other words, this is a "funny" book, and not intended for the serious-minded. The publishers compare it to *Innocents Abroad.*

A Doffed Coronet. By the Author of *The Martyrdom of an Empress* and *The Tribulations of a Princess.*

This is a big book of nearly six hundred pages written in the first person. The story opens in Egypt during the period following the Arabi Pasha rebellion, and after giving glimpses of Cairo and the Khedival Court, the author and her husband come to this country, where they live in reduced circumstances, and where the author has a chance to write amusingly of the experiences which befall them.

On an Irish Jaunting-Car. Through Donegal and Connemara. By Samuel G. Bayne.

The author gives an amusing account of a journey which he takes from New York to Londonderry and thence through the Irish country on a jaunting-car. The book is illustrated from photographs.

An Old Country House. By Richard Le Gallienne.

A gift-book beautifully illustrated with paintings in tint and colour by Elizabeth Shippen Green. The story tells of the plans of two young people who are happily married and who fit up an old country house according to their own ideas.

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Holt and Company:

The Lightning Conductor. The Strange Adventures of a Motor-Car. Edited by C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

The "Lightning Conductor" is an English gentleman who allows himself to be engaged as a professional chauffeur by an American girl and her aunt who are travelling through Europe in an automobile. The story is told through correspondence.

Knickerbocker Press:

Some Rejected Verse. By William D. Washburn, Jr.

A book which contains ten poems, the first which is called "New England."

Lane:

Heroines of Poetry. By Constance Elizabeth Maud.

Under this heading, the author has written of Tennyson's "The Princess," Longfellow's "Minnehaha," Keats's "The Serpent Woman," Browning's "The Little Duchess," Mallory's "The Fair Maid of Astolat," and a number of others equally well known.

A Romance of the Nursery. By L. Allen Harker.

The author states in the opening chapter that this is not a story, but that it is a series of impressions. It is intended for children who have somewhat outgrown the nursery.

The Child Mind. By R. H. Bretherton.

In this book the author tells the story of a child, of what she really thinks and of how she suffers.

The Ingoldsby Legends, Or Mirth and Marvels. By Thomas Ingoldsby, Esquire.

A new edition of these legends, illustrated by Herbert Cole.

Lewis, Scribner and Company:

I Will Repay. By George Dyre Eldridge.

Mr. Eldridge has placed the setting of his novel in a little New England village, although the story does not belong to the New England school of fiction. It has a touch of the melodramatic about it, and the plot is sufficiently mysterious to hold the reader's attention.

Lizette. A story of the Latin Quarter. By Edward Marshall.

The Latin Quarter is always full of alluring and interesting possibilities, and Mr. Marshall, the war correspondent, has written an attractive book about it. C. D. Williams and J. C. Fireman have made the illustrations.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Jane Austen. Studies in Their Works. By Henry H. Bonnell.

In the chapters on Charlotte Brontë, Mr. Bonnell writes of her realism, her attitude toward nature, and her passion; on George Eliot, of her religion and philosophy, and her art; on Jane Austen, of her place and her wonderful charm.

Donna Diana. By Richard Bagot.

Mr. Bagot writes good novels, and this new one is doubtless as interesting as its predecessors. It is a modern story with the scenes laid in Rome.

The Thousand Eugenias. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick.

A collection of short stories by the author of *Cynthia's Way, The Grasshoppers* and *The Inner Shrine.*

Architecture, Industry and Wealth. Collected papers. By William Morris.

The majority of these papers were delivered as lectures, while others were published in the *Fortnightly Review* in 1888. The first collected edition was printed in July, 1902.

Macmillan:

How to Sing. By Lilli Lehman. Translated from the German by Richard Aldrich.

Lilli Lehmann needs no introduction. She says that the "true art of song has always been possessed and will always be possessed by such individuals as are dowered by nature with all that is needful for it—that is, healthy vocal organs, uninjured by vicious habits of speech; a good ear, a talent for singing, intelligence, industry, and energy."

Dogtown. By Mabel Osgood Wright.

The author describes "Dogtown" as being some chapters from the annals of the Waddles family, set down in the language of housepeople. The illustrations are portraits taken from life by the author. The book is dedicated to all those who love children and dogs.

Our Benevolent Feudalism. By W. J. Gent.

The preface explains that the germ of the book was contained in an article which the *Independent* published last April. That article awakened so much interest that the author elaborated and arranged it for book publication.

Samuel Richardson. By Austin Dobson.

This belongs to the series of English Men of Letters, in which have appeared *George Eliot, William Hazlitt, Matthew Arnold, John Ruskin,* and *Alfred Tennyson.* The book is divided into seven chapters, the last being devoted to a general estimate. "Richardson had," says Mr. Dobson, "all the traditional virtues of the 'Complete English Tradesman'; and had he died at fifty, would have deserved no better epitaph."

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John Greenleaf Whittier. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Professor Higginson's biography of Whittier belongs to the same series of English Men of Letters as does Austin Dobson's *Samuel Richardson,* mentioned above.

John Ermine of the Yellowstone. By Frederic Remington.

A new novel by Mr. Remington. John Ermine falls into the hands of the Crow Indians when a mere boy, and it is not until he is adopted by an old hermit miner that he is given a white man's name. His adventures as an army scout form a large part of the story. The book is illustrated by Mr. Remington.

The Loyalists in the American Revolution. By Claude Halstead Van Tyne.

A history of the Tory or Loyalist party in the American Revolution. In the preparation of this work the author admits that he was tempted to go over the usual ground of a history of the Revolution but he refrained, keeping rather strictly to the Loyalists themselves and the part that they played at that time.

Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties. By M. Ostrogorski. Translated from the French by Frederick Clarke. Two volumes.

In his preface to these volumes, the author says: "In this book I investigate the working of democratic government. But it is not institutions which are the object of my research. It is not on political forms, it is on political forces that I dwell." There is also a preface written by James Bryce.

English Pleasure Gardens. By Rose Standish Nichols.

The author has given at length the history of the garden. She describes classic pleasure gardens, monastic gardens, Tudor gardens, the garden of the Stuarts, Italian villa gardens, and others. The book is handsomely illustrated and contains much valuable historical matter.

Memories of a Hundred Years. By Edward Everett Hale. Two volumes.

Edward Everett Hale, now eighty years of age, writes in his preface: "I live in a large, old-fashioned house which is crowded from cellar to attic with letters and other manuscripts, with pamphlets, and with newspapers. Here are the diaries and correspondence of my own generation, of my father's and mother's, and of their fathers' and mother's." His own father was a great journalist, and loved to study history in the original documents. Many of these documents are reproduced in fac-simile. The volumes also contain photographs of the author and other illustrations.

Furniture of the Olden Times. By Frances Clary Morse.

Persons who are interested in the antique in furniture will be particularly pleased with this book. In her introduction, the author says that while there have always been a few who collected antique furniture, the general taste for collecting began with the interest kindled by the Centennial Exposition in 1876. The book contains many illustrations of the various kinds of furniture described in the text.

Sun-Dials and Roses of Yesterday. By Alice Morse Earl.

When *Old-Time Gardens* appeared last year, which contained a chapter on sun-dials, Mrs. Earl received many letters asking her about their history, past and present. For years Mrs. Earl has been collecting sun-dials and gathering information and material on the subject; it was, therefore, a comparatively easy matter for her to write about them. The publishers have brought out the book in an attractive manner.

The Virginians. By William Makepeace Thackeray. In three volumes.

These volumes belong to the Dent edition of Thackeray, of which Walter Jerrold is the editor and Charles E. Brock the illustrator. The first volume contains as a frontispiece a reproduction of Marochetti's bust of Thackeray which is in Westminster Abbey.

The Bears of Blue River. By Charles Major.

A new illustrated edition of Mr. Major's bear story.

The Satire of Seneca on the Apotheosis of Claudius. By Allan Perley Ball.

This belongs to the Columbia University series of studies in Classical Philology. In the preface the author writes: "Undertaken with a view to one of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Columbia University, this study of Seneca's Satire has grown somewhat unexpectedly."

McClure, Phillips and Company:

Thoroughbreds. By W. A. Fraser.

Lovers of thoroughbred horses and thoroughbred people will enjoy Mr. Fraser's new novel. The race track and the stall play an important part in this modern story, which is as exciting in parts as is the race track itself.

Astronomy for Everybody. By Simon Newcomb, LL.D.

Professor Newcomb describes this book as a popular exposition of the wonders of the heavens. The present volume grew out of articles contributed to *McClure's Magazine* a few years ago on the Unsolved Problems of Astronomy, Total Eclipses of the Sun, and other subjects. The interest shown in

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these articles has warranted the publishers in presenting this volume.

Fictional Rambles in and About Boston. By Frances Weston Carruth.

The articles which appear under this heading were originally published in THE BOOKMAN under the title *Boston in Fiction*. The book contains a number of illustrations taken from photographs in and about Boston, and the text which accompanies them will be of interest to the lovers of Boston and of the authors who have used that city in their fiction.

Forster's Life of Dickens.

George Gissing has abridged and revised this "Life," which "has its place among those biographies which limn once for all and transmit to posterity the image of a great man." The present volume is profusely illustrated with portraits and fac-similes.

The Death of Ivan Ilyitch, and Other Stories. By Leo Tolstoy.

This is a new translation from the Russian by Constance Garnett. The "other stories" are "Family Happiness," "Polikusha," "Two Hussars," "The Snowstorm," and "Three Deaths."

Mutual Aid. A Factor of Evolution. By P. Kropotkin.

The different chapters in this book were published first in the *Nineteenth Century*, 1890-1896. In bringing them out in book form it was the author's original intention to embody in an Appendix the mass of materials which had to be omitted in the review articles. It appeared, however, that the Appendix would double the size of the book, and he was obliged to postpone its publication.

Golden Numbers. A Book of Verse for Youth. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith.

Kate Douglas Wiggin has written an introduction to this book which she has entitled "On the Reading of Poetry." The poems are classified under the following headings: "A Chanted Calendar," "The World Beautiful," "Green Things Growing," "On the Wing," "The Inglenook," "Fairy Songs and Songs of Fancy," "Sports and Pastimes," "A Garden of Girls," "The World of Waters," "For Home and Country," "New World and Old Glory," "In Merry Mood," "Story Poems," "When Banners are Waving," "Tales of the Olden Time," "Life Lessons," and "The Glad Evangel."

Messenger Press:

A Martyr of the Mohawk Valley, and Other Poems. By F. J. Coleman.

The martyr in question was Father Isaac Jogues, S.J., the martyr missionary of the Mohawks, slain October 18th, 1646, at the Indian Castle of Ossernenon, now Auriesville, on the Mohawk.

Ogilvie Publishing Company:

The Left-Side Man. By Margaret Blake Robinson,

Miss Robinson wrote a book a few years ago called *Souls in Pawn*. It was a mixture of sentimentality and religion, and she does not seem to have changed much since those days. The former story was laid in New York, while the present one has most of its scenes laid in Ireland.

Outlook Company:

From Grieg to Brahms. By Daniel Gregory Mason.

Besides Grieg and Brahms, Mr. Mason has written biographical essays on Antonin Dvorák, Camille Saint-Saëns, César, Franck, and Peter Ilyitch Tschaïokow. The book opens with a chapter on the appreciation of music, and closes with a chapter on the meaning of music. The book is illustrated.

The Ascent of the Soul. By Amory H. Bradford, D.D.

The Rev. Dr. Bradford has written a study of the soul, which he says inspires optimism. "It is hard to believe," he says, "that it could have been intended first for perfection and then for extinction. It is equally difficult to believe that any soul will, in the end, be 'cast as rubbish to the void.'"

Religious Life in America. By Ernest Hamlin Abbott.

This book is not a study in methods of church activity, nor is it a record of scientific investigation, but simply a record of the author's personal observations of religious life in America. For this purpose the *Outlook* requested him to take a journey through certain parts of the United States, which he did in the year 1901.

Pott and Company:

The Inner and Middle Temple. By Hugh H. L. Bellot.

Professor Bellot, of Trinity College, Oxford, gives in this volume a sketch of the early history of the Temple buildings in the Inner Temple. The book contains ninety illustrations.

The Old Bailey and Newgate. By Charles Gordon.

Mr. Gordon gives the history of this famous old prison from the earliest known date to its destruction. The volume is a large one and it contains many illustrations.

Putnam:

Tolstoy as Man and Artist. By Dmitri Merejkowski.

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This is said to be the first complete study of Tolstoy from the pen of a fellow-countryman. The author analyses the various traits of the great Russian, and compares his life and work with Dostoievski, whose birth, circumstances, and ideals were nearly antithetic to those of Tolstoy.

Rhode Island. Its Making and its Meaning. By Irving Berdine Richman. Two volumes.

Mr. Richman has given a survey of the annals of this commonwealth from its settlement to the death of Roger Williams, 1636-1683. He tells how, step by step, democracy became established. James Bryce has written the Introduction.

The Deeps of Deliverance. By Frederik Van Eeden.

Margaret Robinson has translated this story from the Dutch, and Will H. Dircks has written an introduction. The author gives the life-history of Hedwig Marga de Fontayne, the story of her inner self, and as such it should be of more than passing interest. The author is careful to distinguish Hedwig from the species once known as the "new woman." "Hedwig is a little hedonist, it is true, but one always bent on discovering the secret of that rarer happiness 'which can be examined without disappearing.'"

The Lost Art of Reading. By Gerald Stanley Lee.

In his second chapter, called "Dust," Mr. Lee says: "The faults of our prevailing habits of reading are the faults of our lives. Any criticism of our habit of reading books to-day, which actually or even apparently confines itself to the point, is unsatisfactory. To sketch a scheme of defence for the modern brain from the kindergarten stage to Commencement day, is merely a way of bringing the subject of education up, and dropping it where it begins." The book is divided into four parts, and contains a number of essays with a strange variety of headings.

La Grande Mademoiselle. 1627-1652. By Arvede Barine. Authorised English version by Helen E. Meyer.

"The limited but intimately detailed and somewhat sentimental history of Mademoiselle," says the Preface, "is the history of France when Louis XIII. was old, and when young Louis—Louis XIV. —was a minor, living the happiest years of his life." This history depicts the first part of Mademoiselle's life, when the author considers that she was as true a type of the heroines of Corneille as any of her contemporaries.

Ethics Civil and Political. By David Allyn Gorton, M.D.

The author has written a series of discourses on living, fundamental problems of the day, which he intends as a prophecy and a warning. Some of these discourses originally appeared in the *National Quarterly Review* and the *American Journal of Civics*, but they have been revised for book publication.

The Hudson River. By Edgar Mayhew Bacon.

The Hudson River is rich in legends and historic associations, and Mr. Bacon tells the story of it in an instructive and readable manner. The volume contains one hundred illustrations, some of which are reproductions of old prints which are now published in book form for the first time. The preface says: "In commencing the story with the arrival of Henry Hudson, the claims of Verrazani and other early navigators have been ignored not because history disowns them, but for the reason that the record of the river, so far as it is clearly written, commences with the *Half Moon* and the first Dutch settlers.

The Romance of the Colorado River. By Frederic S. Dellenbaugh.

An illustrated volume, giving the story of the discovery of this river in 1540, with an account of the later explorations, and with special reference to the voyages of Powell through the line of the great canyons. The author is a member of the United States Colorado River Expedition of 1871-72.

Revell Company:

Glengarry School Days. By Ralph Connor.

Ralph Connor's books have a large sale, and his name is a popular one with those who like healthy out-of-door stories. The Glengarry woods are in Eastern Ontario, a little strip of land which was not well known until Mr. Connor began to write of it in *The Man from Glengarry*. The publishers announce that the first edition of the present book is fifty thousand copies.

Russell:

Signora. A Child of the Opera House. By Gustav Kobbé.

The story of a little girl who crept into the hearts of some of the singers of grand opera. The veteran music critic, Mr. Kobbé, has written an interesting story and he also gives considerable information as to what goes on behind the scenes. The book is illustrated.

Done in the Open. Drawings by Frederic Remington.

Mr. Owen Wister has written the introduction to this book as well as the verses which accompany the illustrations. "Remington is not merely an artist," says Mr. Wister, "he is a national treasure. And if ever it should occur to the not always discerning minds of academic institutions that Remington should be crowned at their hands, I

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should like to hear him receive his degree in these words: 'Frederic Remington, Draughtsman, Historian, Poet.'"

The Social Ladder. Drawings by Charles Dana Gibson.

The seventh book in the regular series of Mr. Gibson's published drawings. Each one of these books contains eighty-four of these drawings. *The Social Ladder,* like its predecessors, is an attractive "show" book.

Mr. Sun and Mrs. Moon. By Richard Le Gallienne.

Here Mr. Le Gallienne may be seen in a new light. Many beautiful illustrations accompany his verses, which, it is perhaps needless to say, are much better than the verses usually found in books for children.

Iris. By Arthur W. Pinero.

This belongs to the series of "Plays in Book Form" which Mr. Russell brings out from time to time. The volume contains photographs of Virginia Harned as Iris and scenes from the play, which is at present being acted in New York.

Observations by Mr. Dooley. By F. P. Dunne.

Being by Mr. Dooley, it speaks for itself.

Ah, What Riddles These Women Be! By William Young.

This is a new edition of Mr. Young's poem, which was first copyrighted in 1900.

Old Plantation Days. By Martha S. Gielow.

In writing the dialect of "Old Plantation Days," the author has endeavoured to make the spelling as simple as possible, so that it may be read more easily by those unacquainted with the "Mamy" tongue. Mrs. Gielow has had the fullest knowledge of negro life in the South, and is very well known as a dialect-reader. The tales in this volume were taken from the lips of an old black "Mammy."

Plantation Bird Legends. By Martha Young.

In this book the author, Eli Sheppard, has written a companion volume to *Plantation Songs,* which Mrs. J. M. Conde has illustrated. These "bird legends" as interpreted by the daughter of a voodo woman are said to mark a new phase of negro folk-lore.

Where the Wind Blows. By Katharine Pyle.

A Christmas book containing ten fairy tales from ten nations, retold by Katharine Pyle, illustrated and embellished by Bertha Corson Day.

Ad Astra.

Being selections from the *Divine Comedy* of Dante. With illustrations by Margaret and Helen Maitland Armstrong. Fifty poems have been selected, and each poem is beautifully illustrated.

Scribner's Sons:

The Works of F. Hopkinson Smith. Volumes VII., VIII. and IX.

Mr. Smith's publishers are bringing out an attractive uniform edition of his works. The present volumes are *The Fortunes of Oliver Horn,* in two volumes, illustrated by Walter Appleton Clark, and *The Other Fellow and Tile Club Stories,* with illustrations in colour by Howard Chandler Christy, Edwin B. Child, and E. A. Abbey.

John Gayther's Garden and the Stories Told Therein. By Frank R. Stockton.

This posthumous volume has been awaited with interest by the many readers of the late Mr. Stockton's books. There are eleven different stories about John Gayther's garden, which, by the way, did not belong to him; he merely had charge of it. Some of these stories are told by John Gayther himself, and some of them are told by the master and mistress of the house, the daughter of the house, or the next-door neighbour.

Vive L'Empereur. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews.

A novel of about the length of *Monsieur Beaucaire,* telling of the days that followed the death of Napoleon, when Louis XVIII. reigned, and when the child of Napoleon, the King of Rome, was a prisoner in an Austrian castle. The book is illustrated by F. C. Yohn.

A Literary History of Persia. By Edward G. Browne.

Covers the period from the earliest times until Firdausi. The author, in his Preface, says that the book is intended principally for "that small but growing body of amateurs who, having learned to love the Persian poets in translation, and who desire to know more of the language, literature, history and thought of one of the most ancient, gifted and original peoples in the world."

A Nonsense Anthology. Collected by Carolyn Wells.

In this collection Miss Wells has included many well-known names, such as Lewis Carroll, James Whitcomb Riley, Swinburne, Bret Harte, Thackeray, Ben Jonson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Peter Newell, Stevenson, Tennyson, Eugene Field and others. The book is dedicated to Gelett Burgess, "a nonsense lover."

Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada. By Clarence King.

The first edition of this book appeared in 1871, and has long been out of print. We understand that the publication was discontinued owing to the desire of the

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author to make certain emendations in the text, and the present edition is published with a view of renewing the accessibility of "a genuine classic of American literature."

Unknown Mexico. By Carl Lumholtz. Two volumes.

In these two large volumes may be found a record of five years' exploration among the tribes of the Western Sierra Madre; in the Tierra Caliente of Tepic and Jalisco; and among the Tarascos of Michoacan. The author is a member of the Society of Sciences of Norway, an Associé Étranger de la Société de l'Anthropologie de Paris. The work is dedicated to Morris K. Jesup, the president of the American Museum of Natural History of New York.

Italian Cities. By E. H. Blashfield and E. W. Blashfield. Two volumes.

The publishers have brought out a new edition of this work with forty-eight illustrations. These volumes are most artistic in matter and make-up.

New York Sketches. By Jesse Lynch Williams.

A book which lovers of New York will be glad to add to their collection. From the Battery to the Bronx Mr. Williams takes the reader, describing in an agreeable manner the various points of interest, and touching here and there upon the types that one meets. The book is divided into four parts: "The Water Front," "The Walk Up-Town," "The Cross Streets," and "Rural New York City," and is attractively illustrated.

Sir Walter Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. Edited by T. F. Henderson. Four volumes.

These volumes contain historical and romantic ballads collected in the southern counties of Scotland, with a few of modern date, founded upon local tradition. Mr. Henderson has written quite a lengthy prefatory note to the first volume, which also contains a hitherto unpublished portrait of Sir Walter Scott, reproduced from the original by Sir William Allan.

Man's Place in the Cosmos, and Other Essays. By A. Seth Pringle-Pattison, LL.D.

The author, who is Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, has not attempted to give a systematic discussion of "man's place in the cosmos," as that would involve the whole range of science and of metaphysics. He has used his title of the first paper as the title for the book, as the essays all treat of the same theme, man's relation to the forces of nature and to the absolute ground of things.

Climbing on the Himalayas and Other Mountain Ranges. By J. Norman Collie, F.R.S.

A book of travels, four chapters of which have appeared before in the pages of the "Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal." The volume contains many illustrations and maps.

Memories of Vailima. By Isobel Strong and Lloyd Osbourne.

Stevenson lovers will appreciate these recollections of his step-children. Mrs. Strong has contributed chapters on "Vailima Table-Talk," "Pola" and "Samoan Songs," while Mr. Osbourne has written of Stevenson's home life at Vailima. The volume also contains some verses written by Stevenson in 1872.

Three Years' War. By Christian Rudolf de Wet.

A history of the Boer War, from a personal point of view. The author, in his Preface, says that he has tried to give to the world a story which, although it does not contain the whole of the truth as regards this wondrous war, yet contains nothing but the truth.

Silver, Burdett and Company.

An Elementary German Reader. By Frederick Lutz, A.M.

A comprehensive year's work in reading for German classes is provided in this book. The book contains a wide variety of texts, and the fairy tales that are always favourites, notably the Grimm and Andersen stories, are well represented.

Stokes Company:

Penruddock of the White Lambs. A Tale of Holland, England and America. By Samuel Harden Church.

Fifty-one historical characters. Three hundred pages.

Wessels Company:

The Legends of the Iroquois. B. W. W. Canfield.

A book for lovers of Indian folk-lore and Indian legends. The author asks the reader to "remember that these stories were told in the homes of the red men many centuries ago, long before they learned from the whites the cruel, heartless, treacherous and vindictive characteristics that unfair history has fastened upon them as natural and inherent traits."

Russell Ryder. By David Bruce Conklin.

Mr. Conklin has written a novel with a rustic setting, and many of the characters employ a dialect befitting their surroundings.

BOSTON.

Badger:

The Dancers. By Edith M. Thomas.

A book of verse by a writer who is a

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well-known contributor to the various magazines.

Botolph Book Company:

The Lighted Taper. By M. Oakman Patton.

A novel which tells the story of a young man who left the ministry for the love of a good woman.

Ditson Company:

Forty Piano Compositions. Frédéric Chopin. Edited by James Huneker.

Fifty Mastersongs by Twenty Composers. Edited by Henry T. Finck.

The above are the initial volumes of The Musicians' Library. This series has been planned to include all the masterpieces of son and piano music, to be edited by living men of authority, and each volume will contain a portrait of the composer represented.

Forbes and Company:

Pickett's Charge, and Other Poems. By Fred Emerson Brooks.

There are over seventy poems in this collection, most of them being written in a light vein. Mr. Brooks has dedicated the book to Mr. Frank Seaman.

Love Sonnets of an Office Boy. By Samuel Ellsworth Kiser.

Just about what the title indicates, and the illustrations are in keeping with the text.

In Merry Mood. By Nixon Waterman.

A book of "cheerful rhymes." Instead of a preface, Mr. Waterman has written an open letter in which he expresses his thanks to the many editors who have requested him to send manuscripts to them. He is unable to avail himself of these offers, however, as he "shall be occupied for several months in preparing manuscripts already promised." Some of the verses in this book have appeared in the *Hayville Watch and Tower, The Mush and Milk Quarterly, The Hide and Tallow Investigator,* and other periodicals bearing similar titles.

Goodspeed:

Thoreau. The Poet Naturalist. With Memorial Verses by William Ellery Channing.

The present volume is a new and enlarged edition, edited by Frank B. Sanborn. The original edition appeared in 1873, and has long since been out of print. Since the death of Mr. Channing, Mr. Sanborn, his literary executor, has prepared the edition which is now before us.

Griffith-Stillings Press:

Naval Actions and History. 1799-1898. Volume XII.

These are the papers of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts. In this volume there are chapters on the Old Navy, the Home Squadron in the Winter of 1860-61, the story of the *Monitor,* and kindred subjects. The last chapter describes the battle of Manila Bay, and is written by Captain Asa Walker, U. S. N.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

A Study of Prose Fiction. By Bliss Perry.

Mr. Perry, the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* has dedicated this book to "The Princeton Men Who Used to Listen Amiably to these Discourses." Mr. Perry has made no attempt to trace the history of the English novel, as that task he considers has been adequately performed by some excellent handbooks, and he has not made any references to "the novel of the year."

Masterpieces of Greek Literature.

According to the title page, John Henry Wright, Professor of Greek in Harvard University, is the supervising editor of this work. The biographical notes were written by Miss Clara Hitchcock Seymour, of Bryn Mawr, and Professor Wright states that his share in the work does not extend further than the Introduction.

The Book of Nature Myths. By Florence Holbrook.

This book is intended as sort of a second reader and is adapted to a child's ability and progress. The author is principal of Forestville School, Chicago.

A Primer of Right and Wrong. By J. N. Larned.

This book is intended for young people in schools and families, and Mr. Larned has written a plain, commonsense presentment of the basic and permanent elements of good morals. There are chapters on "Self-Control and the Formation of Habit." "Right and Wrong in Business," "Integrity — Honour — Honesty," and other kindred subjects.

Miss Muffet's Christmas Party. By Samuel McChord Crothers.

Among the guests at Miss Muffet's party are many of the children's favourites: "Alice and her Friends from Wonderland," "Sindbad the Sailor" and the "Forty Thieves," "Mowgli and Bagheera," "Rollo," "Uncle Remus," and Hans Christian Andersen's heroes. They come from all the ends of "No Man's Land," in coaches, on horseback, or afoot. Miss Olive M. Long has illustrated the story.

Roger Wolcott. By William Lawrence.

Bishop Lawrence has written a biography of the late Governor of Massachusetts which has sprung out of a life-long friendship. The book describes the successive steps in the career of Mr. Wolcott, his boyhood, his college days, his

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early entrance into public life, his service as Lieutenant-Governor and Governor, his great activity during the Spanish War, and the closing years of his life.

Knight and Millet:

Reminiscences. Musical and Other. By Fanny Reed.

These reminiscences include chapters on Lizst, Paul Deschanel, Munkaczy, Madeleine Lemaire, Coquelin, Massenet, Paderewski, and others. The book is illustrated with photographs, and it is dedicated to Mrs. Arthur Paget.

French Cathedrals and Chateaux. By Clara Crawford Perkins. Two volumes.

The introduction explains that the volumes represent substantially a series of lectures prepared to give, in a simple and condensed form, the development of architectural styles in France, and a history of her great monuments. There are many attractive illustrations.

Lee and Shepard:

Sisters of Reparatrice. By Lucia Gray Swett.

Under this title there are collected a number of poems. One called "The Old Brocade," refers to a dress worn at a ball given in honour of General Washington by the author's great-grandmother. Miss Swett is descended from an old Boston family on her father's side.

The Young Volcano Explorers. By Edward Stratemeyer.

Mr. Stratemeyer is one of the best known writers for boys. This story belongs to the Pan-American Series, and is a tale of American boys in the West Indies.

Sanborn and Company:

Atlas of the Geography and History of the Ancient World. By John King Lord, Ph.D.

Professor Lord, of Dartmouth College, has edited and arranged this Atlas from the latest sources.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Advance Publishing Company:

The Reformer. By Charles M. Sheldon.

Mr. Sheldon will be remembered as the author of *In His Steps*, which had a certain amount of sensational success. The publishers announce that *The Reformer* exposes evils undreamed of by many, and that the author's "soul has been fired" by what he has seen under the shadows of a great city.

Jamieson-Higgins Company:

A Round Robin. Stories for Children.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Alfred Henry Lewis, Kate Upson Clark, Garrett Newkirk and Peter Dunne are among the contributors to this collection of stories.

2002. Book by Laura Dayton Fessenden. Pictures by S. J. Campbell.

A rather remarkable title for a child's book. The author with the help of many amusing illustrations tells the story of child-life one hundred years from now.

Moon Children. Book by Laura Dayton Fessenden. Pictures by S. J. Campbell.

The very little ones will enjoy *Moon Children*. The ilustrations are in colour and of the kind to please their fancy, and the verses of the nursery rhyme order.

Poems you Ought to Know. Selected by Elia W. Peattie.

These poems have been appearing each morning for several months in the *Chicago Tribune*. They have been chosen with great care, and the collection has been compiled not by one but by many thousands. The publishers announce that the book appears at the widespread and almost universal request of those who have watched the bold and unique experiment of a twentieth century American newspaper giving the place of honour in its columns every day to a selection from the poets.

McClurg and Company:

The Conquest. The True Story of Lewis and Clark. By Eva Emery Dye.

The publishers announce this novel as "The Epic of the West." Mrs. Dye, in a foreword, says: "The characters in this book belong to the history of our country; heroes of the darkest days of the Revolution, heralds of the brightest days of Independence."

Rand, McNally and Company:

Twentieth Century Manual, of Railway and Commercial Telegraphy. By Frederic L. Meyer.

The author has had fourteen years' experience on some of the fastest wires of the United States, Canada and Mexico, and what he has to say of telegraphy will be of service to the persons interested in that subject.

Stone and Company:

Noll and the Fairies. By Hervey White. Illustrated by Elizabeth Krysher.

As one may imagine from the title-page, this is a story for children, told in a leisurely manner. The illustrations are few and far between, and the book is small and convenient to handle.

University of Chicago Press:

The Life and Repentance of Marie Magdalene. By Lewis Wagner.

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This is a reprint of the original edition (1566-67) of a morality play to which Professor Frederic Ives Carpenter has written an Introduction, some notes and a glossorial index. It belongs to the University of Chicago decennial publications.

PHILADELPHIA.

Biddle:

Mythological Japan. By Alexander F. Otto and Theodore S. Holbrook.

This work has been issued in an edition de luxe, with a raw Shikii silk binding, in a case of Japan crepe. The authors have for a long time been identified with the firm of A. A. Vantine and Company, and in that position they have had exceptional opportunities to study the masterpieces of Japan. The illustrations have been especially drawn by some of Japan's well-known artists. It is said that the originals of these illustrations were in preparation for three years. The sub-title of the book is "The Symbolisms of Mythology in Relation to Japanese Art."

Coates and Company:

Mollie and the Unwiseman. By John Kendrick Bangs.

The publishers think that this book for young people will inevitably suggest *Alice in Wonderland,* and if this is so there is nothing more to be said.

Four Little Indians; or, How Carroll "Got Even." By Ella Mary Coates.

This is not a story about real Indians, but a tale of the doings of a family of frolicsome children who "make believe" they are Indians.

Jacobs and Company:

Joe's Place. By John Rosslyn.

An illustrated book of verse, which the author calls "a life story."

Spain and Her People. By Jeremiah Zimmerman, LL.D.

The author claims not to have sought to "write up" Spain nor to write her down, but to have written the impressions of an appreciative observer of the country and its people. The volume is an illustrated one.

Lippincott Company:

The Cathedrals of Great Britain. Their History and Architecture. By P. H. Ditchfield.

This volume, which is profusely illustrated, gives an architectural description of all the cathedral churches in England, Wales and Scotland, together with a brief history of each see.

The Last Buccaneer. By L. Cope Cornford.

This story should appeal more especially to the boys who like to read of adventures and mutinies upon the high seas. The period of this tale is in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Love and Louisa. By E. Maria Albanesi (Effie Adelaide Rowlands).

Miss Rowlands is the author of quite a number of novels which might be called "pretty stories." The present book is said to be the best one that she has written. At any rate, it is a pleasing love-story, told in a readable manner.

Historic Houses of New Jersey. By W. Jay Mills.

This is an important contribution to the history of New Jersey. Among the subjects touched upon are the Astor Villa, where John Jacob Astor first entertained the literati of the country; the White House, Jersey City, where Aaron Burr is supposed to have arranged his memoirs; Morven, Princeton, where the first President of the United States and nearly all of his successors have dined. The book is illustrated with photogravures from drawings by John Rae, and from photographs and rare prints.

The Book of Beauty. (Era King Edward VII.) Edited and arranged by Mrs. F. Harcourt Williamson.

Under this heading there may be found a collection of beautiful portraits, with literary, artistic and musical contributions by men and women of the day. This is an edition de luxe, limited to one hundred and fifty copies, and persons who admire the beautiful in bookmaking will appreciate and value this volume.

Pintoricchio. (Bernardino di Betto of Perugia.) His Life, Work and Time. By Corrado Ricci. From the Italian by Florence Simmonds.

This is an elaborate book, profusely illustrated with photogravures and colour plates. Pintorrichio was the *protégé* of successive popes during the Italian Renaissance, and the disciple of Perugino. "Pintoricchio," said Morelli, "is to my mind less conscious, more fresh and racy than Perugino, and does not so often fatigue us by monotony and that conventional sweetness which, especially in the productions of his last twenty years, make Pietro positively wearisome."

The True History of the American Revolution. By Sydney George Fisher. Hits at generally accepted ideas.

Mr. Fisher will be remembered as the author of *The True Benjamin Franklin* and several other books of an historical nature. The present volume is illustrated with photographs and maps, and in the author's Preface he says: "We can have faith in very few of the Revolutionary portraits as likenesses; and the handsome clothes or magnificent uniforms in which it was easy enough

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to paint patriot officers, and the modern illustrator's efforts to produce elegance or quaintness, are altogether inconsistent with the agitation, ragged poverty, suffering and apparent hopelessness which marked one of the remarkable political outbursts of history."

Social Life in the Early Republic. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton.

Richly illustrated with numerous reproductions of portraits, miniatures and residences. The writer has preserved for the generations to come a picture of the social life of Washington in the early days of the Republic. She has considered it advisable to do this while "men and women are living who describe Webster, Clay and Jackson as they appeared to them, or recall the quaint figures of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and Mrs. Madison in old age, or the younger faces of Cora Livingston, Adèle Cutts, Mrs. Gardiner G. Howland and Madame de Potestad."

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Pitman:

Sir Isaac Pitman. His Life and Labours. Told and illustrated by Benn Pitman.

Sir Isaac Pitman was but sixteen years of age when the idea of originating a system of shorthand came to him, and it was in 1842 that phonography first became recognised is Great Britain as an important factor in education and progress.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Clark Company:

Historic Highways of America. Volume II. Indian Thoroughfares. By Archer Butler Hulbert.

Mr. Hulbert, in his Preface, says: "This monograph purposes to show the routes of the more important Indian thoroughfares of America, to suggest the importance of study of them, to prove that the courses can be identified and followed to-day, and to induce readers whom this subject may attract to do some work along these lines."

EVANSTON, ILL.

Lord:

Odes of Anacreon. Translated by S. C. Irving.

In an introductory note the translator says: "According to the letter, these Odes are old; in spirit they are distinctly fresh and modern. Their very human qualities have saved them from oblivion; their weakness proved their strength, and gave them grace to live long after many things more substantial perished in the minds and memories of men."

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Bowen-Merrill Company:

Among the Trees Again. By Evaleen Stein.

This is a little book of poems, dainty to look upon, while the poems themselves appeal to one's fancy. Miss Stein is one of the Indiana poets, and this is her second book.

The Life and Adventures of Santa Claus. By L. Frank Baum.

A capital idea. The book is illustrated by Mary Cowles Clark, and it is in every way suitable for a Christmas present.

The Master of Appleby. By Francis Lynde.

On the title page the author explains that this is a "novel tale concerning itself in part with the great struggle in the two Carolinas, but chiefly with the adventures therein of two gentlemen who loved one and the same lady." It therefore should be classed as an historical romance.

LEBANON, OHIO.

March Brothers:

Guide Right: Ethics for Young People. By Emma L. Ballou.

The author of this little volume is principal of the primary department of a public school in Jersey City.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Company:

A Christmas Posy. By Lady Lindsay.

Under this title may be found carols, songs and other verses suitable for this season of the year. Lady Lindsay is also the author of a number of other books of verse.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Sheltman and Company:

Under the Sun; or, The Passing of the Incas. By Charles W. Buck.

The author of this novel of Old Peru was at one time United States Minister to that country. The story is given in the form of a translation of an old manuscript which is supposed to have been written by the heroine, who was the favourite child of the great Huayna Capac, the last of the real Incas.

Morton and Company:

A Voice on the Wind, and other Poems. By Madison Cawein.

Mr. Cawein is a frequent contributor to many of the well-known magazines, and admirers of his poems will be pleased to find them published in book form. The little volume is inscribed to Edmond Gosse, "as a slight token of appreciation and esteem."

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Iron Trail Publishing Company:

Switch Lights. By Ed. E. Sheasgreen.

All that can be said about this book is that it contains a number of verses, and perhaps the following quotation speaks for itself:

"Of things I speak or things I write,
I care not what you say,
Just so my torch will help to light
Some brother on his way."

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

Acme Publishing Company:

West Virginia Lyrics. By John G. Gittings.

This is a very small book of verse, a copy of which the author has kindly sent to the editors of THE BOOKMAN with his compliments.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Elder and Shepard:

The Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom for 1903. By Oliver Herford, Ethel Watts Mumford and Addison Mizner.

A little book of twisted proverbs brought out in the form of a calendar. Some of these proverbs are: "Many are called but few get up," "People who love in glass houses should pull down the blinds," "A church fair exchange is robbery," and others of a similar nature for each month in the year.

The Standard Upheld, and Other Verses. By Morgan Shepard.

A small book of verse, of which this is number forty-three.

His Calculations. Baby Roland. By George Hansen.

A little book of photographs of a child who is learning to walk, to climb and to fall. This is number five in a series called "Baby Roland Booklets."

Robertson:

Beyond the Requiem, and Other Verses. By Louis Alexander Robertson.

Mr. Robertson is also the author of *The Dead Calypso,* another book of verse. The present volume contains a frontispiece which is a reproduction of a bust of the author.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Bardeen:

My First Year's Work. An actual experience.

Fifty Years a Teacher. By Barney Whitney.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Government Printing Office:

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution.

This volume shows the operations, expenditures, and condition of the institution for the year ending June 30, 1901.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as so'd between November 1 and December 1, 1902.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Lover's Progress. Anon. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Shadow of Purple. Gilbert. (Fenno.) $1.50.
4. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. Tom Moore. Sayre. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. The Splendid Idle Forties. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Cecilia. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Intrusions of Peggy. Hope. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Gabriel Tolliver. Harris. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
4. The Confessions of a Wife. Adams. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Up from Georgia. Stanton. (Appleton.) $1.20.
6. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Just-So Stories. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
4. Danny. Oliphant. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Cecilia. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Danny. Oliphant. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

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3. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Essays, Historical and Literary. 2 vols. Fiske. (Macmillan.) $4.00.
5. The Intrusions of Peggy. Hope. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Fictional Rambles in and Around Boston. Carruth. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $2.00.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Intrusions of Peggy. Hope (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Maid-at-Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Thoroughbreds. Fraser. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Life of Roger Wolcott. Lawrence. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.00 net.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Romance of an Old Fool. Field. (Lord.) $1.25.
3. Donovan Pasha. Parker. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Barge. Jacobs. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Intrusions of Peggy. Hope. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Cecilia. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. The Loom of Life. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Last Word. MacGowan. (Page.) $1.50.
5. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.
6. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Maid-at-Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Cecilia. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
3. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Francezka. Seawell. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Book of Joyous Children. Riley. (Scribner.) $1.20.
4. Edges. Woods. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Donovan Pasha. Parker. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Right Princess. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.

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2. The Confessions of a Wife. Adams. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Vultures. Merriman. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Emmy Lou. Martin. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
2. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Book of Joyous Children. Riley. (Scribner.) $1.20.
4. Emmy Lou. Martin. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Last Word. MacGowan. (Page.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Last Word. MacGowan. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Wooing of Judith. Kennedy. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. A Speckled Bird. Wilson. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
2. Just-So Stories. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.20.
3. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Confessions of a Wife. Adams. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Flower o' the Cawn. Crockett. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.25.
6. The Scott Country. Crockett. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
2. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Intrusions of Peggy. Hope. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Bayou Triste. Nicholls. (Barnes.) $1.50.
2. Napoleon Jackson. Stuart. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Gabriel Tollivar. Harris. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Confessions of a Wife. Adams. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Cecilia. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Confessions of a Wife. Adams. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Abner Daniel. Harben. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Temporal Power. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. My Life in Many States. Train. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Last Word. McGowan. (Page.) $1.50.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. In the Morning Glow. Gilson. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Moth and Rust. Cholmondeley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Barbara Ladd. Roberts. (Page.) $1.50.
6. The Maid-at-Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Confessions of a Wife. Adams. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
5. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Cecilia. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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3. The Lady of the Barge. Jacobs. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Franceczka. Seawell. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The King's Agent. Patterson. (Appleton.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
3. Pleasures of the Table. Ellwanger. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $2.50.
4. Summer Snowflakes. Ellwanger. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $2.00.
5. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Confessions of a Wife. Adams. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
3. Beyond the Requiem. Robertson. (Robertson.) $1.00 net.
4. The Philosophy of Despair. Jordan. (Elder & Shepard.) 75 cents net.
5. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $1.50 net.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
2. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Maid-at-Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Vultures. Merriman. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Intrusions of Peggy. Hope. (Harper.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. Cecilia. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (Briggs.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Donovan Pasha. Parker. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.50.
4. The Blazed Trail. White. (Morang.) $1.50.
5. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Longton & Hall.) $1.50.
6. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
2. Cecilia. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Vultures. Merriman. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Heart of the Doctor. Foster. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Just-So Stories. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.20 net.
6. John Gayther's Garden. Stockton. (Scribner.) $1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

				POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" "	2d	" "	"	8
" "	3d	" "	"	7
" "	4th	" "	"	6
" "	5th	" "	"	5
" "	6th	" "	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50	160
2. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50	134
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00	106
4. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50	98
5. The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50	74
6. Cecilia. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50	55

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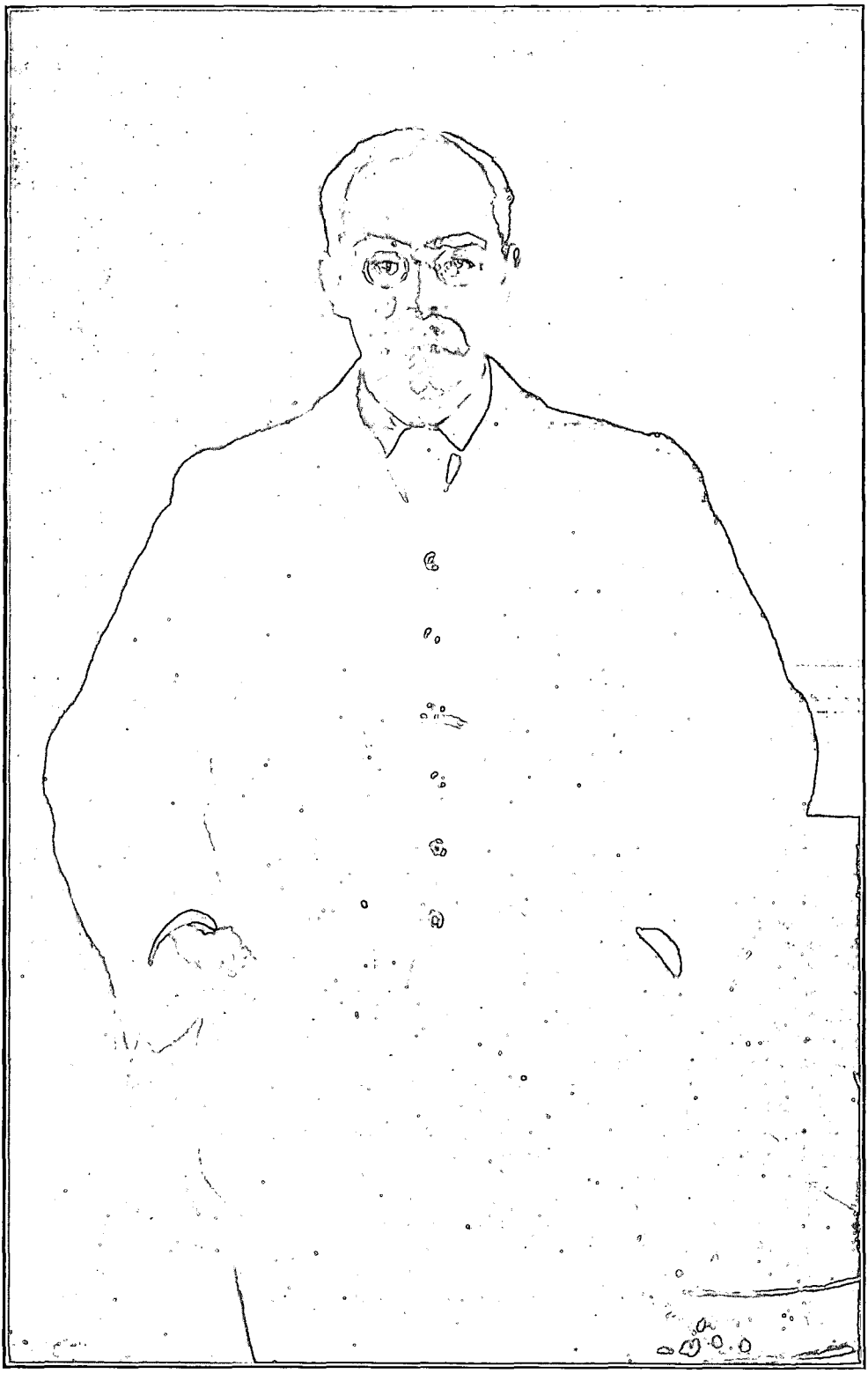

RUDYARD KIPLING.

From a painting by the Honourable John Collins.

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